

★ SPORT

AUGUST

BASEBALL
HORSE RACING
BOXING
TRACK
TENNIS
SHOOTING

VINEGAR BEND MIZELL Will He Become Another Dean?

The 16 Big-League
Managers Tell:
**WHO ARE THE
CLUTCH HITTERS**

**THEY DON'T KNOW
HOW TO PROMOTE
ANY MORE!**

By Abe Saperstein

The Strange Story
Of Bob Feller Today

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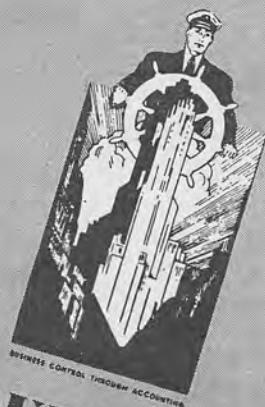
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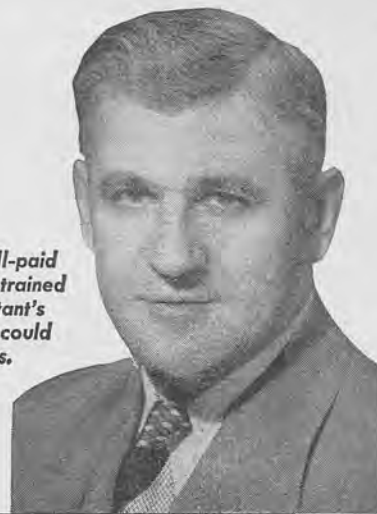
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THE SPORT BOOKSHELF

WHO STRUCK JOHN? By Jimmy Cannon. The Dial Press, Inc., New York. (\$3.50).

In his new book, a collection of the best columns he has written since 1951, Jimmy Cannon says, among other things:

"It was always the policy in my old neighborhood that a guy was a fool if he fell in love with a girl he couldn't knock down with the first punch."

"An intellectual, in Toots Shor's, is anybody who can read the menu."

The point is, it doesn't have to be a steal of home with two out in the bottom half of the ninth to enlist Cannon's interest. He's interested in everything, and his brooding Irish sympathy is big enough to take in not only the fading champion who takes a beating in the ring, or the old pitcher who can't get them out any more, but also the homely girl who has to buy her own charm bracelet and her own midnight chocolate sodas on Saturday night. There isn't a more moving writer on the sports beat than Jimmy Cannon, nor one whose pieces cover more territory.

Jimmy says it best himself. "This is the way I make a living," he says. "I write about sports. I'd like to do a light piece every day. But you just can't. You walk your beat and write what you find out."

THE WALTER HAGEN STORY By The Haig Himself. Simon and Schuster, New York. (\$4.95).

This is, as everyone who knows anything at all about Walter Hagen could guess, the funny life story of a funny man who could play golf like crazy. Bob Harlow added it all up: "So this is the story of Walter Hagen, who, with a broad grin on his expansive features, looked at the world through the hole in the doughnut, but who kept his hands on the dough."

TALES OF THE TURF By Horace Wade. Vantage Press, New York. (\$2.75).

Not all sportswriters devote a lifetime to free-loading and second-guessing. Some, like Horace Wade, get honest employment and write a book. Horace, who is director of racing at Gulfstream, has put together his own fugue for tin-horns, touts and grandmothers who stand at the rail and get a sunburn on the back of their necks.



SPORT

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE SPORTS-MINDED

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COVER—By Ozzie Sweet

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Tenth Anniversary Issue!



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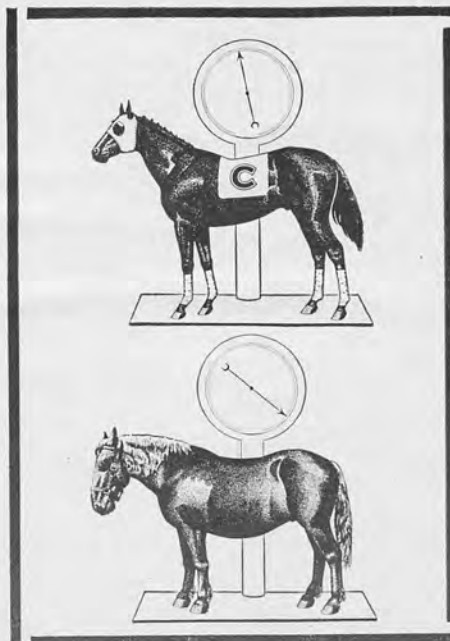
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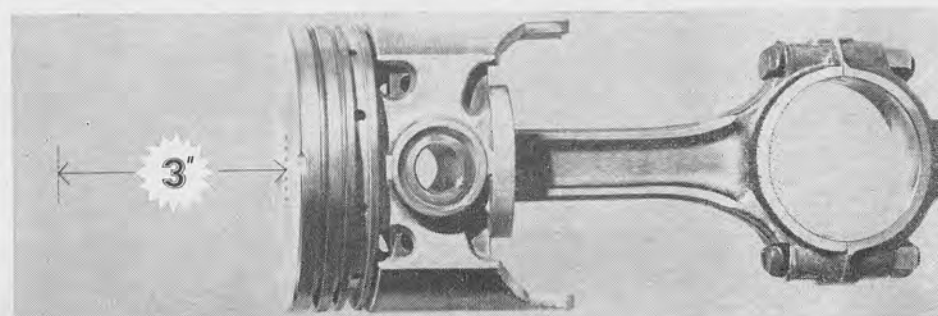
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Closing out the most exciting
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our Tenth Anniversary Issue
—on sale everywhere July 31—
will be chock full of exciting
bonus features

**more pages! more color portraits!
more stories!**

Featuring special sportswriters' poll to select the top performers of the decade in all the major sports, and, the kingpin of the whole post-war era, the man of the decade in sport!

WE couldn't have asked for a better time to be born. Not since the Roaring Twenties has there been a decade like it in sport. Bristling with epic games, memorable fights, great teams and remarkable individual performers, it has been a ten-year toot that will go down in history as a golden era of sports accomplishment. We intend to do our best to give you a prized souvenir of it in our Tenth Anniversary Issue next month. Take a look at what's coming:

In a special section, a great eyewitness column on the biggest sports event of each year of the decade! The stories range from the colossal Army-Notre Dame draw in 1946 to the Dodgers' long-awaited Series victory in 1955, and they're written by such men as Red Smith, Joe Williams, Dan Parker, Bill Leiser and Ed Danforth.

The final results of our giant poll to determine the Top Performers of the Decade in all

the major sports—and the Man of the Decade!

For the lead story, Milton Richman goes to the dugouts and the clubhouses and comes up with a startlingly candid appraisal of the eight National League managers—by the men who know them best, their ballplayers. This one is loaded for bear.

John Lardner writes about the rhubarbs that have livened up past Olympics; Frank Graham does an intimate piece on the boss of the Red Sox, Mike Higgins; Red Smith paints a memorable picture of what makes a jockey tick in "The Biggest Little Men In Sport"; Ed Linn delves into "The Adventures Of Gus Bell." And those are only a few of the features in store for you in a special issue you'll want to keep forever.

Watch for the winners of the Top Performers of the Decade poll on the special Anniversary Issue cover, painted in full color by the great sports artist John Cullen Murphy!

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 31

BIGGEST BIG-GAME NEWS FOR '56:

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letters to SPORT

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WHO'S MAD?

I just read your story, "Is Cleveland Mad at the Indians?" and I think it's crummy. I myself have never seen the Indians play, but I don't have to know there should be some changes made. If Cleveland wants to stay where they are, they better wake up. Trading Larry Doby, their only consistent long-ball hitter! Keeping players until they turn gray! I think Al Lopez should play someone who can play. I've been a Cleveland fan until this year. It seems Lopez has a grudge against some of his best players. He has Dale Mitchell on the bench, and he goes and trades for an outfielder who can't hit. If the Indians don't do something fast, they'd better get ready for the cellar. Englewood, Kan. LOYAL McCAMMOND

I just finished the Cleveland story and I agreed with every bit of it. They don't trade for or buy new players very often, and when they do it's for an old veteran. I think they should get a new manager. Duluth, Minn. CHARLES ANDERSON



Gordon Cobbledick is an excellent sportswriter and he covered the Indian story well. But I have a few remarks. All those boos the Indians heard during the latter part of last season shouldn't be marked against all the fans. Fans are like players. The older ones are more faithful but the young folks have Yankees driven into their heads until they believe all the lies the sportswriters can print. When the Yankees win a pennant the writers say it's because they're great. When Cleveland wins 111 games in 1954, the writers say the league is unbalanced.

Fans like me will stick with the Indians through every game. We'll be rewarded in the end. We always have been. Martins Ferry, Ohio. BUD CARTER

Two years ago, Gordon Cobbledick wrote an article for SPORT entitled, "If I Owned the Indians." In it he said that Hank Greenberg shies away from deals. But there have been many changes since then. Luke Easter is gone; so is Doby and Kennedy and Westlake. In the story he said Frank Lane was a colorful general manager who gives away players he is tired of. Does that mean Greenberg should have got rid of Rosen, Lemon and Wynn? I think Cobbledick owes Greenberg an apology. Gary, Ind. GARY LOZOW

LATE RAP ON MVP

For months I've sat back and said nothing of the MVP awards of 1955, but it's about time someone drew back and threw some truth into this farce. First of all, consider Roy Campanella's award. I won't even try to question Roy's ability because there is no question of it. But in the minds of many people, Duke Snider was by far the most outstanding and most valuable baseball player in the senior circuit. Duke was in a class by himself during the 1955 season and underlined his brilliant year by running wild in the World Series. Yet he was ignored for the MVP award. I don't want to make claims that Campy wasn't valuable but I know, and Campy knows, that the big gun was Snider.

In the AL, Yogi Berra won it, and I have no idea why. Yogi's a great player, but if Al Kaline wasn't the MVP, then there wasn't any MVP. He was snubbed just like the great Ted Williams was the year before. Austin, Tex. B. A.

WHY IS LOUIS WRESTLING?

Last June you had a story by Jimmy Cannon, "The Joe Louis I Remember." In it, Mr. Cannon says that he called Louis on his 40th birthday to wish him a happy birthday. Then Cannon wrote that Joe had just finished refereeing a wrestling match and that Louis had called wrestling a slum. Then just recently Joe Louis made his debut as a professional wrestler. Can anyone explain why Joe made the sudden change? Brighton, Mass. STEVEN A. GREENGROSS

As everybody knows, Joe needs money. His own comment on his latest job is probably the best. "It ain't stealing," he said.

WHO NEEDS ANOTHER HARTUNG?



Although I am in top condition, very strong and can really fire that apple (with either hand) right across that dish, with every delivery alive and moving, and although I was okayed by ex-Boston manager Tommy Holmes, and although such great men as J.G. Taylor Spink and Senator Lyndon Johnson have vouched for my effort and sincerity and ability, I can't get with any good ball club. Why? Sherman, Tex. WAYNE HALL

Maybe they're just afraid of a two-handed pitcher.

OUR "HAT" TRICK

In the June quiz, you say Chuck Klein was the last Philadelphia Phillie to win the National League batting crown before Ashburn in 1955. Harry Walker won it in 1947 while with the Phils. Correct me if I'm wrong. Mullica Hill, N. J. PAUL LEE

To Paul Lee and all the others who spotted the "blooper," forgive us our tricky ways. Harry (The Hat) Walker played part of the 1947 season with the St. Louis Cardinals (he was traded to the Phils on May 3) and thereby did not play for Philadelphia the entire season. Walker became the first player in the history of the league to lead in batting while playing for more than one team.

260 POUNDS OF SOMETHING



In your Jim Tatum story, he is called "260 pounds of solid mouth." But in West Virginia he is called "260 pounds of solid chicken." The author says western Pennsylvania is his chief territory for recruiting players. It's only fair to warn Tatum not to cross the border into West Virginia. They use buckshot instead of press conferences, like Tom Hamilton of Pitt did when he complained about Tatum.

Big Jim quit scheduling the Mountaineers when they began to get rough. It was also rumored he had something to do with keeping West Virginia out of the Atlantic Coast Conference. Phoenix, Ariz. JOE L. EVANS

WHICH STORY IS IT?

Recently, after a fight on television, Jack Lescault interviewed Sugar Ray Robinson on a program called *Meet the Champions*. Jack asked Ray why he had returned to the ring after once claiming that he would never do so. Ray's answer was that while in Paris on his dancing engagements (making \$10,000 per week) he suddenly had a desire to fight again. So, after consulting with his wife, praying to God for two weeks and asking for His guidance, and consulting with a priest, Sugar decided to make a comeback.

Now, in your story on why Sugar Ray came back, the main reason given was that his supposedly prosperous businesses in New York City were actually losing money because of poor management. Sugar had to return to the U.S. so that he could supervise his investments, and that he had to return to the ring to get money.

I'd like to know about these different reports.

MIT ROBERT HECHT
Cambridge, Mass.

They really aren't different. Ray, our story reported, was offered the money by friends but decided to work in the ring because he also wanted to prove he could come back, especially after losing to Tiger Jones.

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- ☐ Petroleum Engineering
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- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

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- ☐ Highway Engineering
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SPORTalk

Another big moment for George Sisler . . . Little Mo and her writing career . . . Lou Nova gives a poetry recital . . . The unknown game of court tennis . . . How to match prizefighters

By FRANK GRAHAM, JR.

ONE of the best judges of young talent and one of the finest instructors in baseball today is George Sisler, an illustrious member of the Hall of Fame and now chief scout of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Long associated with Branch Rickey, Sisler has been responsible for many of the stars discovered and developed under Rickey at St. Louis, Brooklyn and Pittsburgh. Now it's beginning to look as though he brought his work home with him at night, too, because when young Dave Sisler joined the Red Sox this spring, he became the second son that George has sent up to the big leagues.

The first, of course, was Dick, the powerful lefthanded hitter who played first base and the outfield for the Cardinals and Phillies just a few years ago. George was Brooklyn's top scout at the time (Rickey was president of the Dodgers) and he spent one of the most memorable afternoons of his life watching the game which decided the

1950 National League pennant race. Going into the final game of the season, Brooklyn was one game behind Philadelphia and needed a victory to send the race into a playoff. Don Newcombe battled Robin Roberts in a brilliant duel at Ebbets Field, 1-1, until the top of the tenth inning, when young Dick came to the plate with two runners on base. George was sitting beside his lifetime friend, Rickey, in the underhanging box behind home plate when Dick drove one of Newk's pitches deep into the lower deck in left field for the home run that won the pennant for the Phillies. Never did a man leave a ball park with the mingled emotions which churned up George's insides that afternoon.

Dick has since left the big leagues, but recently we were talking to George about his youngest boy, Dave. "He's given me a couple of thrills already," George admitted. "When this season opened, I was on a scout-

ing trip through the South. I was lounging in my hotel room in Nashville one day, just lying on the bed and watching some detective movie on television. It was pretty bad, though, so I decided to switch channels and see what else was on. I didn't realize till then that they were televising the Yankees and Red Sox on the Game of the Week, so I settled back to watch it. The Yanks were beating hell out of them and while the Sox were bringing in a new pitcher they put on a commercial. Then they switched back to the ball game and there, standing out on the mound, was Dave. They'd just called him in to pitch in his first big-league game. The kid did all right, too. It was a gloomy day in Nashville, but that was brightest hotel room I was ever in."

While George has helped his boys master the finer points of baseball, he has never tried to influence their careers. He brought young Dave over to work out with the Dodgers back in 1950, but he also made sure he had a chance to talk to some of the other clubs. It was all right with him when Dave decided to put off baseball for a couple of years while he attended Princeton where, incidentally, he was a pretty good basketball player. When Dave quit school and began weighing big-league offers, he liked what the Red Sox whispered in his ear and that was all right with his old man, too, although by then George was working for the Pirates. We asked him if he would give us a professional scout's appraisal of Dave's future in the major leagues.

"He looks like a pretty good prospect to me," said George, with a peculiarly unprofessional gleam in his eye.

INSIDE SPORT: This month, we welcome a writing newcomer to our list of authors. Newcomer or not, her name is a familiar one and she speaks with authority. We're referring to Maureen Connolly, three-time champion both at Forest Hills and Wimbledon and certainly one of the greatest of women tennis players. Her ap-



The Dodgers liked the Corvette Podres won as '55 Series hero; they'll go wild over the one we're giving away in '56.

praisal of today's young talent (see page 49) is an expert one. Even before her career was cut short by a leg injury she suffered while horseback riding, Little Mo had thought seriously about writing. She is the author of a book called *Power Tennis*, and between tournaments she worked as a copy girl for the San Diego *Union*. After she retired from tennis early in 1955 at the ripe old age of 20, she wrote a sports column twice a week for the *Union* and married a handsome young man named Norman Brinker. Norman, a business major, will be starting his senior year at State College in San Diego this fall and he has been elected president of the student body there.

We caught up with "Little Mo" last month just before she left for England where she covered the Wimbledon tournament for a London newspaper. "I don't have as much time for writing now as I would like," she told us. "I do a lot of traveling for the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, putting on tennis clinics for them at schools, camps and playgrounds. I still do an occasional column for the *Union*, but mostly off-beat sports pieces, like skin diving, racing pigeons and archery. Not the kind of sports *your* magazine goes in for. I don't get the chance to write much tennis, because the paper already has a tennis writer.

"Since my injury, I don't play tennis any more, but Norm and I do a lot of riding. I put on tennis clinics at the Town and Country Club in San Diego regularly, and then I have my two prize pupils. One is Barbara Breit, of course, who comes to San Diego for a week at a time, and the other is Norm. He's the kind of pupil I like. He can't talk back to me."

* * *

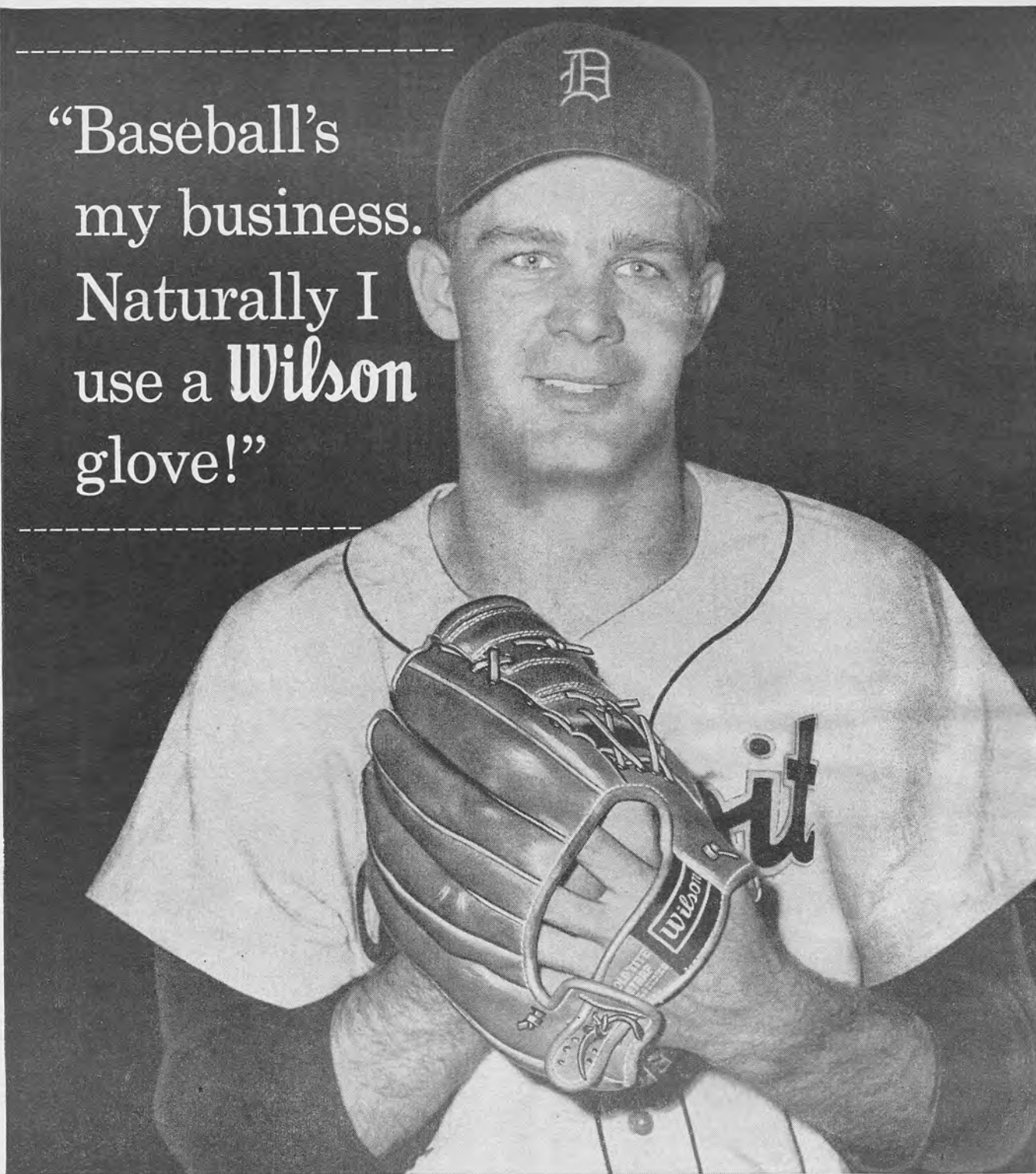
In the old days, prizefighters opened saloons or restaurants when they were looking for new employment. Today's more refined pugs lean toward the arts. Rocky Graziano has embraced acting, Ray Robinson dabbled for a time in dancing, Mickey Walker in painting and Jersey Joe Walcott has become a movie star. Now comes Lou Nova, the rugged, curly-haired heavyweight of pre-war vintage who, armed with Yoga and the cosmic punch, tried unsuccessfully to separate Joe Louis from the championship 15 years ago. Nova is trying to break into television and, as a stunt to further his dramatic career, he hired the Carnegie Recital Hall in New York one evening recently and gave a poetry recital. Along with about 50 other apparently homeless people, we showed up to find out what it was all about.

The performance had been scheduled for eight o'clock, but when Nova peeked out and saw that only a handful of customers had showed up by then, he had a young lady come out and announce (→ TO PAGE 86)



Lou Nova, who ran the gamut from boxing to Yoga to writing a Hollywood column, has taken to reciting Shakespeare.

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WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT FORD FRICK

*Here's how things stack up for the commissioner as he goes after a second term:
The club owners love him, the ballplayers suspect him, and the writers belt him!*

By JOE WILLIAMS

THIS was the assignment: "Let's see what gives with Ford Frick, the baseball boss. Has he been a good commissioner? What have been his accomplishments? Has he left undone anything that should be done in the interests of a better game? What do the club owners, the players, the sportswriters think of him? Happy Chandler got knocked off trying to win a second term. What are Frick's prospects?"

Dutifully, and more or less promptly, representatives of the three specified categories, picked out of the air, so to speak, plus added starters from the minor leagues, infallibly described as "harassed" these days, were subjected to a modified Gallup treatment. Obliging, virtually all of them responded, some going to great lengths to state their views, for or against, to commend this action, to condemn that negligence. A large number came to praise Caesar; quite a few to bury him. A conscientious effort at detached, impartial analysis was made, with the result that a digest of the returns adduced the following impressions:

- (1) The club owners love Frick.
- (2) That's what bothers the sportswriters.
- (3) It doesn't make the players happy, either.

And yet, on the whole, the feeling appears to be that Frick, an apostate sportswriter, now nearing the end of his seven-year term as a \$65,000-a-year baseball executive, and unquestionably interested in more of the same, has done a satis-



George Heyer

Some players and writers call Frick a \$65,000-a-year company man.



INP

Instead of using his power, his critics charge, Frick has become a functionary, making public appearances, as in Japan above. The owners say he is efficient, hard-working.

factory, if not a smash job, "under the circumstances."

This reservation appears essential in any assessment of Frick's qualifications as well as contributions as commissioner. You must decide whether he is handicapped by the constitution under which he functions, or whether he merely entertains a misconception concerning where his authority begins and ends. As you read on . . . and you will, won't you? . . . you'll note the seeming confusion, the variety of opinions, some contradictory, that this question evokes. Even the men who defined it originally, the club owners, are not in total agreement.

There is another proposition about which there appears to be both misunderstanding and misinformation, and until you get yourself straightened out on this one, you may just as well forget about trying to get an accurate line on Frick's administration. On the one hand, a glut of air casting of major-league games is murdering the minors by degrees. On the other, baseball, or Frick, apparently does nothing. Why? If Frick tried to stop the broadcasts, Uncle Sam would pinch him. Preposterous! Well, that's what the man said.

In at least one field the poll was able to speak with a clear and challenging voice. Among the ballplayers, and a majority of the sportswriters, Frick is stigmatized as a company man. One player—and it's a pity he insisted on anonymity—caustically paraphrased a recognizable Washington boast: "What's

good for the club owners, is good for Frick." Of the dozen or so players contacted, only Bob Feller of the Cleveland Indians would stand still for a direct quote.

"As player representative of the American League I have a delegated interest in the pension fund, and since 60 per cent of the World Series TV-radio money is earmarked for the fund, I feel that we should be closer to the operation than we are. We should have a voice in the acceptance and rejection of bids and we should be kept advised as to the status of negotiations. Surely this is a matter that is just as important to us as it is to the club owners."

Inferentially the Indians' greatest all-time star seemed to charge that the owners got a bid-by-bid play on negotiations for the new contract this year while the players were ignored. The commissioner has full charge of the World Series; if he wanted to consult with the owners he could have, of course, but there is no rule which says he must. At least that's how it used to be. But now that the TV-radio take is up in the fancy figures, maybe they insist on getting into the act themselves.

The players have a number of familiar beefs and are ready to state them at the slightest provocation, but their concern over the pension fund and whether or not the owners are going to continue to support it up to 60 per cent, as in recent years, overshadows all else, even their heartrending sobs for air-condi-

tioned dugouts with foam rubber cushions and valet service. This is the subject that unfailingly moves them to warm and nostalgic memories of A. B. "Happy" Chandler who succeeded Judge Landis and in turn was succeeded by Frick. Just as Frick is now looked upon as an owners' commissioner, Chandler was rapturously embraced as a players' commissioner. That Chandler affected the players in this manner was understandable to veteran political observers who had watched Happy demonstrate his affection for the P-E-E-P-U-L in many ways in many places.

The players credit Chandler, who has made a comeback in politics, and is once again governor of Kentucky, for the rash of benefits that came their way in the late Forties, the pension set-up, minimum salary of \$5,000 (since upped to \$6,000), the 25 per cent ceiling on salary cuts in any one year, etc. To the extent that the benefits were bestowed during Chandler's administration, the players are historically correct, but in order to place these events in their true perspective, an examination of the background and a comprehension of the prevailing climate may come in handy.

Baseball was faced with a two-edged threat at the time: the Mexican League and a move by outside forces to unionize the players. There had been talk earlier of liberalizing the standard player contract, and a few of the proposed concessions were actually in the blueprint stage. Frick was then president of the National League and he was trying to interest his owners in a form of pension plan.

That the owners turned Santa Claus a heck of a lot sooner than they had planned, or wished, there isn't the slightest doubt. The truth is, baseball has never been able to face up to any kind of crisis without succumbing to hysteria. Baseball's first commissioner was a product of fright. Judge Landis would never have been possible under any condition other than those that existed at that particular moment. A clever, shrewd man, with a harsh sense of justice, he was almost contemptuous of the owners' pathetic timidity, and he extracted from them conditions of servility without precedent in the history of any sport or business known to this civilization. Literally, he took over their business—it was a form of confiscation, really—and proceeded to run it to suit himself. A large number of people thought he ran it rather well, too. But how successful his administration would have been if a fellow named Ruth hadn't come along at exactly the same time is a moot question. The way Ruth began to pack them in, Rin Tin Tin could have had a successful administration.

At the time Chandler took over, the panic was not so pronounced, but, even so, there was a great deal of wringing of (—> TO PAGE 88)

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PHILA. 3 AT BAT OUT
WASH. 0 BALL 1 STRIKE 2

THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO PROMOTE ANY MORE!

*The boss of the Harlem Globetrotters says
he's sick of hearing that the fans won't
come out. "Treat 'em right and they will!"*



By ABE SAPERSTEIN

as told to Jimmy Breslin

TOO many people in this business of selling sport to the public moan that they can't get the fans to come out any more. They blame everybody and everything except themselves. They say television has killed "live" sport. But that's a lot of bunk. Sport just hasn't kept up with the times.

The good old days are gone forever, they moan. But that doesn't have to be the case. Sports fans, with more money, more leisure time and more things to do, want a good show for their money. The trouble is, too many sports promoters have forgotten how to give it to them. Or else they don't want to.

To me, this is incredible. Promoting sports is my business, too. And one thing I've learned in working at it is that you've got to know what the people want, and then you've got to spend the money and put in the hard work to get it for them. Here's what I mean:

This happened at Madison Square Garden in New York, but it could have been Des Moines, Iowa, or Steubenville, Ohio, or Tel Aviv, Israel, or anywhere else in the world where my Harlem Globetrotters play basketball. The game was hours away—it was 10:30 in the morning and most of the players were sleeping in a midtown hotel—but 31 people in the Globetrotters organization were working.

The 14-piece orchestra was off in one corner of the court, going over its numbers. A couple of jugglers were practicing their act, keeping time with the music. Paul White, the tap dancer I'd brought over from (—→ TO PAGE 72)

Baseball blames everybody but itself for the empty ball parks.

Photo by UP



ED MATHEWS

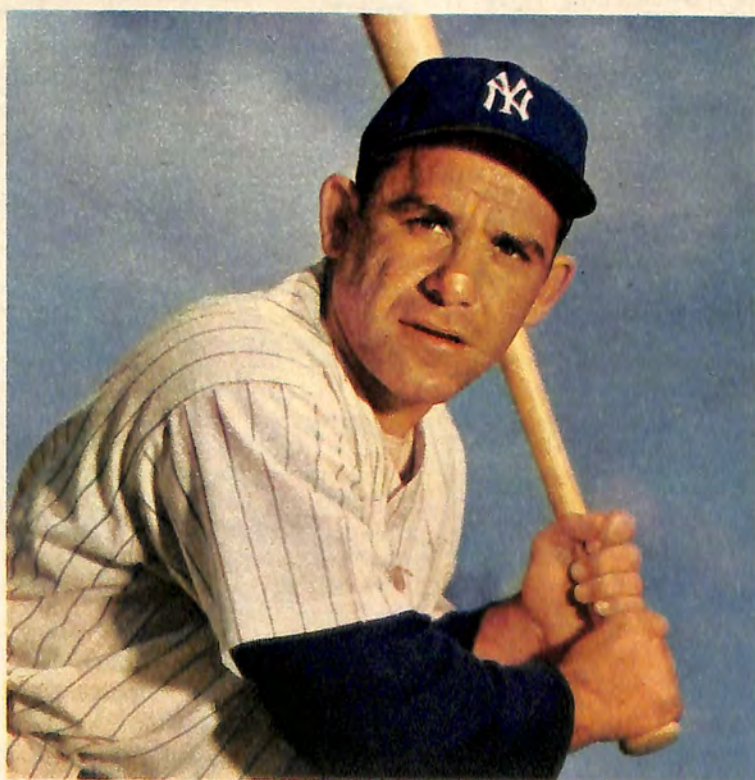


WILLIE MAYS

the **16** big-league managers tell:



TED WILLIAMS



YOGI BERRA

who are the clutch hitters

You'd be surprised who the managers want up there when the big hit is needed.

One names the greatest hitter of our time; another picks a part-time player

By MILTON RICHMAN

THE subject under discussion was clutch hitters and Mike Higgins, a rather bulky, beet-faced citizen given to choosing his words with extraordinary care, particularly for a Texan, peered out from the Red Sox dugout, pointed toward a familiar figure taking his cuts in the batting cage and said quietly: "There, gentlemen, is unquestionably the greatest clutch hitter I've ever seen and maybe, for that matter, the greatest anyone else has ever seen."

The man Higgins was singling out to the press, of course, was Theodore Samuel Williams. Higgins smiled as, idly but definitely pleasurable, he began ticking off details still fresh in his mind about a game with Detroit. "We're behind 3-0 late in the game . . . there's two out but we got three on . . . this lefthander, Aber, is working for them . . . Ted walks up there . . . he hits one three miles and it's all over. . . . Then there's the time against Cleve-

land. . . . They've got us by two runs in the ninth and Williams comes up again . . ."

Like Higgins, each of the 15 other big-league managers has one favorite clutch hitter he likes to see up there at the plate for him when a base hit is needed most. Charley Grimm of Milwaukee, for example, claims his Eddie Mathews is not only the outstanding clutch hitter on the Braves but possibly the best in the National League as well. Walt Alston of Brooklyn, with statistics to back him up, leans toward Roy Campanella as the most dependable clutch hitter on his club. Yankee skipper Casey Stengel likes Yogi Berra and there are some American League managers who feel the stocky catcher is even better in the clutch than Williams. Mayo Smith of the Phillies picks Willie Jones, a hitter who doesn't ordinarily wind up with too high an average. Lou Boudreau of Kansas City makes no bones about 40-year-old Enos Slaughter

Color by Ozzie Sweet and Marvin Newman

HOW THE AL MANAGERS PICKED THEM



Casey
Stengel

"Berra. Nothing ever bothers him."



Bucky
Harris

"It's Boone, not Kaline or Kuenn."



Mike
Higgins

"Williams. He's the greatest."



Lou
Boudreau

"Slaughter. He's experienced, relaxed."



Al
Lopez

"Rosen is No. 1, but it was Al Smith last year."



Paul
Richards

"Bob Boyd, when he mends. He's a bear-down player."



Marty
Marion

"Minoso's the man I want. He's best all-around."



Charlie
Dressen

"Little Ernie Oravetz. In a tight spot, size doesn't matter."

being his choice. Cleveland's Al Lopez says he has always regarded Al Rosen as his No. 1 clutch hitter but for last season he would have to pick Al Smith. Chuck Dressen, a fellow who often comes up with the unexpected, names pint-sized Ernie Oravetz, only a part-timer last year, as Washington's best man in a jam.

The outstanding clutch hitters in both leagues have one thing in common. They all may not hit for the impressive average that Williams does but every last one of them bears the trade mark of dependability, earned the hard way, by coming through consistently under pressure.

No two ballplayers react alike to pressure. Some simply buckle under it and perform far below accepted standards. Such a case was young Bruce Swango, a pitcher to whom the Baltimore Orioles handed over a \$40,000 bonus last summer. For some unknown reason, Swango "froze" in front of spectators and found he couldn't pitch normally. Since baseball isn't played in private—not yet, anyway—the Orioles were forced to cut the youth loose before he pitched a single ball in a regulation game for them. With Swango's tremendous handicap, Baltimore manager Paul Richards doubts that he will ever reach the majors again, although the Yankees took a chance, signed him after his release by Baltimore and sent him down to one of their farm clubs for some special seasoning in front of crowds. Not big crowds, but at least there will be people around watching him.

Clutch players, on the other hand, seem to be oblivious to crowds, the size or shape of the ball park they are playing in or the repeated pressures they are subjected to from day to day during the 154-game grind.

It didn't take Bill Rigney, the new manager of the Giants, very long to find out what Leo Durocher had proclaimed to the world, that Willie Mays was the club's most consistent deliverer in the clutch. Likewise, Freddie Hutchinson, the freshman manager of the Cardinals, needed only a couple of looks before naming Stan (The Man) Musial as the fellow he likes most in an emergency. Both these fellows won games for their teams on Opening Day.

You might have expected Birdie Tebbetts to pick big Ted Kluszewski, Gus Bell or Wally Post as the Red-legs' key threat in a critical situation, but all that the analytical-minded Cincinnati manager talked about was little Johnny Temple and how he delivered "the greatest clutch hit I've ever seen in my life."

Bucky Harris of Detroit bypassed Al Kaline, last year's American League batting champ, and Harvey Kuenn, another excellent hitter, and named Ray Boone as the Tigers' best bet in the clutch. Marty Marion of the White Sox insisted that Minnie Minoso is "the man I want up there hitting for me in a tight spot."

Stan Hack of the Cubs said his most dependable player in the clutch was Ernie Banks "without the slightest question," and Paul Richards selected Bob Boyd as the Orioles' man.

Pittsburgh manager Bobby Bragan, an avowed dis-

HOW THE NL MANAGERS PICKED THEM



Walter
Alston

"Campanella, on most days."



Birdie
Tebbetts

"Johnny Temple, for one great job."



Charley
Grimm

"Mathews is the best in the NL."



Mayo
Smith

"Willie Jones drives in important runs."



Fred
Hutchinson

"Musial can't be monkeyed with."



Stan
Hack

"Ernie Banks, easily. He gets good wood."



Bill
Rigney

"Mays. A real pro, consistent."



Bobby
Bragan

"No such thing as clutch hitter. Thomas and Long are my best hitters."

ciple of the Branch Rickey school, came up with the most unique answer of all. "All that stuff about clutch hitting leaves me cold," he said. "In my book, there's no such thing as a good clutch hitter. Either a guy is a good hitter or he's a lousy hitter. I don't respect a man for his clutch hitting. I respect him for his hitting period. Take guys like Mays, Mathews and Musial. Sure they're good in the clutch. But they worry me plenty when they come up with the bases empty, too. That clutch hitting business is over-rated."

Even so, Bragan finally singled out a pair of Pirate players for special mention. "I won't go for that clutch stuff," he insisted, "but I think Dale Long and Frank Thomas are the best hitters I have on my ball club. And being that they're the best generally, you'd have to say, I suppose, that they're my best in the clutch, too."

Despite Bragan's obstinate stand, however, there is conclusive evidence that some hitters are twice as tough in the clutch as they would be in otherwise routine situations during a ball game. One such hitter, in the opinion of Charley Grimm, is his own Eddie Mathews, who batted only .289 last year but hammered 41 homers and drove in 101 runs even though he missed almost two weeks of the season because of an appendectomy. "I'm not taking anything away from fellows like Hank Aaron, Joe Adcock or Bobby Thomson on my club, but no player in our league is any better in the clutch than Mathews," Grimm says. "I'll go along with Bragan when he says a good hitter is a

good hitter under any circumstances. But for my money, Mathews is twice as good when the chips are down.

"Look up the games Mathews has hit home runs in for us since he joined the Braves. Somebody did once and found out that almost 40 per cent of those games, I think it was, were directly influenced by Mathews' homers. That's a helluva percentage, isn't it? You have no idea the good feeling a manager has when he can send a fellow like Mathews up there in a critical spot. You know he's not going to be licked by nervousness and that he'll probably get a good piece of the ball. You also know he's a good bet to hit one out of the park and that he's fast enough so he won't be doubled too easily if he happens to hit one on the ground.

"The pitchers know how tough Mathews is in the clutch. Notice how often they put him on to get at the other guy. They'd rather gamble with Aaron or Adcock although those two guys can hurt you, too.

"Courage is something you can't develop but Mathews sure shows plenty of it in the pinch. You can't be afraid and play this game. In the clutch, Mathews doesn't know the meaning of fear."

Yogi Berra, another hitter who never appears to get ruffled in a tight spot, inspires similar confidence in Stengel that Mathews does with Grimm. When the Yankee manager was told by this writer that Marty Marion had labeled Berra "the best clutch hitter in the American League"—a testimonial that Chuck Dressen also endorsed—Stengel readily (→ TO PAGE 65)





IMMORTAL HANGER—ON

*Bob Feller, the greatest pitcher of
our time, lingers on, hoping, if only for a
moment, to be Rapid Robert again*

By ED LINN

BOB FELLER, the greatest pitcher of our time, was loosening up in front of the home bench before Cleveland's opening game this season by throwing to Earl Averill, Jr. It was fitting for young Averill to be catching Bob, for his father—who suddenly has to be called Earl Averill, Sr.—had been in center field when Feller threw his first strike for the Indians 20 years ago.

The Detroit Tigers had begun to straggle out onto the field, and Joe Gordon, serving his first season as a Detroit coach, was kibitzing behind the batting cage. Symbols were beginning to flood the field.

When Joe Gordon came to the Yankees as a hot young rookie in 1938, Feller was already in his third year as a big-leaguer. Gordon became Bob's teammate nine years later and played on a world championship club with him the following year. He has been gone now for six full years.

Looking up the line, Gordon yelled, "Hey, Feller! Don't tell me you're still pitching!"

"Sure am," Feller yelled back. Then, with the delighted air of a man who knows he's about to come back with a good one: "And if I could pitch to you I'd still be getting 'em out."

Gordon took off his hat, rubbed his balding scalp and shook his head sadly, in obvious admission that he had yielded passively to time and to time's erosions. The two men grinned broadly across the distance between them, each secure in the knowledge that despite all clowning and all heckling, his deeds were there in the book for future generations to look upon.

Bob Feller, at 37, wears no visible scars from either time or erosion. His hair is black, his flesh is firm. He weighs 181 pounds, only three pounds more than when he came to the Indians as a 17-year-old wonder boy fresh off the Iowa corn fields. When he bends over, two wrinkles cut across his flat stomach. Nothing more. Feller was never big or muscular; he is big-boned all right, but there is no perceptible muscular

Color by UP

development across his chest and arms. As a matter of fact, most of his weight is to the rear. Earl Averill Jr., who was a child when he first saw Bob, has no particular feeling of the passage of time when he catches him these days, because, he says, Bob looks and acts exactly the same today as he did then. He has the same mid-western twang. (Surrre he has.) He has the same boyish, bantering way of talking, as if nothing he's saying is really to be taken seriously.

The outer shell, in short, has not been touched. But the pitcher has been. In 20 years, Feller passed from a great pitcher to a journeyman pitcher, and now the journey is nearing its end. Last year he worked only 83 innings. Such as Connie Johnson, Mike Fornieles, Jim Davis, George Susce, Rudy Minarcin, George Zuverink worked more often; so did Duke Maas, Art Ceccarelli, Lino Donoso, Ted Abernathy, Ray Herbert. His prospects of pitching more often this season are not very promising.

He wants to work more often, it goes without saying. He would not mind, he says, being traded to "a good club" which would use him with something approaching regularity, although he will not specify any club he might have in mind. And it is impossible, at this point at any rate, to get him to say anything against Al Lopez. "In his five years with us," Bob says, "he's won—what?—seven games less than the Yankees. (*Editor: It was nine games.*) How can you criticize a record like that? The guy's got four strong starting pitchers and he's got to go with them. All I can do is stay in shape and be ready to pitch when he calls on me."

And Feller is always ready. Down in Tucson this spring, he was up at 7:30 every morning, out on the field and doing his calisthenics by 9:15. In the afternoon, he'd go out to the golf course to strengthen his legs further, then he'd go home for some swimming and a steam bath. Often as not, he'd put in special sessions on the stretching machine and the rowing machine, an old regimen calculated to strengthen his constitutionally weak back. Weak backs run in his mother's side of the family.

When he goes out on a road trip, he still packs his hand grips and chest crushers so that he can improve in the spare moments in his hotel room and the odd moments in the locker room.

Early Wynn loves to tell the story about the time the Indians pulled into a small Texas town after they had broken training camp. As Feller swung his two big bags down onto the depot landing, one of the porters—who had obviously been watching for him—called out: "Here I am, Mr. Feller. I'll get those bags." Eagerly, he raced between the two bags to grab them on the fly. He reached down, his legs kept going forward, but the bags didn't come off the ground by even a fraction of an inch. "Bob had his weight stuff in there, of course," Wynn says. "The porter got back onto his feet, scratched his head, studied the bags, then broke out into a great big smile and said: 'I'll tell you what we'll do, Mr. Feller, we'll just go get ourselves a truck.'"

The conditioning goes on and on. When Feller came out onto the field on Cleveland's opening day this year, he ran 15 minutes or so out by the fence before he came in to take his licks with the other pitchers.

"First hit of the year," he said, jumping into the cage. "Got a Mitchell bat," he shouted, loud enough

to be heard by Dale Mitchell, who was at first base. "Anybody can hit with a Mitchell bat."

Bob Feller swung once and the hollow ring of a cracking bat sounded over the field. He stepped to the side of the cage and snapped it easily in his hands. Placing the jagged ends together, he gazed sidelong down at Mitchell and shook his head sadly, as if at the inferior brand of equipment he was allowing to be foisted off under his autograph.

When he jumped in again he waved his bat menacingly from that wide-legged, squatting stance of his. A mild clatter arose around the cage. "How many out?" one of the other pitchers said.

"Two out, men on first and third," someone else said. "We need that good hitting pitcher, Bob Feller."

Feller dribbled a couple of ground balls to the infield, then drove one crisply through the hole at short. There followed a heated debate over whether it was a hit, with Feller—who can be coaxed, if you play your cards right, into talking about the time he got two hits in one inning—vigorously upholding the affirmative.

"Sure it would have gone through," someone said, in support. "They all play in for a bunt when Feller's batting."

Ducking back into the locker room to get out of the cold, he found Steve O'Neill sitting in front of one of the player's stalls, talking to a couple of reporters. "And here comes Rapid Robert now," one of the reporters called out, by way of a greeting.

There followed an affectionate exchange with O'Neill, who had been Rapid Robert's first manager. Steve had just returned from the minor-league camp at Daytona Beach, and there was some talk about what a shame it was to leave the facilities of the place to rust from spring to spring. "Some newspaper should raise money to take kids off the street during the summer and send them down there," Feller said. "They could use old ballplayers for counsellors." With mock thoughtfulness, he added, in an aside: "We old ballplayers always gotta be looking to make jobs for ourselves."

Steve O'Neill can remember Bob's first appearance in Cleveland, at old League Park. Feller was listed to pitch the middle three innings of an exhibition against the St. Louis Cardinals, but the prospect of pitching before the home folks so unnerved Bob that O'Neill finally promised that he'd catch him personally. Steve went two innings before his legs—and glove hand—gave out. It was the last time he ever caught. The first Card batter, Bruce Ogradowski, was thrown out trying to bunt. Feller's other eight outs were all strikeouts. There is a story—a hardy perennial—that Leo Durocher, the well-known theatrical personality, took two strikes and threw his bat away on the grounds that he really didn't need any more convincing. Just another case of a banquet story being repeated until everybody came to believe it. What happened was that Durocher turned to O'Neill and said: "My God, you've got another Jeff Pfeffer here. This kid looks at third base and stuffs the ball down your throat."

When the haze had left his fast ball, Feller did not, as is sometimes said, go about developing a curve ball. He had a good curve from the first day he climbed into a Cleveland uniform. Mel Harder and George Uhle worked with him for about a year and all of a sudden, one day, it turned into the biggest, fastest,



Tireless Bob, after 20 years of it, still does his push-ups, exercises, gets his rubdowns, runs in the outfield, pitches batting practice—and waits for a call to start a ball game.

Photos by UP



sharpest curve in the game. If further authority is wanted, we cite a New York ballplayer of the period named Joseph Paul DiMaggio, who always said Feller's curve was so good that there wasn't anybody running on the same track. When Bob racked up his early strikeout records, he used the curve as his two-strike pitch. If he got it in the strike zone, it was an almost automatic strikeout.

He could pull the string on that curve pretty good, too, although there were those who maintained that he did the batter a favor any time he gave him a chance to swing at a change-up.

The Athletics had a big, strong-armed pitcher named Buck Ross, who held one of those unaccountable hexes over the Indians. One day, somewhat to the Indians' surprise, they started to belt him around. Earl Averill came back to the bench after scoring and told O'Neill: "This guy's decided to become a smart pitcher. He's throwing nothing but junk out there. As long as he stays smart, we've got nothing to worry about."

"Mr. O'Neill," said Feller, who was seated alongside, "don't ever let me get smart."

As noble as those sentiments were in a young, ambitious man, there inevitably comes a time when the good arm grows weak and a man has nothing to rely upon except the despised brain. Feller can point to the time and the place when that marvelous arm began to fail him. He was pitching a night game in Philadelphia in 1947, and the magic was in his arm. It was generally agreed afterward that his fast ball had never been more alive, his curve more explosive. He had fanned nine out of ten men, and the odd man had bunted. There were two strikes on Barney McCosky and the sign came for a curve. Now, when Feller threw his curve, he stepped two or three inches farther to the left than when he threw his fast ball. And he had been throwing nothing but fast balls that inning. "I had kicked up a little ridge from throwing all those fast balls," he recalls, "and when I threw the curve I stepped right into the loose dirt." Feller's footing gave away, he did a complete somersault and landed flat on his back. Little children stood up and cheered and old men's eyes grew misty. The curve, fantastically, broke in there and McCosky became the



tenth strikeout of the evening.

Feller went out with torn ligaments in his knee and a knot in his right shoulder. When he started pitching again, he found that he had to space his fast balls far apart in order to get anything on them. So it became necessary to hold back on the fast ball and develop an alternate pitch—a slider—to mix with his curve. He has fooled around with a knuckleball now and then, but he has never been able to get it to do anything.

It also became necessary for him to develop excellent control. Where he had hitherto aimed only at getting the ball somewhere within the strike zone, he now had to catch corners. "Which doesn't mean," he says, "that you can't throw a ball just where you want to and see it get hit out of the park. Or that you can't slip up and throw a fast ball, with nothing on it, right down the middle and get a pop fly out of it."

Today, Feller has no clutch pitch. It depends on any number of things: what happens to be working best that day, the score, the batter, the park, the wind. "If my fast ball has something on it, I'll go to it when I have to. If it hasn't, I'll waste it all afternoon."

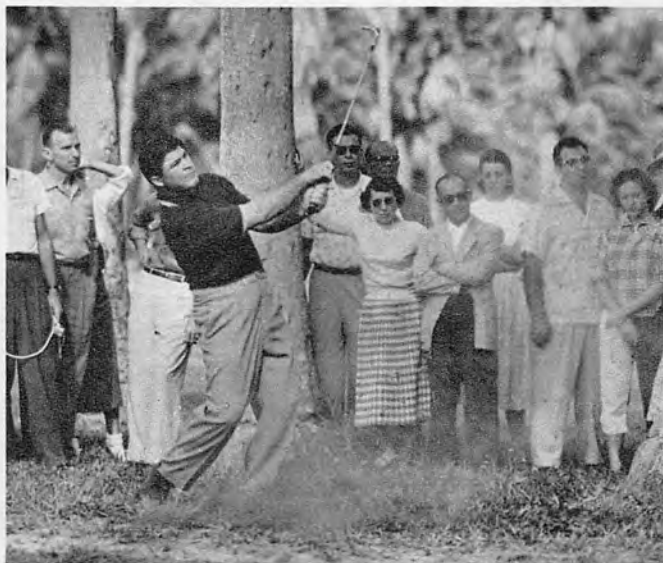
And who would have thought 20 (—→ TO PAGE 82)



SOUCHAK CRASHES THROUGH

Mike has always had the power and the color, but it was desire that moved him out of the crowd and to the brink of greatness

By FURMAN BISHOP



FROM the beginning there was next to nothing about Mike Souchak to suggest that he might be a successful professional golfer—except his heart. He was known in the Southern Conference region of the South as a beefy end who did the place-kicking for the Duke University football team, coached by Wallace Wade.

It was said in Mike's behalf that he never missed an extra point that hurt his team or lost a game. The kind of emotional fabric that goes with extra-point kicking indicated that he would be a gummy putter, if he got the ball close enough to the hole to putt.

His oldest brother, John, had been club pro at the nine-hole course in Berwick, Pa., the Souchaks' home town, several years before. Another older brother, Frank, had been an amateur golfer of some distinction in western Pennsylvania. At best, though, Mike was generally considered to have all the qualifications for being the third best player in the family. Except for his heart.

And so, two days after he and his bride returned from their honeymoon in December, 1952, Mike kissed her goodbye and went off into the West to play golf against Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Jimmy Demaret, Lloyd Mangrum, Lew Worsham, Cary Middlecoff, Jack Burke and a hundred other steely-eyed, case-hardened professionals for a living. He was only seven months out of Duke with a degree to teach history, which he never intended to use in the first place. He had had to go back to Duke a fifth year for one season of eligibility left to him to become the No. 1 man on the golf team. This was (—→ TO PAGE 68)

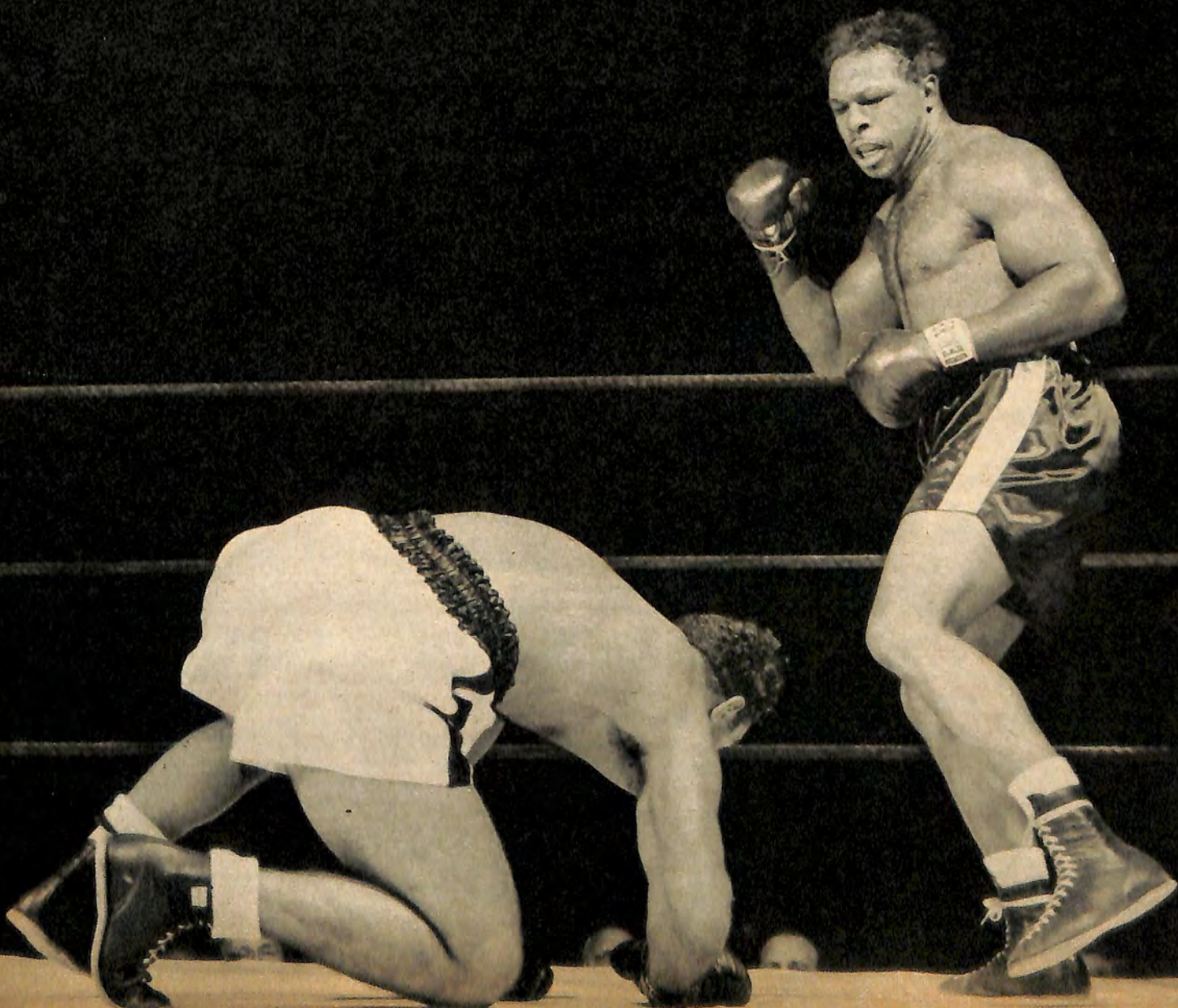


Galleries follow Mike on the course, attracted by his warm nature and the power that made him a star end at Duke.

Color by UP

In The Frantic Heavyweight Scramble:
ARCHIE CALLS THE SHOTS

By Al Silverman



Never at a loss for an opinion or a quip, the old roustabout of boxing is enjoying his role as the man you've got to beat if you want to be champion



UP

STILLMAN'S gym, grimly situated in the soft underbelly of Jacobs Beach, on Eighth Avenue between 54th and 55th Streets, looked as dank and rancid and unsanitary as ever to the casual visitor who sampled its bleak atmosphere in the middle of a mild afternoon. The usual crowd of fight managers, promoters, hustlers and hangers-on were standing around the back of the room near the row of telephone booths banked against the back wall, talking the usual talk. "I couldn't get up 'til one today. It's the weather does it to you. . . ." "He eats like a horse. He's a good boy, though. Ran four miles this morning. In about a month he'll be ready. . . ." "The number going to be 438 today?" "No, 256." "Nah, 438 it is."

When an outsider broke into one of the conversations to ask how things were in general, the answer was swift in forthcoming. "Terrible. The boxing game's dying a slow death. It's terrible."

Well, maybe so. But Stillman's gym, for all its picturesque and sensate liabilities, was beating out an incessant rhythm of activity. On this particular afternoon, not long after Rocky Marciano had announced to the world his retirement from the ring, business was clearly booming.

Over near an exercise table at one end of the room you could see the No. 3 heavyweight contender, Bob Baker, sitting and sipping out of a paper cup that contained tea. You could see the tea bag sticking out of the cup. Baker was wearing a white terry-cloth robe with a white towel wrapped around his head. His ponderous frame was completely swathed in white.

In one of Lou Stillman's two rings that were planked on the main floor, three fighters were engaged in calisthenics. One of them was Thomas Jackson, the one they call "Hurricane," and he looked to be the most peculiar of them all. He was all loose and floppy, sprinting around the ring in that odd, blobbish canter of his, flapping his arms up and down in the manner of a puppet who has been given a moment of unre-

strained freedom. Now and then, he shadow boxed.

Elsewhere in the big and ancient room, other fighters were working, too—jumping rope, doing sit-ups, sparring, shadow boxing, snorting like strong stallions trying to throw their riders. They were an oddly assorted lot, wearing a variety of motley costumes and with a variety of styles. But they all had one thing in common. They were, most of them, big men, heavyweights, with eyes cocked on a certain pot of gold that, since the retirement of Marciano, has been left shamelessly and nakedly exposed to mortal temptation.

And the temptation was severe, make no mistake about that. Speaking before his hometown fans in Brockton, Mass., at a reception in his honor, Marciano unintentionally pointed up the situation. "I didn't realize when I made the decision," he said to his cheering neighbors, "how many people would be happy for me in my retirement."

Had Rocky been present at Stillman's that afternoon he would have appreciated the full irony of his words. The revived doings at Stillman's provided merely one specific indication of a general trend. In every nook and cranny and hamlet of America (not to mention Britain, Argentina, Tonga and the other high and low spots of the universe), the race was on for the heavyweight title (i.e.—a million dollars).

Murray Goodman, the Grand Vizier of publicity for the International Boxing Club, dug into his file and pulled out a sheaf of telegrams that had arrived in the first few days after Marciano's announcement. They all said substantially the same thing: "I would like to stake a claim for my boy, Joe Jones, as heavyweight champion of the world. Joe has got a string of knock-outs as long as your . . ."

All of a sudden, it seemed, everybody wanted to be heavyweight champion of the world.

Most rational minds concede, though, that as of the moment there are only a handful of legitimate (and that's being generous) contenders for the vacated

◆ One of the two men ever to put Rocky Marciano (left) down, Archie Moore guards the door to the empty heavyweight throne room.

Photo by INP

heavyweight throne. They can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and there would still be the pinky free. They are: Archie Moore, Hurricane Jackson, Floyd Patterson and Bob Baker. Other youngsters such as Johnny Summerlin, Johnny Holman, Willie Pastrano, Eddie Machen and the Tonguese heavyweight champ, Kitione Lave, whose most notable effort was a kayo of Don Cockell, get a mention every now and then, but these, at best, are future-book candidates. They don't fit into the picture now because (1) they are young and inexperienced in the ways of the world; (2) they can't fight anyway; (3) they don't have the influential elements pushing them.

Of the legitimate (the more we use that word, the less we like it) contenders we mentioned, one, Bob Baker, can almost immediately be discounted. He is 29 years old, a huge, colorless heavyweight who tends toward both fat and brittleness of hand. Baker has won a few fair fights, but never any major ones and he has never been known to excite an audience.

That leaves Patterson, Jackson and Moore as prime movers in the division. Despite the results of their June fight, it seems reasonable to assume that both Patterson and Jackson will remain in the heavyweight picture for some time to come. How, then, may they best be described? They may best be described this way:

Jackson is an exceedingly odd duck, a vegetarian whose favorite food happens to be hamburger. Such paradoxes are not uncommon with Jackson. He is a tireless fighter with an unquestioned ability to absorb punishment. His attack resembles that of a swarm of wasps whose stingers have been de-fused. Jackson hits often, but seldom hard. Jimmy Slade, the spoiler of the heavyweight and light-heavyweight divisions in recent years, called the turn on the Hurricane when he beat him a couple of years ago: "The first round I went at him and gave it to him right in the teeth. I wanted to make him mad and stop him from rolling before he could even get started. . . They were building him up and I broke them up."

Jackson sees defeat in altogether different lights. The first time he lost to Slade he blamed it on his mother. "She's too strict with me." The second time he lost to Slade he had a different alibi. "I was poisoned," he said.

He claimed that while in training one of Slade's sparring partners took him out to dinner one night and almost immediately thereafter he developed ptomaine poisoning. Lippy Breidbart, Jackson's manager, is quick to back up his mealticket. "That was too much of a coincidence to be an accident," Breidbart says in a voice tingling with melodrama.

Breidbart is hard put to understand why his tiger hasn't been handed the heavyweight championship by acclamation. "Here's a guy who will fight anybody. He fought Bucceroni and Layne as a kid and beat them. He beat Baker and Clarence Henry. He meets 'em all and beats 'em all."

On this score, Jackson's willingness to mix it with the best, Breidbart is on solid ground. He is in fact not only on solid ground, but at the same time he underscores the biggest weakness in Floyd Patterson's claim to the title. Patterson, who fought for the first time as a heavyweight only one year ago (and then he weighed only 170) has lost but once, a disputed de-

cision to Joey Maxim. He is a young man with superbly endowed talents but he never seems to get a chance to show them off. His most recent fights have been against Indian chiefs and highwaymen of no particular renown.

The trouble with Patterson, most experts agree, is his manager, Cus D'Amato. D'Amato, a man of cautious makeup who trods the earth on heavily muffled tip-toes, once made a telling statement about Patterson. It has since come back to haunt him.

"I have never taken a fight for him," Cus said, "that I didn't think he could win. When they offer me an opponent, I study him carefully. I know what he is capable of at his top level and I say to myself, 'If he is as good as he possibly can be, Floyd will lick him,' and so I will let Floyd fight him. But if I don't think Floyd can lick him at his best, I say no."

The only point of agreement among both Breidbart and D'Amato comes on the matter of Archie Moore.

Says D'Amato: "I don't know if Floyd can hit hard enough to knock out Moore. He can if he could hit him, but right now I don't think Archie would let him hit where it hurts."

Says Breidbart: "I would fight Moore but I don't consider him to be a contender because Marciano knocked him out."

To which both Moore and his entire troupe (a large, noisy and altogether effective aggregation) give out with a collective disdainful chuckle. It is the feeling of most knowledgeable boxing men that Archie the Magnificent, as he is sometimes called, is the only current heavyweight who can legitimately lay claim to Marciano's title. And don't think Moore hasn't done just that. Now he signs his name Archie Lee Moore, in recognition of the fact that he's not only the light-heavyweight champ but—at least in his own eyes—heavyweight champion, too. In the days before Marciano's historic pronouncement, Archie left out the Lee from his signature.

The argument for Moore is mercilessly simple in its mathematics: Moore eliminated Baker by knocking him out on March 9, 1954; he kayoed Bob Satterfield, who stopped Johnny Holman twice; he won three out of three from Joey Maxim, the only fighter to beat Patterson; he whipped Nino Valdes, who knocked out Hurricane Jackson. He is one of two fighters ever to knock down Marciano. (The other was Jersey Joe Walcott.) If such connections seem tenuous to the disbelievers, Moore adds this bit of reasoning:

"I sent a telegram to Marciano up there in Brockton. I said, 'Thanks for giving me the heavyweight title and for recognizing me as the top man. You are a man of your word. Last September, when you beat me for the title, you promised me first crack, if I ever wanted it. And I assure you I will live up to that word. If you ever decide to come back, you can be sure that I will give you a chance as soon as I can.'"

Moore not only signed the telegram Archie Lee Moore, but found the space to add, "heavyweight champion of the world."

Moore, of course, is a frightening example of the power of exaggeration. It took him and his followers—a group of influential Toledo, Ohio, businessmen—an enormous amount of time and money to promote Archie into the heavyweight picture in the first place. The press was bombarded with leaflets and telegrams

and various parcels of propaganda extolling Moore's virtues, on the one hand, and claiming, on the other hand, that he was the victim of an insidious plot. The propaganda campaign paid off handsomely when Archie pocketed a handsome purse of \$170,498 after his classic losing battle last September with Marciano.

It was exaggeration that got him that title shot; not ability. And Moore put into his telegram to the newly retired Marciano much of what he had learned from the pros in his corner.

In truth, Marciano did no such thing as hand over the title to Moore. What he actually said at his press conference was that "Moore has as good a chance as anybody." That was all. He also endorsed Floyd Patterson's claim to the title.

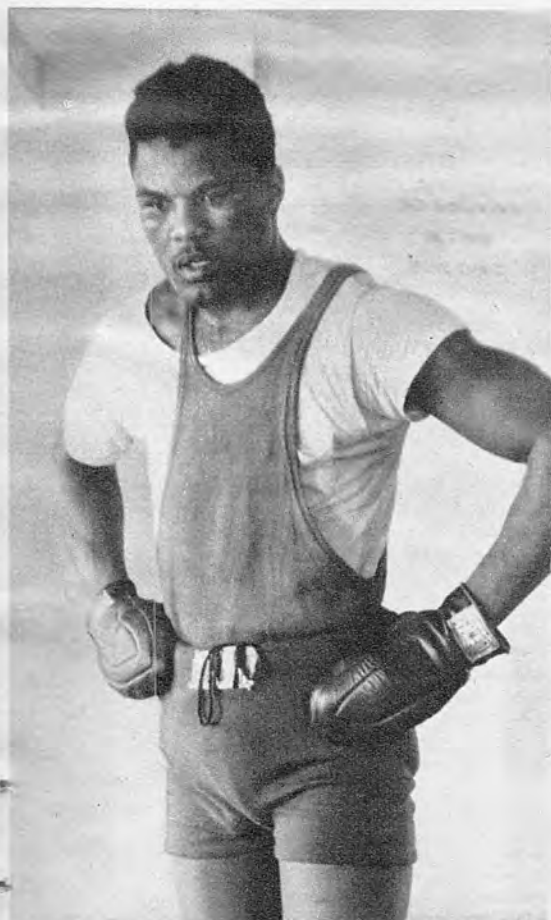
Charley Johnston, who is Moore's manager and a man of substance in boxing circles, recognizes that Patterson poses the chief threat to Archie. When he speaks of Patterson, his small, rather tight-lipped mouth darts like a snake's. "Moore has as much (→ TO PAGE 92)



UP

Along with a lot of other people, Archie doubts that Marciano will be able to resist a comeback.

Marvin Newman



George Heyer

Other than Moore, the biggest names in the heavyweight sweepstakes are (above) eccentric Hurricane Jackson and (right) Floyd Patterson, stylish ex-Olympian.



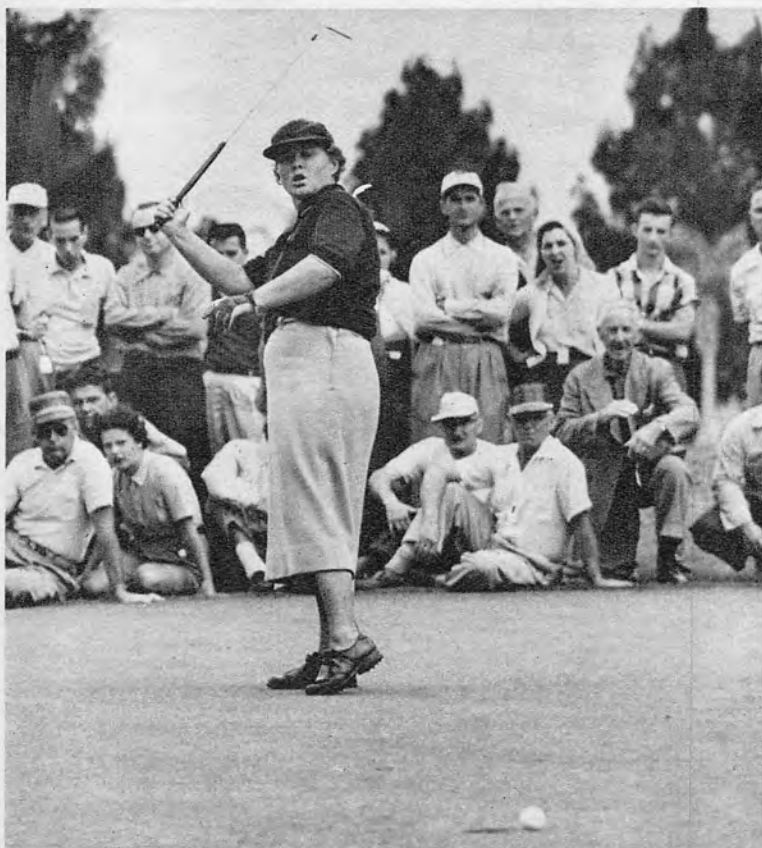
THE SPORT QUIZ



GUEST CONDUCTOR:
JACK CUMMINS

A wartime athletic director in the U. S. Navy, Jack is an ex-golf pro and originator of the Jacksonville Open. His "Jack of all Sports" show is seen nightly on WTVJ, Miami

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 74



7 Patty Berg, above, 1) was the first to win the Women's Open, 2) has won the Women's Amateur twice, 3) is captain of the Curtis Cup team.

1 True or False? If Bob Lemon wins 19 games this season, the Cleveland Indians will become the first major-league ball club to have three 200-game winners on its pitching staff at the same time.

2 What was the year of the last Army-Notre Dame football game? (And who won?)

1947
1948
1949

3 Which of these golfers are not eligible to compete in the PGA? (A) Chick Harbert, (B) Mike Souchak, (C) Cary Middlecoff, (D) Jimmy Demaret, (E) Hillman Robbins, (F) Harvie Ward, (G) Doug Ford.

4 Two of the major-league ball teams made major style changes in their uniforms for the 1956 season. Both of them are in the same league. Can you tell which teams they are?

5 What age must a thoroughbred be to enter the following races?

The Preakness
Belmont Futurity
Arlington Handicap

6 Gene Tunney won the heavyweight championship from Jack Dempsey in 1926. Before he retired as undefeated champion in 1928 how many times did Tunney defend his title and who were his opponents?



8 Retired after 36 years of coaching, George Halas, *left*, is shown talking with his successor on the Chicago Bears. Who is he?

9 The men *below* played prominent roles in previous All-Star games. What else do you remember?



Schoendienst broke up first overtime game in '50 with homer in . . . inning.



Rainy '52 game had strikeout feat by Shantz. How many did he fan?



This Dodger player scored on his own bunt in 1938 game. Give his name.

The Northwestern sprint champ is a perfectionist. He never jumps the gun, always runs a good race and hardly ever loses, especially when he wants something badly enough—like an Olympic medal

Golliday Takes Dead Aim

By Jim Scott

ONE morning a year ago, Bill Morris, manager of the Durant Hotel in Berkeley, Calif., was distributing fresh fruit to the rooms of the Big Ten and Pacific Coast Conference trackmen quartered there for their annual meet. As Jim Golliday, current claimant to track's pumped-up title of World's Fastest Human, opened the door to his room, the hotel manager was shocked to see that Golliday's bed hadn't been slept in.

"Jim," Morris yelled, "you did check in yesterday, didn't you?"

"Oh, you mean the bed," Golliday said with a laugh. "Yes, I slept in it last night. I just made it. You see, I can't stand to be in a room with an unmade bed."

The 25-year-old Northwestern senior is that way about most things—everything in its place, on and off the running track. He has a sense of appropriateness and a taste for perfection, and he works hard to attain both. Flying from Evanston, Ill. to the Pacific Coast a few days earlier to compete in the NCAA meet at Los Angeles, Jim had to pay for excess baggage. In his big suitcase were five pairs of slacks, five sport jackets, one suit, eight shirts and two pairs of shoes. He had wanted to bring seven suits along instead of the sportswear, but "suits just don't pack well," he said.

On the cinder track, Golliday is even more of a paragon. Every effort must be perfect; his concentration and reflexes are such, in fact, that he has never made a false start. Yet, there have been few, if any, sprinters who could take off as fast as Jim can. Most of his races are won in the first 20 yards.

Today, Golliday is taking dead aim at the Olympics; that fact plus his running credentials make his chances of reaching his goal pretty good. Jim, who last winter ran 60 yards on dirt in six seconds flat, the fastest time ever recorded for the distance, and who shares, at 9.3 seconds, the world record for the 100-yard dash, is considered one of the best entries the U. S. has ever had in its impressive list of Olympic sprinters. All the Big Ten coaches, including Golliday's own boss, Rut Walter, agree that he should extend our unbeaten Olympic string in the sprints. The U. S. has won all the 100-meter and 200-meter dashes in the Olympics since 1932 when Eddie Tolan scored a double at Los Angeles. With the exception of Jesse Owens—and, admittedly, that's quite an exception—Golliday has a better and more dependable performance chart than any of our previous Olympic winners. He always runs a good race.

A former football player, Jim has power as well as



On The Olympics

Sturdy Jim holds all the top times in sprints, but chronic muscle pulls could stop him.

speed. It can be seen in his heavily-muscled thighs and his outsized chest, measuring 40 inches in comparison to his 30-inch waistline. He is five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. In all, a neat physical package.

"My outsized lungs," Jim explains, "keep me fresh and give me speed in a hurry. It's like overdrive in a car. With this special equipment, I don't tire."

It is probably in keeping with his orderly and determined personality that Jim expects to sweep the sprints at Melbourne. He is frank about it; only a pulled muscle, the sprinter's occupational disease, can keep him from it, he figures. And just about all track observers agree with him.

The pulled muscle possibility, however, is not remote. He has had several. Just such an injury kept him off the 1952 Olympic team. There was a cold wind blowing the day at Long Beach, Calif., when Golliday was running in the 1952 AAU meet, which preceded the Olympic Trials at Los Angeles. After seven false starts in the 100-meter dash, the field finally got off. Jim was in front at the 80-meter mark when he felt a twitch in the left thigh. He had pulled a muscle.

A few days later, still determined to make it to Helsinki, Jim faced the starter's gun in the preliminary heats of the Trials. But he just couldn't keep up on his damaged leg and was badly beaten.

(→ TO PAGE 93)

YOUR BIG-LEAGUE SCRAPBOOK

THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX



Comiskey Park: Boon to line-drive hitters

EDITORS' NOTE: *They don't call them the Go-Go Sox any more, but they're still a hustling and exciting ball club to watch. Here are photos and thumbnail sketches of their key players.*

Photos by UP



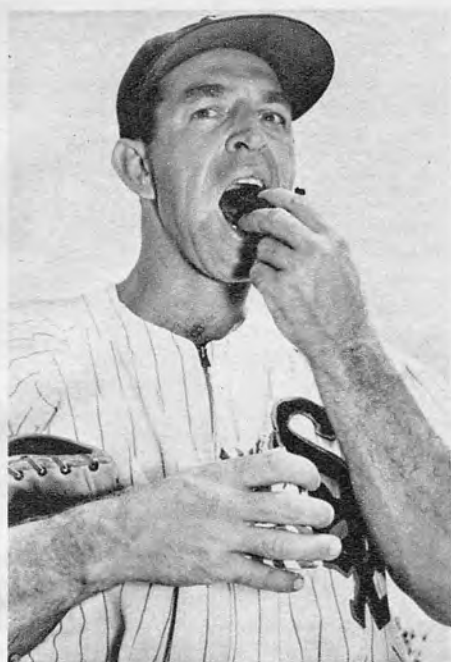
BILLY PIERCE, pitcher. 29. 5-10½, 170. Makes his home in Detroit. Likes taking in musicals and westerns during his free time on road trips. A consistent 180 bowler, he has cut down on the sport at club's request. An outside cut of roast beef is his favorite treat any time.



NELLIE FOX, second-baseman. 28. 5-8, 160. Comes from St. Thomas, Pa. He hunts every day during the off-season, preferring birds, deer and rabbit. Had job in a clothing store last winter. Likes the same type of movies as his roomie, Pierce. A dedicated tobacco chewer.



LARRY DOBY, centerfielder. 31. 6-1, 180. He still lives in Paterson, N. J., where he was four-sport athlete in high school. Has large collection of jazz records, picks Al Hibbler among his favorite singers. Plays golf, works with boys' recreational group during winter.



JIM RIVERA, rightfielder. 33. 6-0, 195. A native New Yorker, he spends the off-season playing ball in the winter leagues. Visits family, now living in the Bronx, whenever Sox come to N.Y. Movies are his No. 1 pastime. ("I go almost every day.") Smokes big cigars.



WALT DROPO, first-baseman. 32. 6-5, 220. From Moosup, Conn. Attended University of Connecticut. Goes fishing for striped bass near Marblehead, Mass., where he now lives. He's a partner in Twin Shores Realty Co., with John Pesky, Sam Mele, Ed Pellagrini, Dom DiMaggio.



SANDY CONSUEGRA, pitcher. 35. 5-11, 163. Makes his home in Matanzas, Cuba. Due to his limited English, he has to use teammates as his interpreter. Enjoys going to the movies. Prefers hunting and fishing in the off-season and "staying home with the kids."



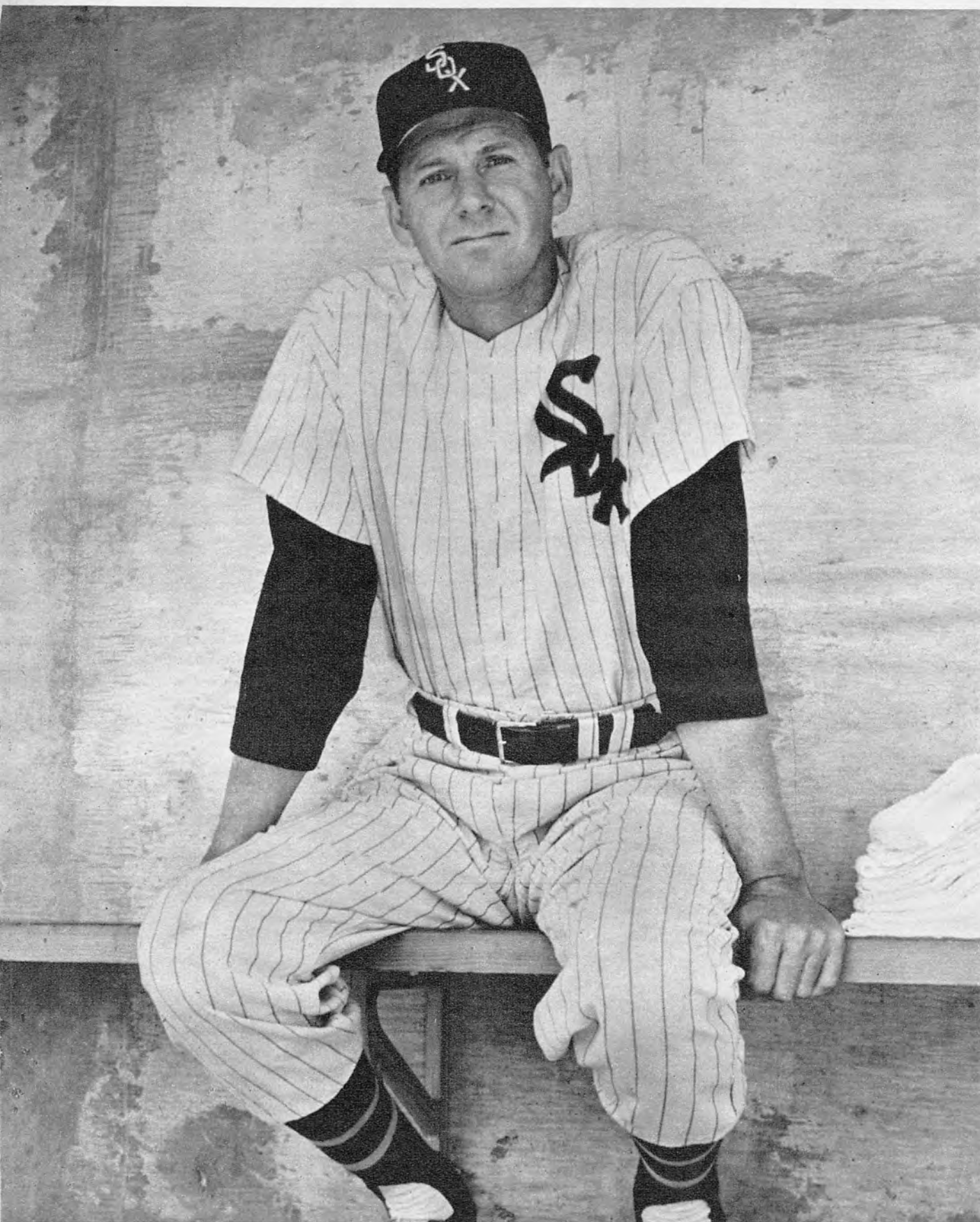
JIM WILSON, pitcher. 34. 6-1, 195. He still makes his home in San Diego. An inveterate pipe smoker, he likes to relax in front of his locker after a long ball game. Enjoys working on engines in his spare time. Pitched a no-hitter in 1954 while a member of the Braves.



RON JACKSON, first-baseman. 23. 6-7, 220. From Kalamazoo, Mich. Signed to a huge bonus contract by the White Sox in 1954. Attended Western Michigan College. Played in 40 games in each of his two seasons in the majors. He likes gardening, reading good books. Married.



LES MOSS, catcher. 31. 5-11, 195. Born in Tulsa, Okla., but now lives in Toledo, Ohio. He goes for action movies and mysteries. Does salt- and fresh-water fishing during the off-season. His hobby is collecting autographed baseballs, and he's built up a large collection.



MARTY MARION, manager. 38. 6-2, 165. Makes his home in St. Louis, Mo. Now in his second full season as White Sox manager, after piloting Cards one season, Browns for two. An original strategist, he believes in treating his players like adults. ("They're all over 21.")



SHERMAN LOLLAR, catcher. 31. 6-0, 185. Has recently moved to Springfield, Mo. Hunts quail, rabbit and dove during the off-season. Prefers films like *The Desperate Hours* and *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. ("I don't care for musicals.") Called the "manager's assistant."



LUIS APARICIO, shortstop. 22. 5-8, 160. Lives in Maracaibo, Venezuela. Is mastering the English language at the same steady pace he's learning about American League pitching. Enjoys going to the movies and reading the comic strips. Is pop-eyed about being in the majors.



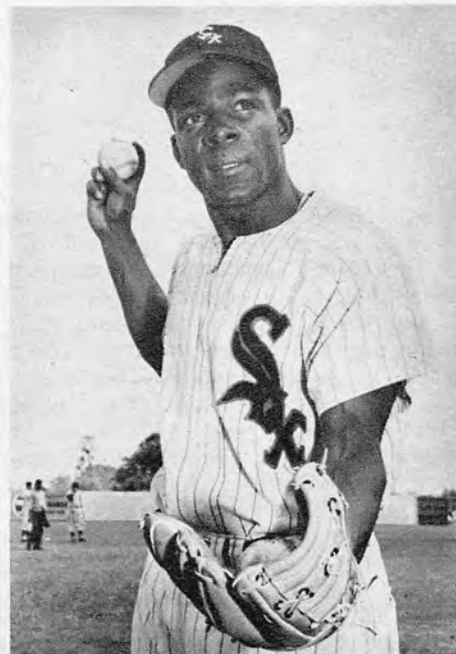
DICK DONOVAN, pitcher. 28. 6-3, 205. Lives in Quincy, Mass., where he broadcast a sports show over WJDA last winter. His main off-the-field interest is his own insurance business in Quincy. He also plays a little golf. "I go to Broadway shows whenever I come to N.Y."



BOB KEEGAN, pitcher. 34. 6-2½, 207. Lives in Rochester, N.Y., where he's worked for the Eastman Kodak Co. in the off-season. He once slept in the clubhouse in the minors to save on expenses. His teammates call him "Smiley." He attended Bucknell U. for three years.



JACK HARSHMAN, pitcher. 29. 6-2, 189. From San Diego, Calif., where he's employed in the off-season by the Ryan Aeronautical Co. Enjoys doing a great deal of salt-water fishing. To relax, he'll go to a show once in a while, but Jack is a man who admits he enjoys his sleep.



MINNIE MINOSO, leftfielder. 32. 5-11, 175. From Matanzas, Cuba. Gets his biggest kicks from driving his Eldorado Cadillac and taking baseball movies. He shot '55 All-Star game. Likes cowboy, gangster films. Likes ex-boss Frank Lane. ("He do nice things for me.")



*The last of boxing's privateers,
Jack Hurley hates amateurs and
women, loves money and publicity,
and makes a con game a work of art*

BOXING'S DOLEFUL DEACON

By EMMETT WATSON

JACK HURLEY is a tall, erect, stern-looking man who has earned, by accident of appearance, the nickname "Deacon." Like many a glum, old-time house dick of the community's morals, Hurley gazes at the world from a perpetual state of indignation bordering on complete outrage. His parish is Seattle, Wash., his pulpit is the back booth at Von's Restaurant, and his sectarian headquarters is Room 417 at the Olympic Hotel.

Deacon Jack has been called everything from "the conscience of Seattle" to a "fraudulent old con artist." He is neither of these things. He is a businessman whose business is boxing, and he is one of the best men alive at his business. When he takes hold of a fighter, you usually end up hearing of the young man. As surely as Hurley loves money and hates women; as surely as his ulcers flare and subside; as surely as he loathes television, scorns amateur boxing, denounces boards of regents, eats five times a day, and complains of insomnia, sinus, rheumatism and Republicans—this surely you hear of his "athletes."

Jane Russell is a product of publicity. Granted, she brought to the cause a beautiful face and a prominent

bust; yet it took a long and expensive publicity campaign to make her the object of national teeth-gnashing. So it is with Hurley's fighters. Some are good, some are fair, and some are prominent busts. But Hurley works 18 hours a day keeping his fighters on the public mind.

"What is a fighter?" he asks (indignantly). "A fighter is nothing. My fighters don't even have to be good to make money—and you name me another reason for being a fighter. A manager has two duties, in my book. He's got to train his fighter and match him where he shows to the best advantage. And he's got to insure the fighter's financial independence."

This statement may be delivered any time (and many times) between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 a.m.—which constitute, roughly, the 18-hour Hurley working day. Hardly any such day passes without at least one northwest paper (usually Seattle's two) carrying a story about Hurley or his fighter. It is safe to say that no day goes by without Hurley's name being featured on some sports page in the United States, even when he is between fighters, as he is at the moment.

"That's what I mean," says the Deacon. "Can a fighter do that for himself? When a fighter splits 50-50 with me, I don't cut him. He cuts me."

Hurley discovered long ago—perhaps as far back as 1917, when he was an 18-year-old kid in his home town of Fargo, N. D.—that only so much can be said and written about a routine personality. Fighters, in a word, are often dull. Hurley knows that something else must be sold—and the Deacon has done a skillful job of selling himself.

There is a lot of genuine Hurleyesque stuff to sell, some of it debatable, most of it quotable, and all of it suitable to the Deacon's quest for attention. The man is cantankerously sincere about his prejudices, especially where women are concerned. Hurley thinks that women get too big a cut of life's gate, and he is dedicated to making and holding his point.

"I'll prove it," he once said during a walk down the street with a friend who hasn't recovered his composure yet. The Deacon pointed to an attractively-dressed matron, who obviously lived in the suburbs of Seattle's 400. She was leading a little boy and a little girl with each hand. The Deacon stopped the woman, asked a direction, then began to admire her offspring. Hurley bent down by the little girl and fondled her purse. He opened it.

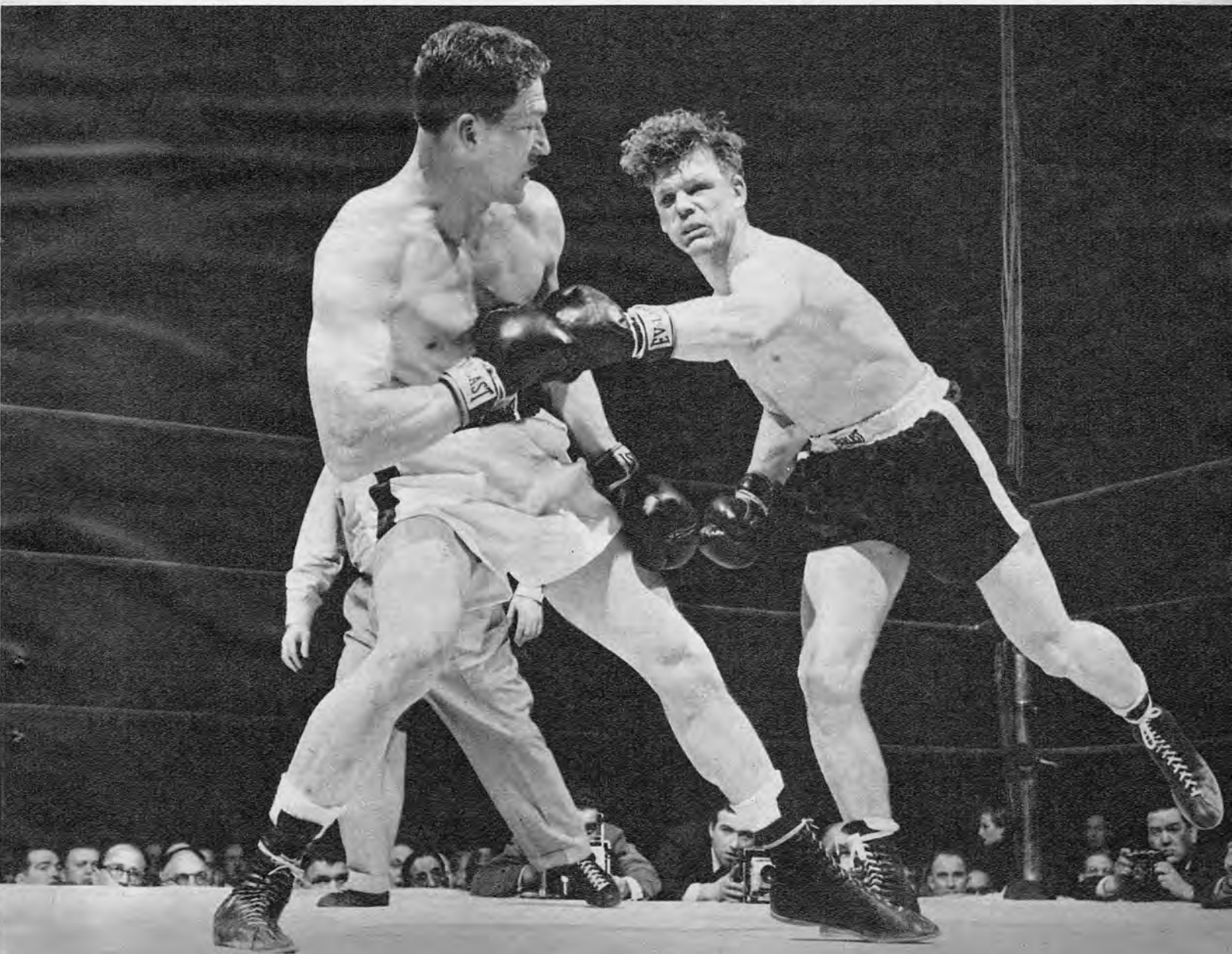
"Fifteen cents," he said. "Now, ain't that nice!"

He turned to the little boy. "Let's see your fifteen cents," he said.

The kid reached in his pocket and extracted two pennies.

"Just as I told you," the Deacon said, ignoring the woman and shaking his finger at his friend. "This little slob ain't got nothin'. He's being (→ TO PAGE 76)

Harry Matthews, left, Hurley's last promotion, hit his peak beating Irish Bob Murphy. Later, Rocky Marciano blasted the myth.



ONE FOR THE BOOK

IS VINEGAR BEND THE NEW DIZZY DEAN?

Wilmer David Mizell doesn't strut and crow like ol' Diz did, but he's got that tobacco-chewing, free and easy way, and he can fire that ball

By FRANK GRAHAM

IT WAS Ken Boyer who said it, one day at St. Petersburg in the spring. It traveled fast through the grapevine of the sportswriters as they wound their way up and down and across Florida during the training season. Somewhere along the way, Ken's name got lost and they were saying to each other: "Did you hear what somebody in the Cardinals' camp said? Well, he said . . ."

What Boyer said was: "You go up to the plate and he's standing there, looking at you from the box. The next thing, you have his right foot in your face. Then you see the seat of his pants. Then there's a rush of wind in your ears and they tell you he just threw one by you. *This is batting practice?*"

He was speaking of Wilmer David Mizell, called Vinegar by the other Cardinals because he is out of Vinegar Bend, Ala. Born in Vinegar Bend, he now secretly makes his home in Leakesville, just across the state line in Mississippi, but claims he still lives in Vinegar Bend because it has a post office, although there are very few people living there and writing or receiving letters.

They were excited about Vinegar in the Cardinal camp this spring. They had been waiting for him to come back since he went off to the Army after the 1953 season. You see, he'd won ten games and lost eight in 1952 and won 13 and lost 11 in 1953. Since then they have had only three starters, Harvey Haddix (18-13)

and Brooks Lawrence (15-6) in 1954 and Luis Arroyo (11-8) last year, who won more games than they lost in a single season. Besides, Vinegar was only 23 and just beginning to find his way around the enemy hitters when he left. He struck out 146 of them in 1952 and 173 in 1953, and they were figuring then, not knowing he was going into the Army so soon, that in 1954 he might strike out 200 or more.

But that was the last they saw of him for a while. Now that he is back, they are counting on him heavily. Last year they finished seventh, 30½ games behind the champion Dodgers. But since the end of the 1955 season, there has been another shuffle of the top baseball talent employed by August A. Busch, Jr. Frank Lane is the new general manager and Fred Hutchinson the new manager of the Cardinals. In St. Louis, things are looking up. Club officials and fans alike are looking up as high as . . . well, as high as Vinegar Bend Mizell, who is six feet, three inches tall but, in their eyes, much taller.

He could be the difference between the seventh-place club of last year and a genuine contender. He could win 20 games. He could even win 25 games. He could . . . But wait a minute! He's been away for two years. The only hitters to whom he showed his big foot, the seat of his pants and his howling fast ball in those two years were soldiers like himself—but without his baseball skills—and an admixture (→ TO PAGE 62)

Color by Ozzie Sweet





Target shooters are (and have to be) serious about their sport. Once they move to their ports and sight down the range, it's a battle of endurance.



Marksmen, *above*, relax and joke while waiting to go on the line. *At right*, a young shooter displays the medals he won in the competition.



Sport Goes To A Target Shoot

They all come out, the young and the old, the Annie Oakleys and the Maggie's Drawers, to test their skill with a rifle. It's tough, nerve-pulling, pressurized competition

By Dale Shaw

IT WAS 6 p.m. on a Friday evening in March, and the first team had moved onto the firing line for the target shoot at New Haven, Conn. It was a team of four senior shooters, all stylishly outfitted in leather-patched shooting jackets and padded gauntlets that look remarkably like the protective gear of professional hockey players. They carried precision target rifles with fine telescopic sights, and several hundred dollars' worth of armament accessories. There was a large crowd of shooters waiting their turn. Each, when he or she got to the firing line, would fire 20 shots. If you want to look at it that way, that comes to \$10 or \$15 a shot.

Yet everyone was anxious to get up there and fire away. Why? The scene was the 25th annual Connecticut State Rifle Matches, and there were nearly 1,500 competitors present, for this is the largest .22-caliber target meet in the world. To a non-shooter, it is undoubtedly surprising to find that so many people turn out to shoot a small-bore rifle a few times at a scrap of paper, especially when it is known that there are 47 more state championship small-bore tournaments, state big-bore outdoor meets, state pistol matches, and hundreds of regional, local and informal shoots involving tens of thousands of marksmen, young and old, (→ TO PAGE 71)

PHOTOS BY GEORGE HEYER



A target shoot is an all-ages affair, with all members of the family taking part. These youngsters, *above*, have entered the sub-junior class. *At right*, a girl checks target for the bull's-eyes that will pile up points for her.





POWER PROVES HIS CASE

Vic came to the majors tagged a bad actor, a chronic loafer and a showoff. But his hitting and fielding have shaken those labels

By FRANK GRAHAM, JR.

WHEN Vic Power left Kansas City at the close of the 1953 American Association season, his future, if not downright dreary, was clouded by more uncertainties than was usual even for a man in as hazardous a business as professional baseball. Owned by the Yankees then, he was traded during the winter to the Philadelphia Athletics and came into the major leagues under tougher handicaps than any player has had to carry since Jackie Robinson joined the Dodgers back in 1947. And now the wheel has come full circle and Power is back in Kansas City, this time as an authentic big-leaguer, a civic hero and the man who did most to stave off the catastrophe of a last-place finish in the Athletics' first season in their new home.

The cat-like Puerto Rican slugger suddenly emerged a year ago as the American League's best first-baseman. He hit .319 to finish second to Al Kaline's .340 in the

batting race and then went back to Caguas to lead the Puerto Rican Winter League in hitting with a lusty .358 average. He has carried on his personal vendetta with the Yankees with notable success, never missing the chance to hurt them with a base hit or a fine defensive play. Fans in the other seven cities are beginning to agree with their Kansas City brethren that Power, with his flashy play and low boiling point, is the most colorful player to come into the league since Mickey Mantle and Minnie Minoso came up to stay in 1951. And yet, under all the acclaim, you can still detect the derision and the whispered slurs. Power's achievements have partially drowned them out, but they're there, just the same.

The anti-Power group draws its members from all fields; it includes other players, writers, club officials and fans, and it levels three indictments against the

Color by George Heyer



likable Vic. His critics contend he is (1) a bad actor, (2) a chronic loafer, and (3) a showoff. These charges preceded Power into the majors because the spotlight has been on him since early in his minor-league career. He was not the first Negro in the Yankee organization, but the color line at the Stadium was one of the last to be broken in baseball, and there was a good deal of interest in the identity of the colored player the Yankees would deem worthy of putting on their uniform. When word of Power's many talents reached New York, it became obvious that he was the man on whom the Yankees would have to make the first big decision. The anti-Power rumblings arrived simultaneously with his reputation, and the Yankees seemed more eager to circulate the former. "Discrimination!" cried the pro-Negro forces, and the Yankees mumbled something about "interference by pressure groups."

Let's look at the charges.

The stories that insinuate he is a bad actor are based mainly on his off-the-field pursuits. Power neither drinks nor smokes, but he has a weakness to which many a young bachelor with a baby-blue Cadillac and a well-filled wallet in his pocket has fallen prey. He likes girls. Vic admits it. "Sure," he says, "I like girls." Who will cast the first stone?

Power insists upon rooming alone, both in Kansas City, where he has set up a bachelor apartment, and on road trips with the A's. "It's not fair for me to room with anyone," he says. "I stay up late playing records and reading, and if I had a roommate, he'd never get any sleep."

"Who's he trying to kid?" comment his detractors.

"I read," Vic insists. "I read Spanish when I'm in Puerto Rico and English up here. I read English better than I talk it. I read everything—adventures, Bishop Sheen, stuff like that."

How about his behavior on the field? In Power's behalf, it must be said that if every man who questioned an umpire's decision or who threw an occasional punch at an enemy player was kept out of the major leagues, then Ty Cobb and John McGraw would not be snug in their niches at Cooperstown today. A limited command of the English language keeps Power from

giving myopic umpires a satisfactory piece of his mind, but he understood enough of it one day back in 1953 to know that a Toledo pitcher, from the imagined safety of the bullpen, was raising public doubts about his ancestry. Vic went into the bullpen after the luckless pitcher and gave him a few wallops that could have been understood in any language.

And there was a day last winter in Puerto Rico when. . . . But let Tom LaSorda, Vic's teammate at Caguas, tell the story. "Ed Roebuck was pitching against us down there and Power hit a home run off him. The next time he came to bat, Roebuck knocked him down and Vic was plenty mad. A few minutes later, Roebuck came up with Carlos Bernier on third and hit a roller down to Vic. He picked it up, stepped on first and then threw the ball right past Roebuck's ear. Well, Ed and I played together in the Brooklyn organization, and he's a good friend of mine, so I thought I'd go out and see what it was all about."

"I walked up to Vic and said, 'You shouldn't do that. You might have hurt that guy.' Vic said he wasn't throwing the ball at Roebuck, he was just trying to get Bernier at the plate. Well, he gave me an answer and that's all I wanted. He might have been lying, but it was a good answer and I was satisfied. But the next thing I knew, Bernier came up and threw a punch at Power and Vic threw one back and all of a sudden I was in the midst of the damndest brawl you ever saw. It took ten cops to break it up, and the next day they fined me fifty bucks and suspended me for a week. They let Power and Bernier off with a fine. How do you figure it?"

His teammates, along with Eddie Joost, who managed him in Philadelphia, and Lou Boudreau, his present manager, generally stand up for Vic.

"I always found him a perfect gentleman," says Joost.

"I've heard those stories about him, too," says Boudreau. "But I've been waiting to see this 'trouble-maker' side of Vic for two years, and all I've seen is a helluva ballplayer. Most of those stories are a lot of baloney."

Junior Gilliam, who has played with Vic in Puerto Rico, agrees with Boudreau. "He's one of the nicest guys I've met in baseball. I've palled around with him a lot and I've never seen him make any trouble. He's a comical guy—lots of fun to be with. Oh, sure, he gets mad sometimes, especially during a game when things aren't going right. But you know these Latin fellas. They blow their tops pretty easy."

Power has gone a long way towards erasing the second charge against him. "He won't hustle," was the report. "When things are going wrong, he sulks and there's nothing you can do with him." In 1953, when Power was leading the American Association in batting, he was benched briefly for not hustling in the outfield. It was said that Power, a versatile young man who has played almost every position, would only hustle when he was at first base, his favorite spot. When placed at another position, he grumbled and brooded. The day he reported to the A's spring training camp in 1954, there was a clipping tacked to the bulletin board, quoting Elston Howard, Vic's teammate on the Kansas City Blues and the man destined to



A's manager Boudreau, left, was warned that Vic was a trouble-maker. "All I've seen," Lou says, "is a fine first-baseman."

become the Yankees' first Negro player. "I'm proud to be with the Yankees," Howard was reported to have said. "I didn't hit as well as Power last year, but I go all out all the time. Vic sometimes lets up."

"Elston's a good boy," was Power's only comment.

Howard later denied the story, but not before it had been added to the repertory of Power's critics. In a blanket defense, Vic points to his record. "If I don't hustle, that means I don't like playing very much. I've been at baseball steady for ten years. Since 1949 I've been coming up here to play in the summer and then going back to play in Puerto Rico all winter. I get about one week vacation a year. Does that sound like somebody who doesn't like baseball?"

"Sure, I get tired sometimes, and when you get tired you naturally don't do your best. But then I snap out of it in a day or so and I feel fresh again. A real hot day gets me down, too. I like it better when it's cool because I feel stronger then." Vic differs here from a fellow Puerto Rican, Ruben Gomez, who is his only serious rival for the affections of the island's fans. Gomez likes it plenty hot, and freezes on the vine when the temperature drops below the boiling point.

Although Power denies that he doesn't hustle when he is posted somewhere other than at first base, he admits he is happiest there. "I like it at first because I'm always doing something. I feel like I'm in the ball game. In the outfield, I just stand around waiting for something to happen, and it makes me feel lazy. I want to keep busy."

Power resents the charge that he is a "showboat," and when Buck Canel, one of the better-known Latin-American broadcasters, suggested that he was one, Vic wouldn't speak to him for over a year. But of all the charges levelled against him, this one is the hardest to refute, and indeed there seems little reason why he should try to refute it. A "showboat" is a baseball expression for one who likes to play to the crowd, who likes to show off. If you wrote down the names of the players who liked to showboat, your list would have to include Babe Ruth, Dizzy Dean, Jackie Robinson and Willie Mays, all men with one quality, besides their talent, in common—a tremendous love for baseball. A Duke Snider, who thinks baseball is a brutal business, is less apt to showboat.

You just have to watch Power at first base to know how much he likes to play. It is fun watching him because you know he is having fun. He would field ground balls behind second base if they let him roam that far; he catches everything with one hand, plucking the ball out of the air as if he were snaring a bothersome house fly; he moves his feet on and off the bag with such rapidity that opposing players wail he never has possession of the ball and the base at the same time.

There is probably another reason for his showboating, besides his obvious relish of the game. When he was a boy in Puerto Rico, the only professional teams he had the chance to see were the Negro clubs which toured the island. As organized baseball still drew the color line, the Negro clubs had to add a little something to their game to stay in business. That little extra something was the clowning in which (→ TO PAGE 79)

Now probably the best fielding first-baseman in the league, Vic comes off bag, right, to take throw, tag Mickey Mantle.





tennis girls of tomorrow

A great champion herself, Little Mo talks about what goes into the making of a champ, and gives us a rundown on the youngsters who are moving up

By Maureen Connolly



THE people caught up in tennis, just like the people working at any other sport or business, feel that, as tough as it is to make the top in anything, it is just a little tougher in their own field. I know that I always felt that the climb to the championship could never be as difficult anywhere else as it was in tennis. But it is a natural enough feeling—perhaps even a necessary one. You work hard, you prepare yourself, you give up some things, and finally you beat the best tennis players around. Then, before you can sit back and enjoy it, there is a surge of newcomers, just as ambitious and just as talented, looking to climb over you. There's room at the top for only one; you battle to get there and you battle to stay there.

The scramble to the top in tennis is just as rugged today as it ever was—maybe more so. There are plenty of potential champions around. How do you know? They're not difficult to spot. They're the youngsters with ambition, fight, a desire to win and sound fundamentals of tennis. If they show a capacity for self-criticism and, of course, the criticism of others, they've

got the essentials of a future champ.

A while back, I watched Beverly Baker Fleitz defeat 16-year-old Mimi Arnold in straight sets, 6-3, 6-3, in the finals of a California tournament. After the match, a friend of mine, who knows his tennis, said, "I think Mimi Arnold will be the best player in the country before 1960."

I asked him why, and he admitted that he had no solid evidence. "It's tough to describe," he said, "but she has something—a stick-to-it attitude. Besides, she's smart and she plays a good game."

I think he was right. Mimi Arnold is a good tennis player. But will she become the champ? Only time can tell. At 16, most promising players follow the same pattern. They play every tournament to gain experience. They hit the ball well and hard. Some move in to play a net game and experiment with the volley and smash. And all must wait for the break—the win that will qualify them for the National Junior Girls championship.

All are dedicated to the sport, some more so than

◆ Barbara Breit, 18 years old, looks like a sure winner. Maureen's own protege, she has a strong, balanced, fighting tennis game.

Color by UP

tennis girls of tomorrow

Continued

others. Most follow training rules closely, passing up the dates and dances. (It isn't easy, either. I know. I had to miss both my junior and senior proms because of tennis tournaments.) Most of them are willing to work, but the girls with "the look of the eagle" do the extra chores, too. A half hour of practice may be all that's needed to correct a flaw, but another hour can turn it into an advantage.

The most important quality, I think, is temperament. Nobody can teach self-control. I've seen potentially great players fail because they could not control their temper or their nerves at the crucial moments.

To judge tennis talent, one fact must be accepted. The game is, at best, a gamble. With opponents evenly matched, victory often hangs on a break at the right time. You must learn, early in your career, to take chances, not to be hesitant, even to risk victory. The girl who has all these—talent, determination, fight, self-control and daring—can be champ. But who is she? Let's look at the candidates:

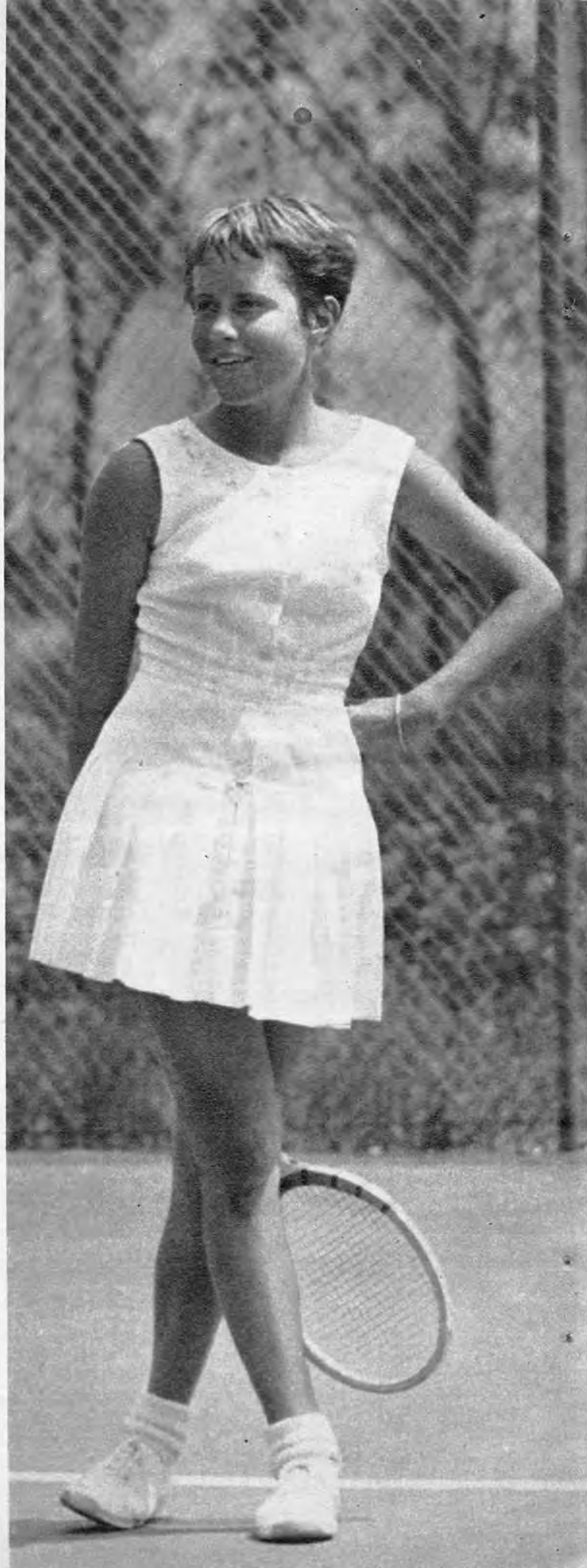
Mimi Arnold: She plays a baseline game, relying on ground strokes and court coverage. Her shots are well-placed, but because she is small and not overpowering, she can't put them away as placements easily. Against opponents of equal talent and power, she's tough to beat, but against stronger girls she tends to play a retrieving game. The best part of her game is her quick reflexes, speed and anticipation. But this isn't enough. On grass courts, where the ball shoots faster, the harder hitters have an advantage over her. Unless she can develop more power and learn to be more aggressive (and less defense-minded), I don't think Mimi can become a top player.

Darlene Hard: A sturdy 20-year-old from Montebello, Calif., Darlene is Mimi's opposite. She has the "big game"—a hard serve and volley reminiscent of Alice Marble. But Darlene has sacrificed her baseline game for power. A fairly serious competitor under pressure, she is a comedienne, too. When way ahead, or way behind, she clowns, uses trick shots, cries out when her opponent makes a good placement. This happy-go-lucky attitude has made her a favorite with the fans, but it could, in the long run, hurt her game. I've played against her several times, the last time in 1953. In that match, Darlene showed her greenness. She was well-schooled in fundamentals but unsure of herself. Her power was overwhelming, but so were her errors. Since then, she has improved vastly. She doesn't explode nearly as often. If she can continue improving her game and sharpen her concentration, control her backcourt game and wait for the proper openings before moving to the net, she can, with her natural talent, be the champion by 1958.

Karen Hantze: This 13-year-old Californian rates watching. Up to now, she has competed only locally, but she's a natural. She has unusual coordination,

Lawrence Schiller

Karen Hantze, only 13, has power and precision but plays mechanically, Maureen says. She needs a combative spirit.



grace and timing for a youngster. She can serve with the power of Louis Brough and volley with the precision of Doris Hart. Her ground strokes are adequate at this stage, with the exception of her backhand. Here, she has fallen into a slice pattern that places her on the defensive. If she can learn to hit a flat drive, this handicap could become an advantage. Her interest in the game may decline as she goes on; it has happened before. Right now, Karen lacks a true fighting spirit.

Mary Ann Mitchell: Although she hasn't fulfilled earlier expectations as yet, 17-year-old Mary Ann may be only in a slump. She has all the shots, but she lacks drive. In past years, she was considered San Francisco's best hope, but today Mimi Arnold has passed her as the city's top prospect.

Edda Budding: Edda, from Argentina, is the most outstanding of an excellent crop of foreign players, mostly from South America, South Africa, Australia and Europe. I played against her in the 1954 Wimbledon championships. It was her first big tournament and her first away from home, but instead of suffering from nerves, as many do, she showed the poise and confidence of a veteran.

Jean Forbes: This 15-year-old from South Africa is reportedly ready to become a champion. Last year, I expected to see her play in Wimbledon, but her father died during the tournament, and the family left immediately for home. This June, however, Jean returned to the European circuit, and is supposed to be playing sensational tennis.

Barbara Breit: My own protege. I believe Barbara is the most promising of all. It might be said that

I'm prejudiced, but I honestly feel that this 18-year-old blonde from North Hollywood will be the champ very soon. Before Barbara and I began working together, she had already acquired numerous titles, including two National Junior championships. I got a chance to work with her during the 1955 Nationals at Forest Hills. Her friend and present advisor, Mercer Beasley, asked me to sharpen her game.

I had long admired Barbara's secure baseline play and intelligent approach to the game, but there was a lot of work to do. First, we concentrated on her backhand. She had a habit of blocking her backhand stroke, so we worked on a flat drive that would match her powerful forehand. A slight change of grip and a new swing did the trick. Because of Barbara's excellent timing and coordination, a year's work was completed in two months.

The training program did have some setbacks. Barbara came down with shin splints, then the flu. Our work was interrupted for a month. When she was strong again, we had to rework the backhand, as a refresher. After a few days, we turned to her net play. Barbara had never been taught the fundamentals of the volley—a shorter swing with a punching, not stroking, action. An instinctive baseliner, she would never come to the net unless pulled there for a short ball. Now she can take advantage of high, soft shots with a good volley.

Next, we had to work on her footwork. Jump rope and sprints helped that problem. Now, more confident and equipped with a complete game, she's ready for the big time. I think she is our next champion—maybe even this September at Forest Hills.

Lawrence Schiller



Mimi Arnold, above, has the speed and shots but still lacks power, aggressiveness. Darlene Hard, right, likes to attack, has a hard serve and volley.

Max Haas





MR. ROBERTS

The Story Of A Winner

What does it mean to be the best pitcher in baseball? To nice-guy but hard-headed Robin it has meant money, stature, a secure future in business—and the inevitable invasion of the privacy he cherishes so much

By Hugh Brown



THE Phillies' locker room rustled with the soft noises of ballplayers talking among themselves as they dressed for the day's work. Hunched over on the stool in front of his locker reading a newspaper, and already dressed in his peppermint-stick home uniform except that his pants belt was loose, sat Robin Roberts.

A writer, not a regular "beat man" with the Phils, approached Roberts, who sat alone.

"Say, Robbie—" he started.

"Excuse me," Roberts said, looking up at him. "I'm pitching today and I usually don't talk to anybody before a game. Can you see me tomorrow?"

The writer walked away.

That's the way it is sometimes

with this good-looking young man who is the one most responsible for whatever good things have happened to the Phillies in the last six years. He's a pretty nice fellow, understand that. The chances are very good that if you met him, you would like him. He is intelligent, personable, thoughtful. And he's not superstitious, at least not in the strike-me-dead-if-I-fail-to-kick-first-base tradition usually associated with baseball. But he is a winning pitcher, and in the maintenance of that station he subjects himself to an almost Prussian austerity. When Robin Evan Roberts is pitching—or thinking about pitching—he becomes a cool, calculating, even, in a sense, ruthless worker. He doesn't mean to be rude, but nothing is allowed to intrude on the job that must be done. Of such militant dedication is success wrung.

And Roberts wrings it hard. In the business of baseball, he is a hard-headed businessman. That's why he wins 20 games every season, and why he is the player representative for the National League, and why he makes a lot of money.

Soon after Roberts signed his 1956 contract for an estimated \$50,000, a columnist predicted that he would wind up his career some ten years from now with more money than Bob Carpenter, his millionaire boss. The column was, of course, stretching a point for humor—but not stretching it *that* far. Roberts himself admits that he has to go some to catch up with the inherited and accumulated millions of Carpenter, a scion of the duPont dynasty. But the gleam in Robin's eyes at least hints that this son of a Welsh miner is entertaining some high hopes.

We were talking to Roberts re-

Color by Ozzie Sweet



UP

Robin's pitching and Dick Sisler's tenth-inning homer beat the Dodgers on the last day of '50 season for Phils' first pennant in 35 years. That's manager Ed Sawyer, center.

cently about the difficulties of trying to finance a couple of youngsters through a college education, what with heavy taxes and the high cost of living that has invaded even the field of education.

"Unless there is a financial catastrophe," Roberts said, "I'll have no trouble along those lines. I have some good investments working. I've just become president of the Neptunalia Seafood Company, a frozen food business capitalized at \$300,000, and I'm the owner of a laundry company called Bill's Washette in my hometown (Springfield, Ill.)."

But with all his burgeoning prosperity at the comparatively tender age of 29, Roberts does not yet rate his financial skills on a par with his baseball talents, and he has no illusions about Neptunalia Seafood growing into a billion-dollar concern on the strength of his executive ability. "Let me make this point," Roberts said. "I have no intention of sacrificing baseball to my business interests. Until I leave baseball for good, any outside business interest of mine will be strictly an off-season deal."

"I have no illusions about being a seafood tycoon. True, I've learned a great deal about the business through my association with Bill Mullis, when he owned the Trade Winds Company, which specialized in a breaded shrimp recipe. Mullis sold that company at a handsome profit and decided to branch out by

establishing Neptunalia, with its headquarters and freezing plant at Savannah, Georgia. As chairman of the board, he'll do most of the work. My job as president will be one of public relations and salesmanship. The emphasis is going to be on getting our products into the big eastern food chains."

Up to a year ago, or until he got the scent of the big money that can be made as a permanent thing away from baseball, Roberts was never very conscious of public relations in the sense that some other ballplayers have been. Even now—and even on days when he is not scheduled to pitch—interviews with Roberts are sketchy, on-the-spot affairs, and he is liable to break off the interview right in the middle with some excuse like "I have to take batting practice with the boys."

But in dribs and drabs, catching him before he dashes out to left field for a pepper game or to do some running, a fairly clear impression of the strong, conservative righthander comes through. In his friendly but hesitant way, he indicates what he is, what his ambitions are, and how he feels about things. For one thing, he shies away from the stereotyped malarkey about "baseball has been good to me." He is content to let the interviewer form the impression that baseball has been—and that he has been good for baseball, too.

"I believe," he said, "that I have six or seven years more to go, and

even though I intend to have other business connections, I would like to maintain my interest in baseball in some capacity. I really am crazy about the game and always have been."

"By that time," the interviewer remarked, "you should be able to buy the Phillies from Carpenter."

Roberts grinned faintly, but there was no apparent appreciation for the attempt at levity. For even if he had a million dollars in his pocket, he would be the last person to tip his hand, or lay himself open to a charge of braggadocio.

As athletes go, Roberts can safely be called one of the most complex. In conversation, he is at least two IQ notches above most of his compatriots, yet he admits that his intellectual interests are confined mostly to television viewing when he is home and western movies when he is on the road. In financial affairs, he is rated among the most ambitious in athletics, yet he voices absolutely no gripe against the big bite that Uncle Sam takes from his bankroll. "For a fellow whose father went to work in the mines of Wales at the age of 11, this country has been very good to me," Roberts declared. "I know there has been considerable agitation for the government to take notice of the short life of an athlete and adopt a provision that would spread his tax payments over a period of years. I have never joined the agitation, though. Income taxes don't worry me. They are something I take in stride."

Even after seven years in the big leagues, the Phillies' mainstay still enjoys the camaraderie of the clubhouse and the thrill of pitching before jam-packed stands. "When I was a little kid," he said, "there might not have been much in the house, but my parents always saw to it that I, and my brothers, played the sports we liked and had the equipment to play them with. Coming from Wales, my father didn't know much about baseball, but he always encouraged me to be the best in anything I undertook."

Around Philadelphia, at least, Roberts has become somewhat of a television celebrity, having been the star of a weekly, hour-long show for the last couple of years. Asked if he included television in his future plans, he said, "You can believe it or not, but the main reason I ever dabbled in television was that it brought me closer to kids, and it also gave me the poise that I lacked to appear before audiences."

There is no doubt that the big pitcher has a genuine interest in youngsters. "As much as I like baseball, I must admit that I find no joy in traveling or living in hotels.

To me, that's the worst part of baseball, having to leave your home and your wife and children so much."

Throughout Roberts' conversation, there is a core of modesty, a reticence to discuss his family and personal affairs. Definitely, he is not the type to whip out his wallet and bore onlookers with snapshots of Robin, Jr., five, Danny, two, and Doc the dog.

The story is told—and it is a true one—about how the famous pitcher, whose name is almost a household byword, walked into a bank in Clearwater, Fla., this spring to place some funds on deposit. "Name's Roberts, eh?" the teller asked. "Robin Evan Roberts. What's your occupation? Baseball player. Oh, you with that Phillies team staying here in Clearwater? Just come with them? No? Well, young fellow I hope you're successful with them. Thank you for opening an account."

Typically, Roberts went along with the teller. He didn't even tell the story on himself. A newspaperman, seeking to cash a dubious check, was right behind Roberts and overheard the conversation.

Or take Robbie's feat of striking out Eddie Mathews of the Braves three times in a row early in the 1954 season. Nobody had done that to the brawny third-baseman in quite a spell and reporters besieged Roberts in the dressing room for the key to his success. Robbie ignored all remarks concerning his prowess; instead he launched into extended praise of Mathews as one of the most dangerous hitters he had ever faced. "Remember," Robbie asked, "that home run he hit off me a year ago? I thought it was never going to come down." The reporters walked away, shaking their heads.

Around his suburban home and at the ball park, Roberts makes himself as inconspicuous as his fame and a \$31,500 ranch house without a fence around it will permit. His favorite recreation is to play "pitch" with his two youngsters in back of the house, then lie in the backyard hammock reading the sports pages or a sport magazine, then going in at evening to watch television.

Mary Ann Roberts, the school-teacher Robbie married in 1948 in Springfield, Ill., says, however, that on a day when he has pitched, he finds it hard to relax. "He talks the game over and over," Mary Ann says, "from beginning to end. Until he does that, he can't compose himself enough to go to sleep."

But once Robbie knocks it off, he is good for a minimum of nine hours of sleep. Usually, he gets up around 10 a.m., and tries not to get in Mary Ann's way. Mrs. Roberts does all her own housework with the aid of a once-a-week maid.

In his youth, Roberts confesses, he was a voracious eater, but in recent years he has become almost abstemious. A typical breakfast is juice, eggs, toast and milk. No coffee. He downs about a quart of milk a day, and his only other beverage is an occasional bottle of beer after a strenuous game.

When he pitches an afternoon game, Roberts passes up lunch. For dinner, he indulges in such ball-player staples as steak, roast beef and ice cream. After a tough night game, he often compromises on a chicken sandwich without trimmings and a milk shake before going to bed . . . at least an hour before the 2 a.m. curfew.

To the baseball writers, Roberts is receptive but certainly not demonstrative. He is definitely not the type with whom they cuddle up, or he with them. A couple of years ago, this reporter was assigned to do one of those "Damon and Pythias" jobs on Roberts and his neighbor, pitcher Curt Simmons, for a "family" magazine. Simmons has the reputation around the circuit of being a monosyllabic grunter. Yet, if it weren't for the Dutchman from Egypt, Pa., the piece never would have been written. When Roberts was approached, he just kept on bouncing a ball in his glove. After shrugging off a half dozen personal questions, he said, "Look here, I'm just a guy who pitches a ball, drinks milk shakes and sleeps. There's nothing glamorous about me."

Just a few months ago, Roberts was approached by a sportswriter

who asked him to collaborate on a book-length biography, with an advance royalty of \$2,500.

"I'll call you back in a couple of days," Robbie said.

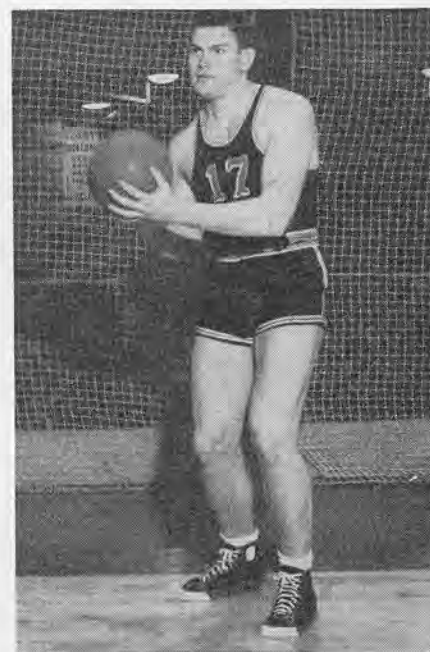
The writer waited the two days, but there was no call from Roberts. Finally, he reached the pitcher at his home and asked for his decision.

"I don't think I want it," Roberts said. "There isn't enough in my life to keep anybody interested for a couple of hundred pages. Besides, that \$2,500 and any other money I might get would only put me in a higher tax bracket. And anyway, I don't need the money."

Naturally, Roberts was put down in the prospective author's book as a stinker. He isn't. Liked by his own teammates and the players on other clubs, he is what an official of the Phillies described as "a man of control, not only on the pitching mound, but in his whole philosophy of life."

There are many who do not believe this dual control is all to Robbie's advantage. As a reporter from New York once noted, "If this fellow would only give out, his life story would have been running in the papers years ago, and they might even have made a movie out of it."

There are others who contend that Roberts' control has also hurt him professionally, that if he would forget it now and then, his record of 160 victories and 102 defeats since



Roberts went to college on a basketball scholarship, became a pitcher when he returned to Michigan State from service.

joining the Phillies in 1948 would be even better. They point out that while he walked only 53 batters in 305 innings last season, he also gave up 41 homers, a new major-league record.

The argument goes thusly: "The batters know he won't throw at their heads so they dig in and swing for distance. If Roberts would do like other pitchers and 'dust' them off occasionally, his speed would make him almost unbeatable. He's silly for not looking after his own interests."

But Roberts' stand is unassailable. "They rap me," he said, "for not knocking down the batters. Sure, I throw close at times, but I never deliberately try to injure an opponent. I prefer it that way. It will help me in the long run."

Aside from fussing with his pants and cap, there is no pitcher who appears more nonchalant on the mound. As a result, some have accused him of lacking a sustained desire to win. They mutter that he must be dreaming about his outside business interests when he gets careless and throws a gopher ball.

These charges do not, however, jibe with the Roberts who talks as if there is nothing else but winning. "I get off the beam occasionally on my control," he admits, "and I guess that's when the harm is done. But I never went into a ball game that I didn't have an overwhelming desire to win. How do you think I got those ulcers the second year I was out?"

Roberts' words were seconded by Mayo Smith, the manager of the Phillies, who will rarely let himself

be led into a discussion, even if it is only to debate the time of day. "He wants to win so much," Smith said, "that sometimes he scares me. He gets on base in a tight game, and I hold my breath. I know he'll take chances trying to advance, even if it means diving head-first into a base. Most pitchers run bases like an old lady circling a mud puddle. Not Robbie. He figures we need that run, and if it's within his power, he's going to score."

The 41 homers hit off Roberts last year don't give him the title of gopher-ball king when you consider that he pitched five full games more than any other pitcher in the majors. In the American League, Frank Sullivan of the Boston Red Sox earned the eager-beaver title with 260 innings of toil—45 fewer than Roberts worked. Cincinnati's Joe Nuxhall was the second busiest pitcher in the National League, with 257 innings. On the basis of homers per nine innings, Robbie stood tenth among major-league pitchers in 1955.

In uniform, Roberts doesn't relish pointed questions about his so-called gopher ball. But when he gets up before an audience, he makes the subject a kidding point, at the same time totally dispelling his own claim that he "has no glamor." The fact is that Roberts can spread glamor all over the place when he has a mind to or thinks that it will be to his advantage.

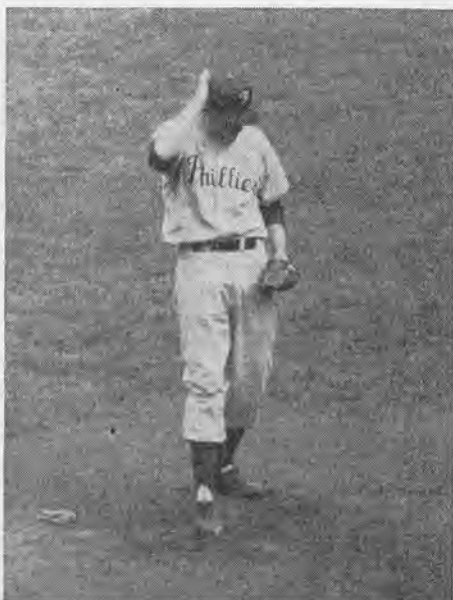
There was, for example, the evening last winter when he was invited to speak before one of the richest country clubs in the Phila-

delphia suburbs. The "no glamor" boy made a magnificent talk, holding his audience spellbound with baseball reminiscences and jokes that rolled out easily. He ended his speech with these remarks: "Well, they can accuse me of throwing home-run balls, but they can't accuse me of harboring any prejudices. Just look over my record and you will find that I throw my home-run ball to everyone, irrespective of race or religion. I threw it to Jews, Negroes and whites, to Methodists and Mohammedans. In the All-Star game, I even threw one to Mickey Mantle because the poor kid was sloughing off on his publicity."

Judging from the crowd that surrounded Roberts after the dinner, and the way other athletes in attendance were left to their own devices, this young business tycoon will have no trouble selling his frozen fish when he knuckles down to it during the off-season.

Roberts flew all the way in from Boston just to attend this dinner, and there were snide remarks passed afterward that he only went to this trouble because (1) this type of audience could do him a lot of good, and (2) he received \$250 for the appearance. The latter charge, at least, was totally untrue. Like other famous athletes, Roberts would be doing nothing but making speeches and playing the rubber-chicken circuit if he didn't put a price on his appearances. He has, however, given freely of his time and talents where a worthy cause was involved. This is particularly true where the welfare of boys is

Probably the most ritual-minded pitcher in the game, Robin, after almost every pitch, adjusts his stocking (actually, he's stretching),



concerned. Robin is always available.

In mid-season of 1954, when the team was in New York, Robbie was approached by a radio man who asked him to make an appearance on a boys' program. The announcer explained that there was no fee in it.

Roberts said: "Let me think it over."

In five minutes he returned. "You say it's for boys?" he asked. "If it is, I'll go."

On the basis of 35 games worked a season and an annual salary of \$50,000, the Phillies pay Roberts the equivalent of \$1,400 a game, or \$14 per pitch, based on 100 pitches a game. None of his fellow players begrudge him the money, because they all admit they play better and with more confidence when he is on the mound.

George R. H. Harrison, the Phillies' treasurer, who keeps his eyes on the attendance and receipts, says that there is no appreciable increase in home attendance when Roberts is scheduled to take the mound unless the rival pitcher is of somewhat equal prominence, or if the Brooklyn Dodgers are visiting. His value, Harrison says, is keeping the team up in the race, even when it isn't a very good team.

Roberts is the big "stopper" of the pitching staff. It is he who prevents long losing streaks, or ends them, as he did on May 16 a year ago when he pulled the Phillies out of the slough of 13 straight defeats with a 9-1 victory over the Milwaukee Braves.

In addition, he is the fellow who

can be counted on to turn in a well-pitched game virtually every time he goes to the mound (his worst defeat was on April 21, 1955, when the Dodgers knocked him out of the box in four innings with ten runs and 11 hits, including three homers).

Roberts has never pitched a no-hitter, but he has come mighty close with four one-hitters. On April 13 of last season, he held the Giants hitless until Alvin Dark singled with one out in the ninth inning. (The year before he had thrown two one-hitters. In one against Cincinnati, leadoff man Bobby Adams belted Robbie's first toss in the first inning for a home run. Then Robbie retired the next 27 batters.) Never one to pretend, Roberts said of the Giant game that he knew all along he had a no-hitter going, adding, "I was aware they didn't have any hits, but I wasn't much concerned about that. I was mainly trying to win, whether on one, two, three or a dozen hits."

When Steve O'Neill was managing the Phillies, he said that many of the homers off Roberts were due to the fact that he had never fully mastered a change-of-pace pitch. Yet, in the one-hit conquest of the Giants, catcher Stan Lopata said that Roberts threw "let-up" balls all game.

It was Bucky Walters, coach of the Giants, who probably summed up Roberts' technique the best of all: "He knows what to do and how to do it. When a pitcher wins 20 games a year, there isn't much a coach can add to his ability, al-

though there are tricks of the trade which even older pitchers never know.

"But Roberts knows the whole story," Bucky added. "He doesn't need to know many tricks because he has excellent speed and almost perfect control, along with little tricks of his own like throwing a fast-ball strike when he has the batter two strikes and no balls. That's relying on the element of surprise, for every batter figures he's going to waste a pitch. Red Ruffing used to do that once in a while. I did, too, but not with a fast ball. I sometimes broke a sinker right over the plate, low. Paul Deringer did it with a curve ball, and so would Bobby Shantz when he was at his best.

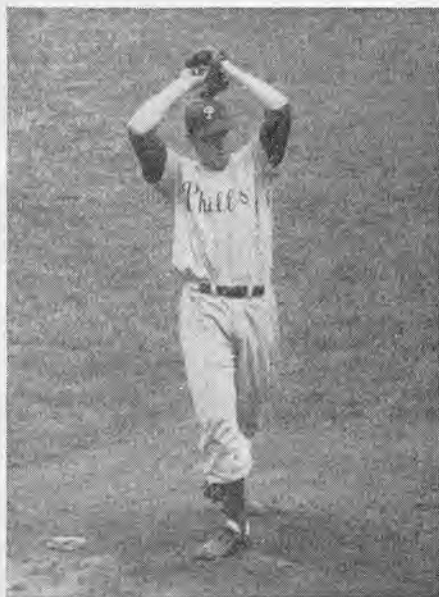
"When a pitcher can strike out Eddie Mathews three times in a row, like Roberts did in that one-hitter he pitched against the Braves, he's got more than good stuff and control. He's got the batter licked mentally."

After the one-hitter he threw against Milwaukee, manager Charley Grimm paid Roberts this compliment: "He's like a good automobile. Sending him in to pitch a game is like stepping on the starter and taking off. But Roberts is even better than a good car. You don't have to put oil and gas in him. All you have to do is give him meal money."

Recently, while discoursing on the alleged demerits of the curve as compared with the slider—the pitch that old-timers refer to as a "nickel curve"—veteran pitcher Jim Konstanty described Roberts as one of

straightens his cap and goes into the same windup whether throwing a fast ball or a curve. On delivery, he takes a long stride.

Curt Gunther



Roberts' Record

(Prior to 1956 Season)

	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	N.L. Lifetime
WON	7	15	20	21	28*	23†	23*	23*	160
LOST	9	15	11	15	7	16	15	14	102
PERCENTAGE	.438	.500	.645	.583	.800	.590	.605	.622	.611
EARNED-RUN AVE.	3.18	3.69	3.02	3.03	2.59	2.75	2.96	3.28	3.02
GAMES	20	43	40	44	39	44	45	41	316
GAMES STARTED	20	31	39†	39*	37*	41*	38*	38*	283
COMPLETE GAMES	9	11	21	22	30*	33*	29*	26*	181
CG PCT.	45.0	35.5	53.8	56.4	81.1	80.5	76.3	68.4	64.0
INNINGS PITCHED	147	227	304	315*	330*	347*	337*	305*	2312
HITS	148	229	282	284	292*	324*	289*	292*	2140
BASES ON BALLS	61	75	77	64	45	61	56	53	492
STRIKEOUTS	84	95	146	127	148	198*	185*	160	1143
9-INNING AVERAGES									
HITS	9.1	9.1	8.3	8.1	8.0	8.4	7.7	8.6	8.33
BASES ON BALLS	3.7	3.0	2.3	1.8	1.2	1.6	1.5	1.6	1.92
STRIKEOUTS	5.1	3.8	4.3	3.6	4.0	5.1	4.9	4.7	4.44
SHUTOUTS	0	3	5*	6	3	5	4	1	27
WON-LOST BREAKDOWN									
VS. BROOKLYN	0-2	0-3	4-2	4-5	6-0	1-6	2-3	4-4	21-25
CHICAGO	1-1	1-1	2-2	4-1	2-2	5-2	3-1	2-3	20-13
CINCINNATI	3-0	3-2	4-0	1-3	5-1	3-3	2-1	2-2	23-12
BOSTON	1-2	2-2	3-0	2-2	4-0	4-0	4-3	2-3	22-12
MILWAUKEE									
NEW YORK	0-1	1-2	1-2	2-3	3-3	2-2	3-2	5-1	17-16
PITTSBURGH	1-1	4-1	2-2	6-0	4-0	5-1	5-2	3-0	30-7
ST. LOUIS	1-2	4-4	4-3	2-1	4-1	3-2	4-3	5-1	27-17

*Indicates led League

†Indicates tied for League lead

CHART BY ALLAN ROTH.

the finest practitioners of the slider. Roberts denies he owns a slider. He describes his own assets as a "good fast ball and a fair curve." But Warren Spahn, the Braves' great lefthander, swears Robbie has the best slider in the league. "I know he denies he has a slider," Spahn said, "but if he doesn't, he's got the spookiest fast ball I ever saw. It comes roaring up to the plate, then slips several inches off its course like a billiard ball with English on it."

Roberts' fast ball also takes off, meaning that when it approaches the plate it rockets up an inch or so. This accounts for the large number of pop-ups hit against him. The batters are forced to cut under his fast ball.

The secret of Roberts' pin-point control, as all pictures show, is that he always aims the ball deliberately right up to the last second of delivery. But what of his home-run

ball? Is there a wild explanation for that? Ken Silvestri thought he had the answer when he was the Phillies' bullpen coach. "With Roberts' control, it was never hard for him to learn how to move the ball around," Silvestri explained. "He may pitch three fast balls in a row, but he never puts any two of them in the same spot. If he's in a close game, he pitches carefully, but with a good lead he may come back in the same spot with his pitch and the batter is waiting for him. That's Roberts' home-run pitch."

Unlike most pitchers, who are virtually useless at the plate, Roberts can hit. Time and again, Mayo Smith has used him as a pinch-hitter. "Remember," Roberts says, "I was a hitter before I was a pitcher. In high school and around the sandlots I always played first or third base and sometimes the outfield. I always had to hold up my end with the bat."

Robbie is a switch-hitter. Early last season against Pittsburgh, he hit a home run off a southpaw and a single off a righthander. "I can't remember when I wasn't a switch-hitter," Roberts says. "I began swinging from both sides of the plate when I was a little kid and I've always done it that way. I do think I do better, though, batting lefthanded."

Like all pitchers, Roberts is boyishly vain about any hits he gets, and he thinks that if he hadn't been switched off the track by his coach at Michigan State, he might have become a slugger along the lines of Ted Kluszewski or maybe even the switch-hitting Mickey Mantle. But John Kobs, his college baseball coach, disagrees. "It's not difficult to remember the first day I saw Robin Roberts," Kobs said, "because I distinctly recall that he tried to tell me he was a hitter."

"Robin was one of the best basketball players we ever had at Michigan State and you know how the basketball season now runs right into the start of baseball. Well, we had the baseball squad working out in the indoor cage during the winter while Robbie was playing a whale of a game at basketball, but that didn't stop him from expressing interest in baseball. Each year our baseball team takes a trip through the South before we open the Big Ten season. We were just about ready to leave when Roberts stopped by the baseball cage and told me he wanted to play."

"What's your position?" I asked him.

"I think I could do at first base, or third base, or maybe the outfield. I'm a pretty good hitter and I think I can play almost anywhere."

"So I let him come around the next day and work out," Kobs said. "He didn't swing a bat a dozen times before I knew he wasn't going to chase any of my regulars out of a job. But when I saw him throw—that was something else again. Every throw was right on a dime and the ball moved like lightning. I suggested that he work out as a pitcher. He agreed, although he said his hitting was better than he had shown so far."

"After about a week, I knew he'd make good as a college pitcher, but I had eight other pitchers and I wasn't going to sidetrack any of them for a fellow who had just shown up. When we were leaving for the South, I told Robbie 'You keep on playing catch and pitch every day and when we get back I'll take another look at you.'"

Robbie didn't cotton to the idea of being left at home. "All right," he told the coach, "you take the team south and when you get back

you'll have a pitcher, I promise you."

"He worked out every day while we were gone," Kobs continued. "He even tried to work out at night and the only reason he didn't was because the night watchman had to turn out the lights in the baseball cage at seven o'clock. I had a pitcher all right when I got back. Fellows who had been pitching for two or three years didn't have anywhere near the stuff or control that he had."

"I didn't start him right away. I let him get in a couple of games that were lost, and let him pitch a couple of innings to defend a slight lead. When I finally did start him, he was my No. 1 pitcher. There wasn't anything like him in the Midwest and I don't think I've ever seen a better college pitcher anywhere. But the funny thing about it was the way the Detroit ball club, virtually in Robbie's back yard, let him get away. Wish Egan, who scouted all the Big Ten teams, saw him many times but never seemed impressed, even after Robbie pitched a no-hit game against Michigan."

"Besides his pitching ability, Robbie was one of the nicest young fellows I ever associated with. He never showed any temperament and he always remembered his friends. I hear from him every once in a while, once even when he was on a barnstorming trip to Honolulu."

Roberts has often been accused of "pitching just as much as he has to," somewhat in the manner of a boxer who sees no sense in knocking out an opponent if he is well ahead on points. Typical of this attitude was the first game this season when he pitched against the Brooklyn Dodgers at Ebbets Field. Roberts won the game, 8-6, and in the words of a New York sportswriter, "He was hit quite freely, but when the Dodgers showed signs of concentrated toughness, he assumed command of the situation and had them popping up or lining out."

Also typical of Roberts was the manner in which he lost his first game of the 1956 season after winning three straight. In his first three starts, he hadn't walked a man. Then, against the Cubs in Chicago in his fourth start, he missed the strike zone and walked Gene Baker. His next pitch was a home-run ball to Ernie Banks. This made the score 2-1 in the fourth inning and that's the way it stayed for the rest of the game, with Roberts bearing down to the limit and the Phils letting him down with one of their puny hitting efforts.

Roberts credits a lot of his determination and self-control to his father, Thomas, a Welsh coal miner who began working in the pits when he was only 11 years old. The

Roberts family—Tom, his wife, Sarah, and two children—came to this country from the British Isles in 1921 because the mine at Bolton, Lancashire, where Tom Roberts worked had been shut down by a strike. A friend in Bolton told him that the soft coal mines in central Illinois were looking for workers.

But when the elder Roberts arrived in Springfield, he found that the post-war depression was in full swing and that the mines in the vicinity were operating only one day a week. Eventually, he got a job in the mines, but the work was so uncertain that in 1929 he caught on with the Sangamo Electric Company, where he is still employed at the age of 64 as a night foreman. Mrs. Roberts is about four years younger.

Tom Roberts always was a sports enthusiast, although as a young miner in the pits he never had much time for athletics. After he had been in this country a few years, he worked up an avid interest in baseball, specifically in the doings of the St. Louis Cardinals. He followed them closely when they won their first pennant and world championship. That was in 1926, the year Robin was born.

The other children in the Roberts family consisted of Tom, Jr., the oldest boy, who was killed in World War II while serving in the Navy; Nora, now Mrs. Carroll Kemp, of Springfield; Joan, now Mrs. Leo Stone, a resident of suburban River-ton; and George, the youngest, whose education at Michigan State Robbie helped finance.

Being a Welshman, Tom Roberts always had a hankering for the green valley, and when he came to Springfield, he settled on the outskirts, in a frame house on East Enos Street. He and his wife still live there, with the new stone house that Robin bought for them with his bonus money plunked down in front of the frame house.

Robbie attended the East Pleasant Hill Grade School, a two-room rural structure which graduated an average of seven children each half-year. One of the two teachers, C. B. Lindsay, spent his time after school organizing the few boy pupils into baseball, basketball and football teams, and that's how young Robin developed an interest in sports. His interest in baseball, specifically, was whetted by the appearance of Grover Cleveland Alexander as the speaker at a school basketball dinner. Robin was only nine then and Alexander was a grizzled 48 and five years out of baseball.

The great "Pete" had pitched for the Phillies from 1911 through 1917, and there was only one sea-



INP

A good hitter and base-runner, Roberts, here knocking over Campanella on safe slide into home, takes chances to win.

son when he was not a 20-game winner. In three of his seasons in the Philadelphia uniform, he won more than 30 games. The tousle-haired boy who heard him that day in East Pleasant Hills Grade School was destined eventually to become the only 20-game winner that the Phillies have had since the time of Alexander.

Alexander was young Roberts' first baseball idol, but a year later, he had switched to Lou Gehrig, the iron horse Yankee first-baseman, who neither drank nor smoked, something that could not be said about Alex. "Robin used to pin pictures of Lou Gehrig all over the wall above his bed," his mother recalled. "There was an article in the papers about how Gehrig had bought a new home for his mother. One day I was dressing Robin down for not helping with the chores, and for going off and playing ball, instead. He turned to me and said, 'That's what I'm going to do for you and Pop when I get to the big leagues.'"

Tom Roberts also confirmed Robin's dislike of tedious chores when some game could be played. "That was one of my boys," he said grinning, "that I just couldn't get any work out of. He was always too busy playing. When I finally did get him to do something like hoeing the garden, the hoe was always breaking, and he would be off to play with the rest of the boys."

Mrs. Roberts said that her second youngest son did work one summer while he was going to high school—lifting flour sacks in a nearby mill. But his main purpose, she

added, was to build up his muscles for the football season.

Robin went two years to Springfield High School, where he astounded no one with his athletic ability. His last two years were spent at Lamphier High, also in Springfield, and he quickly became the big man on the campus. He was, in fact, one of the best all-round athletes in the school's history.

Robbie never had great speed, but he had magnificent determination and skill. He was a fine forward in basketball, a slick ball-handler, an accurate, swift passer and a good shooter. To this day, basketball is his second favorite sport and he has chided me more than once for referring to it as "whistle-ball" in numerous stories.

As a football end, he was a teammate of Billy Stone, who went on to play for the Chicago Bears, and Ray Ramsey, later an end with the Chicago Cardinals. In conversation, Roberts shows a fine grasp of the intricacies of the game, and he goes to most of the home games of the Philadelphia Eagles. He knows many of the players, and he

will brook no disloyalty to them, as he proved when he and I were once on the same banquet platform. The Eagles had just suffered a succession of defeats, and because I had covered all their games, the toastmaster gave me the large order of telling what was wrong with them. In effect, I said that the Eagles' running game was bad and that they could use a large shot of determination. When it was Roberts' turn to speak, he turned directly toward me and said, "Hughie Brown is a sportswriter and is entitled to his own opinion, but he seems to have overlooked the fact that three of the Eagles' defeats were suffered by no more than three-point margins. I think the players are giving out to the best of their abilities."

That put me in my place immediately, and I was about ready to leap to the platform and taunt him about his gopher ball, when he beat me to it. He kidded about it himself.

Roberts was an average student in both grade school and high school, but he was able to qualify for the Air Force cadet program after he graduated from high school

in 1944. He was sent to Michigan State College for training, where his athletic ability enabled him to stay during the few months when his status was neither reserve nor active. His entree was an athletic scholarship—for basketball, not baseball.

Roberts put in one basketball season before he was ordered to report for basic Air Force training at Wichita Falls, Tex. By the time he finished, the pre-flight program had been suspended, and on November 1, 1945, he was discharged from the service.

In his first full basketball season at Michigan State, Roberts was such a sensation that he was presented a trophy by the Detroit *Free Press* describing him as Michigan's outstanding college basketball player. Matt Guokas, former member of the professional Philadelphia Warriors, said years later that Roberts was a better basketball player than he is a pitcher, and could have become one of the greatest pros of all time. But he never would have made as much as \$50,000 a year at whistle-ball.

How Robbie switched to baseball, and from hitter to pitcher, has already been recounted, but not the fact that he was hit hard in his first start against Western Michigan College. He did, however, pitch two no-hitters, one against arch-rival Michigan and the second against the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. His first-year college baseball record was four victories and two defeats.

When summer arrived, Roberts came in contact with Ray Fisher, former big-leaguer and the baseball coach at the University of Michigan, who managed the Montpelier, Vt. team of the independent Northern League during the summer. Fisher said that Roberts "really didn't know how to pitch yet," but that he had magnificent promise. During the summer of 1946, Roberts compiled an 11-8 record with Montpelier, but in 1947 he came into his own. With coaching assistance from Fisher and the acquisition of a curve to go with his fast ball, he won 18 games and lost only three.

Meantime, big-league bird-dogs began to get on Roberts' trail. But from all accounts, the man who really put Roberts in the majors was Jack Rossiter, scout for the Phillies in central Illinois, who had seen Robin play at high school and also on the Springfield sandlots, part of the time for a team sponsored by Rossiter. Rossiter first touted Roberts to the Phillies in 1946, and in his memo to his scouting superior said, "Roberts will give the Phillies his first consideration after he grad-



INP

His fellow National Leaguers think Roberts is a good enough businessman to be their player rep. That's Robin and Bob Feller showing up for a meeting with Ford Frick.

uates from Michigan State."

It wasn't, however, until Roberts' sensational Northern League season of 1947 that the Phillies' scout, Chuck Ward, began going after him in earnest. Roberts, meanwhile, had been working out with the St. Louis Browns in Sportsman's Park. According to Roberts' own version, Ward at first offered him \$10,000 to sign. Robbie held back and said he had workouts scheduled with several other clubs and that the Boston Braves had already offered him \$25,000. Ward immediately got in touch with the home office, which dispatched its public relations director, Babe Alexander, to the scene with authority to equal the Braves' offer.

Roberts thinks he might have pried more out of the Phillies, but then again, he might not have. "Anyway," as he put it, "things worked out for the best and I've been very happy with Mr. Carpenter and the Phillies."

Having signed with the Phillies, Roberts couldn't compete in any more college sports, but he returned to Michigan State to work out his bachelor's degree in physical education.

Roberts accompanied the 1948 Phillies to their training camp at Clearwater, and as soon as manager Ben Chapman saw him in action, he knew he had a big-leaguer in the making. "As a matter of fact," Chapman said, "he could have jumped right into the majors without any minor-league experience. But the Phillies' farm at Wilmington (Del.) needed help, so I allowed myself to be persuaded to let him go there."

Another Philadelphia bonus baby, Curt Simmons, was also pitching for Wilmington, but it wasn't long before the fans in the Delaware city were praising Roberts as "even better than Simmons." With the class B Blue Rocks of the Interstate League, Roberts won nine out of ten games, averaging 12 strikeouts per game. On the night of June 17, 1948, Wilmington was playing in Hagerstown, and in the middle of the game manager Jack Sanford informed Roberts that he was going up to the big league.

"I got back to Wilmington at 2 a.m.," Roberts says, "and packed my stuff. I had a couple of hours sleep and then I caught a train to Philadelphia. But before I did that, I called my mother in Springfield. I thought at first Sanford was kidding when he told me I was going to the Phillies. But when I got to Shibe Park, I got a bigger surprise. They told me I was starting the game that night."

Before Roberts left Hagerstown, his teammates commissioned one of



UP

Here with neighbor Curt Simmons, Roberts lives quietly in a Philadelphia suburb. That's the way he wants it; he doesn't like to mix his home and professional life.

their number to go out and buy him a pen and pencil set as a going-away present. Manager Sanford's reaction was short and bitter: "There," he said, "goes my right and left arms."

Roberts' opponent in his major-league debut was the veteran Elmer Riddle of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Nervous and sweating, Roberts walked the first batter but struck out the next, Frankie Gustine. In all, he gave up five hits; he struck out two and walked two. A headline of the game said "Phillies' Bats are Silent," and as a result, the rookie from Wilmington lost his first game, 2-0, before a crowd of 13,501.

In his next start, Roberts beat the Cincinnati Reds, 3-2. He finished his rookie year with a record of seven wins and nine losses. The following year he balanced the books at 15-15, and in 1950, the year the Phillies won their first pennant since 1915, he chipped in with 20 victories against 11 defeats. It was his 20th, pitched on the final day, that clinched the flag.

Ever since then, Robbie has never fallen under the 20-victory-per-season mark. His best year was 1952 when he had a record of 28 and 7 and an earned-run average of 2.59.

There has been considerable talk

that if Roberts had been with another team—say the Dodgers—he might have been a 30-game winner these last few years. Roberts himself refuses to listen to such talk. "My teammates," he said, "give everything they have when I pitch. No man can ask for anything more."

He concedes, though, that if he were wearing a Dodger uniform, he wouldn't have to pitch to such gopher-ball fanciers as Roy Campanella, Gil Hodges and Duke Snider.

Roberts' belief that he has at least six or seven years left as a major-league pitcher is not misplaced. Despite his record number of innings of toil, he rarely suffers a twinge in his pitching arm, and trainer Frank Wiechec gives him only the most cursory ministrations before he pitches a game. There is no danger, either, that Robbie will get fat and loggy from prosperity. Each winter he works out in gymnasiums around Philadelphia, playing basketball and letting himself go no heavier than 200 pounds, only five pounds above his pitching norm. "Baseball," he says, "is my business. What a fool I would be to do anything but stick strictly to business."

Mr. Roberts does just that.



Is Vinegar Bend The New Dizzy Dean?

(Continued from page 40)

of major league, class B and semi-pro players in Cuba. This time around, and no one knows it any better than he does, the competition is going to be much rougher. Still, he has a lot going for him. He's young and big and strong. He hides the ball before he pitches it, and when he lets it go, there's zing on it all the way and a hop at the end of it.

Dizzy Dean watched Vinegar pitch one day and, in his enthusiasm over the young man's fast ball, said warmly, "He's a lefthanded Dizzy Dean, that's what he is!"

That was the nicest, most complimentary thing Dizzy could have said about Vinegar, and no matter what triumphs are in store for the Cardinal southpaw, he's not likely ever to receive a more sincere accolade. Diz, in his own mind, was the greatest of pitchers, and this is the first time, so far as anyone knows, that he has been moved to such lengths by the sight of one who seeks to walk in his footsteps. However, the resemblance begins and ends with this: Vinegar is tall, loose-jointed and free and easy in motion, as Diz was when he was young. He comes from the South, he has a very fast ball, and he is a throwback to the old tobacco-chewing heroes of the game.

In temperament and public performance, on or off the field, Diz and Vinegar are far apart. Diz talked loudly about what he was going to do and crowed loudly when he had done it; on or off the field, he was a showboat. Vinegar speaks with a soft drawl, so that you have to listen closely to hear what he is saying, and sometimes, taking time out for chewing and thinking, he speaks slowly. He doesn't strut or clown, and those who have met him are inclined to compare him not so much with Dizzy Dean as with Herb Shriner.

Vinegar has found out what other fast-ball pitchers before him have learned, including his great admirer, Dizzy Dean—that a fast ball is a powerful weapon, without which it is difficult to get into the major leagues, but that it is well to have something to go with it. Grover Cleveland Alexander, whose low fast ball was a terror, once said, "If you stood out there with a rifle and fired bullets at the plate, it wouldn't be long before some of those fast-ball hitters would be hitting them back at you."

Lefty Grove was a little stubborn about it for a while. Fast as he was, when he threw nothing but fast balls, the hitters played tunes on the fences. Bob Feller was smarter. He brought a wicked curve ball into the American League with him, along with his fast ball. The fans and the critics raved about his fast ball but the hitters said, "Sure, his fast ball is great. But when he's got you where he wants you, he strikes you out with his curve ball."

Mizell started with a fast ball and a curve ball. He didn't use the curve much in the beginning. He didn't have to. Moreover, it wasn't much good. "After a while," he says, "I had to do something to let the hitters know I had something else. What I needed most was a change-up. I tried 'taking it off' my fast ball but I wasn't any good at it. What I was throwing was a fast ball that wasn't real fast and I couldn't fool anybody

with it. So I've been 'taking it off' my curve ball. I haven't quite got the hang of it yet. Every once in a while, when I pull the string a little too hard, it just kind of rolls up nice and big, like it was going to hit the batter in the face but it don't because he pulls back and hits it first. I've had fellows hit that pitch an awful long ways. I started in the Army with it and worked on it in Cuba, and this spring at St. Pete Mr. Hutchinson and Mike Ryba helped me with it. Pretty soon I expect I'll have it right.

"Another thing I learned about pitching when I was up here before is that you can look wilder in the major leagues than you were in the minors when all the time you're pitching just the same. What I mean is that . . . well, maybe your control isn't so good, but it's no worse than it was in the minors. But the big-league hitters don't swing at most anything, like the minor-leaguers do. They'll take a pitch just an inch or two off the plate or just a little high or just a little low. They take a couple or three of them and you're in real trouble. I wasn't hog wild very often when I came up here but I walked more than a hundred hitters in each of my two years."

It was a long way from the big

SPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

WILL BE AT YOUR

NEWSSTAND

JULY 31

cities and deep in the tangled wild wood that Vinegar took his first, faltering step toward fame. "The first regular team I ever played on . . . I guess you could call it a regular team . . . was the Long Branch Rebels in Vinegar Bend. That was the name of the creek we swum in. I was 17 years old. It wasn't much of a team. We couldn't beat anybody. Never won a game that summer. There were only 11 of us, all related. My Uncle Ben was the pitcher. The first game we played, I was the centerfielder. That is, to start with. But after a few innings, Uncle Ben got tired, or something, and he called me in to pitch. We got beat very bad.

"That was in 1947. The next year we had a better team. We had some out-of-town boys on it. I was the pitcher then. Along about August, we read in the paper . . . it was either the Hattiesburg paper or the Biloxi paper, I forget which . . . that the Yankees were going to have a tryout camp at Hattiesburg. The other boys on the team said I ought to go over there for a tryout.

"I said, 'I don't think I'm that good.'"

"They said, sure I was, so I said, 'I'll go if some of you fellows will go with me.'"

"I wasn't going to go over there all by myself and maybe look like a fool in front of those Yankee scouts. They said they'd go, so it was agreed on. But the day the tryout was supposed

to be held, we all had something to do. We had to work after high school. It isn't a very good farming country but we had a small farm and I worked on it and there are a lot of pine woods around there and I worked there, too. They slash the trees to let the turpentine run out and put cups under the slashes to catch the drippings, and my job was to empty the cups in the pails I carried on a yoke over my shoulders. Somebody asked me one time why I walk like I do, and I said, 'You carry those pails like I used to and you'd walk the way I do, too.' The idea is to walk careful, so the turpentine don't slop over when the pails are full.

"Anyway, this was a bad day for all of us to take off and go to Hattiesburg, and one of the boys said: 'Why don't we wait 'till next week and go over to the Cardinals' tryout at Biloxi?'"

"Well, that seemed fair enough. It's about the same distance . . . about 60 miles . . . from Vinegar Bend to Biloxi, as it is to Hattiesburg, so that's what we did. They were holding the tryouts for only a couple of days and I was the only one from our group they paid any attention to. The first day, I pitched to only three hitters. Then a big storm came up. A real big storm, like they have down there sometimes. It looked like it might last for days and they called the tryout off and we went home.

"I didn't think anybody had had a chance to see me, let alone look at me real good, but the next spring, when we were playing in Leakesville, this Cardinal scout came over to see me. His name is W. H. Lewis—Buddy, they call him. I was still in high school, and under the rules of baseball he couldn't talk to me about signing, but there was nothing to stop him from watching me pitch. I told him I was going to graduate on April 25. That morning I was swimming in the creek and I saw him standing on the bank, waiting for me to come out. He stayed close by me all day, and right after the exercises that night, he signed me.

"The Cardinals sent me to Albany, Ga. For me, it was like going to another country. I've been out of this country since then. I was in Cuba last winter. But at that time, I'd never been further away from Vinegar Bend than Hattiesburg or Biloxi.

"Shelton Bender was the manager there. He was very nice to me and tried to make me feel at home, so I wouldn't be lonesome for Vinegar Bend. I reported about the first of May . . . we graduate early down home . . . but he didn't use me 'till June. He knew I was a real green horn and he even had to teach me to stand on the rubber. I'd never seen a rubber 'till I got to Albany. He also tried to teach me how to hold the runners on the bases. It wasn't easy and I still should be better at it than I am. They say I've never picked a runner off first base. Well, it's true. But I almost did once. I had this runner, right off first base, standing there flat-footed, looking at me like he didn't know where he was or who I was. But I threw the ball over the first-baseman's head.

"I'll admit I was kind of scared when I first got to Albany. I'd never seen any baseball except the kind we played at home and I thought these fellows were awful good. You know how it is. The first league you see is a class D league and that's the best

you ever saw, and then you start to move up and every league you see is the best, and finally you get to the big leagues and you know that's the best. But if you never saw any league and they sent you to the Georgia-Florida League, you'd be scared, too.

"The first time I got into a game, we were playing in Americus and I still was so scared . . . and so wild . . . even the fans took to cover when I let the ball loose. I didn't last very long. But the next time . . . it was against the same ball club and I was in relief again . . . I pitched three innings. Only nine men got up to bat against me and I struck out seven of them."

He won 12 games, lost three and struck out 175 in Albany and, in 1950, he was promoted to Winston-Salem in the Carolina League. "I got off to a bad start in Winston-Salem. I lost six of my first eight games. Then I won 15 out of 16."

He also struck out 227 and, in 1951, made his last stop on the road to the majors—Houston in the Texas League. They hadn't seen anyone like him in Houston since the heyday of the young Dizzy Dean, and he was a terrific drawing card. He won only 16 games while losing 14, but he struck out 257, his high mark up to now.

There was a night in the Houston Park he will never forget. "I'll swear the whole population of Vinegar Bend, except the night marshal, was there. They hired a bus and came all that way, just to see me pitch. I felt bad because I got beat, 3-1, but they said they were sorry about that but at least they saw me strike 15 hitters out, just like I used to do when I was home."

Then came the two years of fun and glory, seeing the big cities, which terrified him at first but which he afterward got to like, although he wouldn't want to live in one of them. Pitching against the Giants and the Dodgers and the other teams he had never seen, and getting his name and his picture in the big-league papers. Then the Army. It was hard, leaving baseball for a while, just when he seemed about to mature in fast company, but his military experience wasn't arduous. It consisted largely of playing baseball. After he had taken his basic training at Fort Jackson, he was sent to Fort McPherson, where he put in the balance of his time.

"I had a great year in the Army last year. My record was 22 and 0. The year before, I wasn't quite so good. Fourteen and two was the best I could do. But how about that 22 and 0 last year? Wouldn't it be great to have a record like that with the Cardinals some year?"

"But I'll tell you the truth about that. Most of the hitters couldn't make a class D club and most of the games were only seven innings."

It was Frank Lane who, taking over the Cardinals last fall, sent Vinegar, newly released by the Army, to Cuba to pitch for the Havana Reds. It was a carefully considered placement. The owner of the club is Mike Gonzales, one of the best catchers of his time with the Cardinals, the Giants and the Cubs, and a great handler of pitchers. The manager is Adolfo Luque, who pitched for the Braves, the Reds and the Giants, and was one of the smartest of all competitors. Ryba, veteran pitcher-catcher, scout and troubleshooter in the Cardinal

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Johnson & Johnson

the russian athlete



CLYDE LITTLEFIELD knows the Russian athlete socially and competitively. The head track coach at the University of Texas and long-time AAU official has lived in the same hotel with him, dined with him, seen the sights with him. Twice since the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki, Littlefield has fielded American teams against him.

So what sort of guy is this Russian? A subsidized superman? Is he unbeatable? "They'll be tough, make no mistake about that," Littlefield says. "They have people we can't hope to beat. There's Vladimir Kuc. He's short, but built like a fullback and the greatest distance runner I've ever seen, even better than Zatopek. Last summer at Belgrade, the Russian coach said Kuc had been sick for four months and still wasn't well. Maybe so, but he ran the 5,000 meters that day in 13:46.8 to break the world record. Form? He doesn't need any. He just gets out there and runs. And he's as nice a guy as you'll find. No, they're not supermen. Just fine, superbly trained athletes."

Littlefield began studying the Iron Curtain athlete at Helsinki as an Olympic coach. Then, last summer, the AAU selected him to shepherd an American track team on a month-long tour of European capitals. In September, Littlefield and his crew (sprinter Rod Richard, pole-vaulter Bob Smith, quarter-milers Lang Stanley and Dick Maiocco, and miler Joe LaPierre) packed their spikes and flew to Brussels. After competing there and in Cologne, Paris, and Zurich, they moved on to Belgrade to meet a Russian team—two women and eight men. There were others competing, too, but it was mainly a pre-Olympic show of Americans versus Russians.

Littlefield found the Russians improved over 1952. "They're constantly learning and using our methods, and it's made them better than at Helsinki. It seems to be the basis of their whole strategy. From the first, the coach bombarded me with questions. Some I answered, but at the same time I was learning all I could about them. He told me we were missing a bet in the

timing of our training—starting early in order to reach our peak in time for the big meets. They start later in anticipation of Olympic year. They gear everything toward the Olympics.

"But they don't seem to let their ambition overshadow their good nature," Littlefield says. "They were amiable on and off the track. At Helsinki, we lived in our village, and they lived in theirs; but in Belgrade, it was arranged differently. We all stayed at the same hotel. At meals, I found myself seated beside the Russian coach. We saw shows together. When we were taken to see the tomb of the Yugoslav unknown soldier, we shared a bus with the Russians."

The Soviet coach, the author of a book on the decathlon, showered track and field literature on Littlefield, who countered by giving the Russian a book on pole-vaulting and other material furnished by the State Department. "At Helsinki," says Littlefield, "I saw their high-jumpers who had already been eliminated encouraging our boys, patting them on the back, even throwing blankets around their shoulders. At Belgrade, Bob Smith, who won the pole vault, gave the Russians pointers."

The Americans and Russians used this close association to pump each other. Curious about what the Russians do for a living, Littlefield was able to learn that hammer-throw champ Mikhail Krivonosov is a track and field instructor. The girls are married; one has two children and is also a track teacher. By our standards, definitely professionals. "And they're generally older than our boys and girls, mostly around 30, few younger than 23," Littlefield added. "They're poised and friendly, prosperous, well cared for—pretty much like our kids. And they're anxious to get even chummier. They want to trade meets—one in Moscow, one in the States. The women? The popular concept is of a surly, muscle-bound band of Amazons. But not these two. Put them on the Texas campus, and they might be just another couple of cute coeds."

The only sour note was struck when the Russian coach complained about the volume of publicity given U.S. athletes. He said that when Americans perform in London, for example, it is splashed on page one, while the Russians get brief mention on some inside page.

The Russian coach asked Littlefield how we win so consistently. "I told him our boys had been inclined toward winning since they were old enough to waddle," Littlefield says. "That's the difference. To the Russian, track is merely a business. He likes to win, too, but he knows if he doesn't, he's headed toward obscurity and an abrupt drop in his standard of living. He produces or else. We have something he lacks."

Littlefield calls it love of the sport.

—Van Hetherly

chain, went along to help out with the coaching of the young man and to see that he didn't get snarled in the wiles of Havana night life. Mike reported to Lane that that was a very easy assignment, for Vinegar showed no inclination to go native or to imitate the antics of the *touristas*.

Vinegar won 12 games and lost nine, which was in keeping with his record of always having won more games than he lost in any league in which he toiled. It also was a good record for a pitcher coming out of the Army, with its soft touches, from a baseball standpoint, into a relatively fast league that included some major-league players. And it was distinguished, in one sense. He struck out 206 hitters, more than any other pitcher in one season in the history of professional baseball in Cuba, going back even beyond the time when Luque was a pup.

"I would like to have left Cuba before I did," Vinegar said. "It wasn't that I didn't enjoy pitching there. But my baby was about due and I wanted to be home with my wife when he arrived. But they couldn't let me go. He was born on the eighth of February and that night I was pitching in Havana. It was my last game and I left the next day and got home on the tenth. I had to go to St. Petersburg shortly after that, so I didn't get to see much of him until later. We call him Junior and he's a fat little one now."

"I'd never seen Vinegar until I went to Havana to talk to him about his contract," Lane says. "We hadn't talked very long before I discovered he wanted more money than I had thought of paying him, and I said, 'They tell me you're careless with your money.'"

"Actually, nobody had told me anything of the sort. I just wanted to find out how he would react. He looked at me and smiled and said, 'Mr. Lane, I never had enough money to be careless about. I don't say I ever earned more money than I got but I figure I'm in a position now to earn what I want. That's why I'm asking for it.'"

"He said, 'Mr. Lane, I've had a lot to do with the little money I've had and I still have a lot of obligations. Many people, like my Uncle Ben, helped me when I needed help bad, and now some of them need help and I want to take care of them. I had saved up a little money before I went into the Army but I had to use that all up, because what I got paid in the Army didn't go far, and when my money gave out, my wife had to pitch in with what she had. Now I got a baby, too, to look after, besides my wife and all those people who looked after me when I didn't even have any prospects of making any money. I owe it to all of them to get as much as I can, provided I earn it.'"

"The boy's sincerity impressed me," Lane says. "'You're not going to get any argument from me, son,' I said. I gave him what he had asked for and he signed the contract and we shook hands. Then I said to him, 'Next spring, Vinegar, I want you to be around asking for a hell of a big raise and I'll be glad to give it to you because I know you'll have earned it.'"

"And Vinegar smiled and said, 'I'll try not to disappoint you, Mr. Lane. I believe I'll have a good record, and if I do, I won't forget to ask you for the money.'"

Who Are The Clutch Hitters

(Continued from page 19)

"I can't think of anyone who is tougher in the clutch than Yogi," Stengel said. "Nothing ever bothers him. He goes up to the plate feeling he's the pitcher's master—and he usually is. I know this much for sure, he doesn't let you down very often. If the count is three-and-two on him, the bases are full and we're a couple runs behind, Yogi is up there in the same frame of thinkin' as if maybe we're five runs ahead."

"Yeah, yeah. I know he hit only .275 last year (.272 to be exact)," Casey continued, "but maybe that was because Stengel caught him in too many doubleheaders. I wanna give him a rest a lotta times for his own good but he doesn't wanna sit on the bench. He loves to talk with all them hitters and if he don't play he's afraid he'll miss all that gossip."

Only Ray Boone and Jackie Jensen, with 116 runs driven in apiece, bettered Berra's 108 RBI figure in the American League last season. Yogi, who, like Higgins, Boudreau and Lopez, feels that Williams is the best clutch hitter in the league, admits that he tries harder in certain key situations. "When I first broke in, I used to be a little nervous in the clutch," Berra says, "but I got over it with more experience. In a tough spot now, I try the best I can to lay off bad balls. But I still think the pitcher has all the advantage. He's got eight other guys back there to catch the ball for him."

Walt Alston, always a tough man to pin down, took a long look at Brooklyn's statistics before choosing his top clutch hitter. Obviously torn between Roy Campanella and Duke Snider, the serious-thinking Dodger skipper studied the major-league lifetime marks of both men up to the present season. He saw that the Duke has driven in 89 more runs than Campy—810 to 721—but that Snider has played in 147 more games. He also noticed that Duke had batted in 29 more runs last season—136 to 107—but that Snider had come up to bat 92 more official times. And that

Campy had out-hit the Duke .318 to .309 last year. Alston also undoubtedly took into consideration that left-handed pitchers seldom go against Brooklyn, a fact bound to be more of a disadvantage to the righthanded hitting Campanella than to the left-handed hitting Snider.

Quite possibly what may have decided the issue for Alston was a set of figures, compiled by Dodger statistician Allan Roth, which showed a slight but definite edge for Campy in total runs-batted-in as against the number of opportunities to do so.

Finally, after lengthy deliberation—by far the longest any manager took to reply—Alston answered the clutch question this way: "On the basis of statistics, perhaps, Campanella probably rates as Brooklyn's outstanding clutch hitter. But I'd like to qualify that statement to this extent. On some days, if I have to get a man from second to third, I consider Pee Wee Reese or Jackie Robinson my best bet. And on other days, if I need the long ball, I'd look first to Snider or Gil Hodges."

Yet, Mayo Smith, the scholarly pilot of the Phils, glossed over all the names on Alston's club and named Carl Furillo as the one Dodger hitter who hurt his club most the past season. "That Furillo was the toughest man for us to get out in a jam all year," Smith said. "He killed us—and so did that Johnny Logan of Milwaukee."

Smith named Willie Jones as the standout clutch performer at the plate for the Phillies. "Jones didn't hit for much of an average last year (.258), but he certainly drove in an awful lot of important runs for us," Smith said. "Naturally, when a fellow like Del Ennis drives in 120 runs, as he did last year, he's got to be good in the clutch. But I can't overlook some of the things Jones did. He beat Newcombe with clutch hits twice in one week alone. Then I remember him coming up with a double off Hal Jeffcoat that broke up a 15-inning ball game against Chicago. Things like that gave me terrific confidence in

Willie's ability in the clutch."

Another manager with unbounded confidence in Willie is Bill Rigney of the Giants, only his Willie is Mays, not Jones. "Mays is the ideal hitter in the clutch," Rigney points out. "First of all, the sight of Willie at the plate is enough to worry any pitcher under ordinary circumstances. In the clutch, though, he's enough to make a pitcher shake in his boots. How are they possibly going to pitch to him? Inside? He's liable to pull the ball into the seats. Outside? He's just as liable to hit to the opposite field—and with good power, too. Walk him? Well, that's fine, but what if the bases already are loaded?"

Rigney admits he had a few qualms about Mays' reaction when he first succeeded Durocher as manager of the Giants. "When I first took over I wondered if there might be just a little feeling as far as Willie was concerned," says Rigney. "I know he loved Leo like a father. He idolized the guy. But I found out that he's first, last and always a ballplayer—a real pro, if you know what I mean. He gives the game everything he has. He can't play it any other way."

Rigney saw the pitchers try to keep the ball in tight on Mays early this spring, but that didn't faze Willie. "With his reflexes, you just can't handcuff him up there at the plate," the Giant manager explained. "When they keep that ball in on him, he doesn't try to kill it; he just meets it. Bingo! Another base hit. What a guy to have going for you in the clutch!"

They can talk about Mays, Berra and Mathews all day, but Bucky Harris of the Tigers will take his own Ray Boone. "He's our best man in the clutch by far," Bucky insists. "He only played in 124 full games last season yet he knocked in 116 runs. If he had played in 154 games he could have driven in 150."

Harris took a pull on his cigarette in the Detroit clubhouse and pointed over toward where first-baseman Earl Torgeson was undressing. "Torgeson has played over in the other league and I've heard him say Boone is the best righthanded hitter he has ever seen," said the Bengal boss. "What makes a man a good clutch hitter? Well, to begin with, I think he has to believe in himself like I'm sure Boone does. Then he has to have a knack for picking out good pitches to swing at. Most important of all, he can't be one of those strikeout artists. There're a lot of those guys around."

We put the same question to Boone and his answer threw considerable light on some of the things which run through a batter's mind when he comes up in a critical spot during a ball game. "Before I walk up there in a jam, I stop and have a little talk with myself first," the Tiger third-baseman said. "I pick up the resin bag or anything like that simply to collect my thoughts. I think of how the guy out there is going to pitch me. I know he probably won't give me anything good to start with so I usually make up my mind not to jump on his first pitch."

"You'll notice that everything is in a turmoil during a clutch situation," Boone added. "The people in the stands are excited, all the other players are tense and there's always one of those high-level conferences going on around the mound. If you can keep cool right there—you can if you work hard enough at it—and sell

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yourself the idea you can hit that pitcher, you're home free. You have to believe in yourself. You got to get to the point where you pray for the guy ahead of you to get on so you can drive him in. Two guys like that are Al Rosen and Billy Martin. In the clutch, a pitcher's got his hands full with either one of those birds. Rosen is the best clutch hitter I've ever seen and Martin is pretty stout up there, too."

Boone says he never shoots for the long ball in the clutch. Even so, he admits the clutch hit which gave him the greatest satisfaction was a 12th-inning homer off big Frank Sullivan of the Red Sox in 1954.

A man who is cool and collected in the clutch is Stan Musial, manager Fred Hutchinson's choice as the key Cardinal hitter. "To me, clutch-hitting ability is something that comes over a period of years," Hutchinson declared. "Musial proved what kind of a clutch hitter he was long before I came to St. Louis and now that I'm here, I can see it for myself. I know that when I was pitching there were some guys I would rather face in the clutch than others. You can be damn sure, too, a lot of pitchers today would rather not face Musial in the clutch. And you know something? I don't blame 'em a bit. He's not the kind of hitter you can monkey with in a tight spot."

White Sox skipper Marty Marion says he has actually seen batters frightened when they were called on in the clutch. "I've seen 'em turn pale

and worry themselves half to death before they even stepped into the batter's box," he asserted. "When they're frightened, they're licked. Others press too much. That isn't good, either. I know from my own playing experience I'd bear down harder when there was more at stake but I was generally relaxed at the plate. Funny thing, I was what they called 'a nervous ballplayer'—I used to pick up all those pebbles at shortstop—but I can't remember being especially nervous at bat. Maybe I wasn't a great hitter but I had confidence in my hitting ability."

"Last season, we didn't have what I'd call a real good clutch hitter. I guess Dropo drove in a lot of big runs for us. (Dropo drove in 79.) But the fella' I have the most confidence in is Minoso. He's the best all-around player on our club and he's the one I look to in the clutch. Minnie tried too hard last year. As a result he started pressing and batted only .288. That average would be okay for anyone else, but for Minoso it was an ordinary year. But even if he hit only .260, I'd still have a whole lot of faith in Minnie in a pinch."

That could be because the easy-going, likeable Minoso has tremendous faith in his own ability in the clutch. "Responsibility is good thing for hitter to have," Minnie explained in his halting English. "Every time a man on second base, I feel is up to me to bring him home. I know is my responsibility and I like that. Never nervous in clutch . . . Only get nervous listening to game on radio. Last

year I feel very bad because I don't come through enough. Only feel good when I start to hit again 'round August . . . I remember we half game in front one day, we play Detroit. Gromek pitching for them, Connie Johnson for us and score nothing—nothing in seventh inning. I come up with man on in seventh inning and hit ball second deck in center field. Man, I feel good to come through in clutch again."

Birdie Tebbetts likes to talk about the one clutch hit to end all clutch hits as far as he's concerned. It happened in 1954, Birdie's first season with Cincinnati. The Redlegs had dropped a 3-1 decision to the Braves in Milwaukee but Tebbetts protested an umpire's ninth-inning decision and the inning was ordered replayed with Cincinnati runners on second and third and two out in the ninth.

Tebbetts recalls that the original game was played on a Monday, the order for the final out to be replayed was issued next day, Tuesday, and the Reds and Braves were to replay on Wednesday. "We were in Chicago the day the order came through," Tebbetts relates. "With only one out left to us, Johnny Temple was the scheduled batter, and we had to make a special 90-mile trip by bus from Chicago to Milwaukee for that one out. All the way over on the bus, the other guys on the club kept kidding Temple. 'You're making us take this ride for nothing,' they kept saying. 'All this waste of time just to watch Temple pop up.'"

"Don't worry," Temple answered them, "Ol' John isn't fixin' to pop up."

"Temple came over to me and said, 'Skip, what do you want me to do? I thought I might take.'"

"I told him to do exactly what he pleased. He asked me who was going to be the next hitter after him and I said, 'There is no next hitter. You're my hitter.'"

Temple wasted no time that afternoon at County Stadium in Milwaukee. Lashing out at Dave Jolly's first pitch, a low fast ball, he drove it into center field for a two-run single that tied up the ball game. The Braves stormed back to win the game in the bottom of the ninth but that's insignificant to Tebbetts. "I'll take my hat off to fellows like Williams and Greenberg as two of the best men in the clutch I've ever seen," says Birdie. "And I'm not forgetting that homer Thomson hit for the Giants in 1951, either. Still, I'd have to say that the hit by Temple that day was the greatest one in the clutch I've ever seen. We have some mighty fine clutch hitters on our ball club—Klu, Bell and Post—but none of them had to wait 24 hours with all that pressure like Temple had to do that day."

Temple feels that Bell is the best man in the clutch for Cincinnati. "A lot of guys who drive in 90-100 runs a season do it in games that end up with the score 12-6 or something like that," says Temple, "but Gus manages to drive in most of his runs in those 2-1 and 3-2 ball games."

Al Lopez pays high tribute to Al Rosen as a clutch hitter but names Al Smith as the Indians' top man last year. "Rosen's determination in a clutch is remarkable," Lopez says. "He battles that pitcher right down to the last possible inch. I've always thought of him as the best clutch man on our team. However, Smitty was our outstanding clutch hitter last season. When he went 19-for-nothing



McCallister

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"Are they allowed secrets?"

during one spell, we just couldn't seem to win at all. Then, when he started delivering in the clutch again, all of a sudden we began to win again."

Lou Boudreau of Kansas City picked an oldish performer as his best clutch performer, 40-year-old Enos Slaughter.

"Slaughter has a number of things going for him in the clutch," Boudreau says. "Number one, of course, is experience. For another thing, he knows how to be relaxed no matter what the situation is. He can take two strikes and it doesn't mean anything to him. He's not the kind who strikes out very often. Hector Lopez is another good man in the clutch for us but overall I'd pick Slaughter."

Paul Richards named Bob Boyd, who was placed on the disabled list in May, as the Orioles' clutch man because Bob could hit all pitchers alike. "In fact," Paul said, "it seems that he does better against the tougher pitchers. He hits Ford and Pierce well." Not a big long-ball threat, Boyd hits "frozen rope" line drives and bears down all the time. While Boyd, who was hitting .357 when he got hurt, was on the bench, Richards nominated Gus Triandos and Hal Smith, his two young hopefuls, as competent clutch fill-ins. Both, he expects, should get better with experience.

Stan Hack of the Cubs and Chuck Dressen of the Senators named youngsters as their best clutch hitters. Hack likes 25-year-old Ernie Banks, who hit 44 homers and drove in 117 runs last year, while Dressen tabbed 24-year-old Ernie Oravetz, who batted .270 as a rookie last season.

"I don't think there's anything in the world that bothers Banks during a ball game," said Hack. "Seven out of every ten times up he gets good wood on the ball and I mean real good wood. Now that he's laying off bad balls more he'll be even rougher in the clutch. I remember him going up to the plate with two out and none on in the last of the ninth one time last year. I forget who we were playing but I know we were a run behind, the wind was blowing in like the devil and Banks walked up there like he was taking a Sunday stroll. He hit the ball into the teeth of the wind and it went out like a shot to tie the score. Believe me, Banks has what it takes in the clutch."

Dressen pointed out that both Roy Sievers and Clint Courtney came through fairly often in the clutch for Washington last season, but all things considered, he chooses the bespectacled, five-foot-four, 145-pound Oravetz. "For a kid his size, he certainly did a man's job in the clutch," Dressen declared. "I think the fact that he's little helps him against the pitchers. It's pretty tough for them to throw strikes at him. And he can hit behind the runner real good, too. What I like about that Oravetz is that he doesn't fold up and go home in front of those big-name pitchers. There's one special clutch hit of his I still remember. It came in the seventh inning against Herb Score of Cleveland and it tied up the ball game. We won it later, too."

"No, sir, in a tight spot size doesn't matter. A guy either has it or he hasn't. And if he ain't got it, there's nothing he can do."

Which may explain why some do and some die in the clutch.



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Souchak Crashes Through

(Continued from page 25)

not so much a reflection on the Souchak talents as a recommendation for the players who had gone before him at Duke, including Art Wall, now a veteran of the circuit and at last count the owner of 34 holes-in-one. Not by any strange coincidence, it was Wall with whom Mike headed west to the Los Angeles Open that December. They had reached an agreement to travel together that winter, sharing the expenses of Wall's Pontiac and living quarters.

Mike is inclined to laugh with indulgent humor now at the first shot he ever attempted in a Professional Golfers' Association of America tournament. He knocked his drive out of bounds on the first tee at the Riviera Country Club.

"I knew I was going to knock it out of bounds when I hit it," he said. "I never looked up to watch it. I was already reaching for another ball. I was perfectly composed until I heard them call out my name over the public address system. It scared me to death. My second shot was a beauty, by the way."

"At least I was consistent at Los Angeles. I shot three 77's and sat out the last round because I didn't qualify. Then I won \$87.50 in the San Diego Open. It felt as good as \$8,000 to me, I was just so happy to finish in the money. That was my total take for a long time, though. When I finally left the winter tour I had won \$197.50, not counting the change I picked up in nine driving contests."

He grinned easily about his unsmiling fortune. These are different days. Mike Souchak of Berwick, Pa., an industrial town of 15,000 about 120 miles north of Philadelphia, sat now in the plush exclusiveness of the Augusta National Golf Club in Augusta, Ga. He was playing his second year in the Masters, had scored his second straight round of 73 and would finish in a tie for 12th, 11 strokes behind comeback winner Jack Burke. He had made the Masters list in 1955 on his winter tour record. He had earned his return this year with a fourth-place finish.

The rookie who grossed \$197.50 on the 1953 winter circuit had grossed \$48,000 in 1955. The Pontiac in which he traveled with Art Wall had turned into an aquamarine Cadillac. The wife, Nancy, who had stayed home to work in the treasurer's office at Duke University in 1953, now flew to be with him for visits along the circuit. A clothing salesman who caters to golfers had just taken his measurements for a fresh summer wardrobe. The president of a company that manufactures golf shoes sat by taking an order from him.

It was difficult indeed to recall when this man of note was a college football player. It was difficult to remember when he hadn't been a golfer. Out on the course with the veterans of the game, it was difficult to recall that he hadn't been one of them all this time. This was part of the Souchak plan.

Basically, it seems that Souchak has been driven by a fierce determination to prove that he is a good golfer, that he is not just a fat football player who can hit a ball a long way. He has to show his brother Frank that golf, and not business, is the career for him.

And he has to show some skeptical professionals who doubted he had the game or the right to come among them that he belongs. Everybody who doubted him has contributed to his success.

"Somebody wrote a little story about me during the winter and called it 'The Golfer Named Desire,'" Mike said. "It's not original, that title, but I think it describes me just the way I am. I'm not going to be content just to be a good golfer. I want to be the greatest. I want to be one guy sitting up there that all the others want to shoot down. It's an obsession with me. Outside of my family and my religion, it's the biggest thing with me."

"A lot of it goes back to coach Wade at Duke, I think. He put into me the desire to win and the willingness to sacrifice some things for the big thing. I think that desire and determination are the biggest differences between golfers. You can put a hundred top golfers on a practice tee and one looks as good as the other. The difference is inside them, the one that's got the strongest determination to win."

Toney Penna, a former veteran circuit player, probably puts Souchak in the best of focus. "How many times," he asked, "have you heard it said of an athlete, 'He's got everything but guts?' Well, Mike got his start on guts."

In a loose sense it might be said that Penna discovered Souchak for the professional world. At any rate, it was Penna, a sort of a dean of the advisory staff of the MacGregor Company now, whose attention gave Souchak a solid foundation in the trade. "I first met Mike at the North and South Open in Pinehurst in 1949 or 1950—I can't be sure which," Penna said. "He was there as a spectator and Frank Stranahan introduced him to me. Frank asked me to watch him hit a few balls. Even then Mike could hit it as far as anybody."

"I told him to go back to Duke and change his grip. He had what I call a 'ham sandwich' grip, the left hand too far over the shaft and the right hand too far under the shaft. He's got one of the best grips in golf today. The next time I saw him was in 1953. He was looking real good then, like a prospect. I told Jackie Burke, who's also on our staff, to keep an eye on Mike for us. One day Jackie called me and said, 'You better get this guy. He's looking better every day. Somebody's gonna grab him.' So I signed him for MacGregor at the St. Petersburg Open in the spring of 1954."

Souchak looked like a long-shot gamble then, less than two years out of college and more deeply respected back in his home territory for having the courage to tackle the circuit than for his good judgment. Actually, the man who took the real gamble was a furniture man in Durham, N.C., where Duke is located.

Leamon Couch had taken a fancy to Souchak while Mike was playing end for Wallace Wade. Couch is also a golfing bug, and when he learned of Souchak's desire to hit the circuit, he became the young man's financial sponsor. "Whatever I ever make," Mike said, "I'll owe it to Leamon Couch. He was willing to take a chance on me. Otherwise I'd probably never have got the money to try the

circuit until I was too old to play."

Everybody's gamble paid off in one sudden spurt, like winning the Irish sweepstakes. In February, 1955, Souchak won the Texas Open. But he didn't only win it; he struck a gusher of records absolutely out of order for a pro circuit sophomore. On opening day he shot a round of 60, tying the PGA tournament record held by Chandler Harper. He set fire to the back nine with a 27, a new PGA tournament record. He finished the four rounds in 60-68-64-65 for a score of 257 that broke the old 72-hole record held jointly by Ben Hogan and Chandler Harper at 259. It's true that Brackenridge Park in San Antonio, where the Texas Open is played, is no Pinehurst or Augusta National. But it is 72 holes and it was a record that still stands.

As if to prove his right to such sudden fame, Souchak coasted through the Houston Open the next week in 273 strokes, a record for that meet. Then, more than ever, all of a sudden it was difficult to remember the pudgy figure of a Souchak who played end for Duke, and those publicity poses, complete with belligerent scowl, released by the athletic department at Duke seemed almost ridiculously improbable. At least they hardly seemed related to the hottest number in the PGA record book.

Souchak had had a near-miss at the Thunderbird tournament in Palm Springs, Calif., a few weeks before. He, Shelley Mayfield and Fred Haas finished in a dead heat for the win purse. In the playoff the next day Souchak and Mayfield tied with 69s. They went into a "sudden death" and Souchak blew it on the second hole with a five-foot putt that wouldn't drop. Mayfield canned a four-footer and took it with a par.

"That tournament gave me a lot of confidence," Mike said, "although I really never felt like I belonged until the Texas Open. Then for the first time I felt like a member of the circuit. I had confidence in my game all along, but I wanted the other people to think I had a right to be there."

In ten weeks Souchak pulled down close to \$18,000. The payoffs were coming thick and fast. He won both the individual and the pro-amateur prizes in the Seminole Invitational at Palm Beach, finished second in the Azalea Open at Wilmington, N.C., and fourth in the Masters before banking second money in the Greenbrier Open at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., the Western Open at Portland, Ore., and the Milwaukee Open in the summer. He was never out of the money the rest of the year.

They were talking about Souchak now as the most exciting new personality development in golf since Billy Joe Patton almost claimed the Masters for amateurs. Souchak had color, not the kind found in Jimmy Demaret's wardrobe, or in Tommy Bolt's temper tantrums, but golfing color. He hit the ball a mile. He had a warm nature that reached each member of the gallery. He had a bull neck, mammoth shoulders and the rugged, outdoorsy look that said he was an athlete. And of course he had college football in his background.

"We signed him because he had color," Penna said. "We knew that if he developed as he should, he'd put something back into golf that it's been needing badly."

The football in Souchak's biography

is authentic; not like some of the abused designations: "former major-leaguer" (for a baseball player who once went to spring training with a major-league team) or "former All-America" (for a second-string college player whose stature has increased with age). Souchak was not an All-America. He was only a second-team all-Southern—Duke has since switched to the Atlantic Coast Conference—but he was a hard-charging end who played first string for three years at Duke, and whose offensive strength was on short passes. It was obvious that he rated highly with Wallace Wade for his hardy determination and for the fact that Wade himself was somewhat of a golf fancier.

Still, football was not his game. From the first day he made the five-minute walk from 1228 Sixth Avenue, the Souchak address in Berwick, to caddy at the little nine-hole country club operated by brother John, Mike dreamed of a golf career. It was incongruous, however, with the economy of the Polish family of Frank Souchak, Sr., a worker in the American Car and Foundry Co. plant at Berwick. The country club atmosphere seemed considerably distant.

There were ten Souchak children, among whom Mike was next to the baby and the youngest of three boys. He was born May 10, 1927, and while he was a mere boy he found the other Souchak boys cutting some fancy athletic patterns for him. There was John, of course, the local pro. But the first big name in the family came to Frank Jr., an end on the University of Pittsburgh Rose Bowl team of 1937, quarterbacked by the present Panther coach, John Michelosen.

It was Frank who also beat the first path to the golf headlines. A number of times he won the Western Pennsylvania amateur tournament. Then in 1953, when the National Open was played over his home course at Oakmont Country Club in Pittsburgh, Frank finished ninth and was low amateur. In the same Open, Mike failed to qualify for the last two rounds. This performance allowed Frank to beat the kid brother into the Masters by a year, but he failed to get into the amateur spirit of things the year that Billy Joe Patton had his ride to the moon.

Mike played in his first golf tournament in the state prep tournament at Penn State College when he was 16, a junior in high school. "I came to the last two holes needing only a bogey five and a par four to win," he said. "I took 8-4 and finished third. I got in the rough and didn't know how to get out. I was using a brassie."

He got his first real competitive experience in the Southern Inter-collegiate at Athens, Ga., a tournament of some age and character whose champions include Billy Maxwell of North Texas State, Fred Haas of Louisiana State and Al Besselink of Miami; and among those who didn't win it, Cary Middlecoff, Skip Alexander, Earl Stewart, Charlie Yates, Harvie Ward and Gardiner Dickinson. And Mike Souchak. Mike was never better than No. 4 on the Duke team until he returned to school as a student-assistant coach on the football staff and to captain the golfers in the school year of 1951-52.

"We had a golf coach at Duke who was also a golf pro," Mike said, "not just a member of the athletic staff

How To Get Over STAGE FRIGHT

By Gussie Moran



The world is a stage, and whatever your little portion of that stage might be, you are the star. You are performing. An actor, just before an appearance, experiences something called stage fright. A job hunter anticipating an interview with a prospective employer gets the same tingling sensation. The young girl meeting her future mother-in-law for the first time feels a little squeamish. The athlete, prior to a contest, feels it too.

No matter what your little world is, you will experience stage fright at some time, and it will help you to be able to know what to do about it. It is a combination of nervous and psychological reactions. It affects the nerve centers and the brain, races the blood-flow and makes the heart beat faster. The stomach feels queasy, alive with butterflies. One is overwhelmed by an abnormal self-consciousness and fears are magnified. Naturally, all of these symptoms affect the coordination.

I don't know of any tennis player who has not experienced stage fright in some form, and I think you will find that it is an occupational malady which overtakes all athletes before competition. I also believe it's a necessary tension. A "keyed-up" feeling stimulates an athlete to top performance. Where it does not occur, an athlete is likely to be lethargic and his performance uninspired.

For a few, the nervous tension remains at a minimum. For others, it is more intense and lasts longer. Naturally, the person who suffers from it excessively is at a disadvantage.

Katherine Hepburn, I've heard, presses her index finger hard into her navel cavity, seeking relief. The navel cavity, being a nerve center, releases the pressure. Ex-tennis champion Jack Kramer was always nervous before a match, but says, "I'd lose it when I hit the first ball." Golfer Byron Nelson had trouble keeping his lunch down before playing a big tournament, and Pauline Betz, the great woman tennis star, suffered from a nervous stomach too.

Some athletes suffer more than others. Stage fright lingers longest

when it is accompanied by fear. For the athlete, it is a fear of losing. For the actor, it is a fear of forgetting his lines.

Relief has been sought in sedatives, alcohol and other unconventional means. But any antidote of this nature is harmful to an athlete. The natural way is always the best way. To combat stage fright, recognize it for what it is—a natural bodily reaction. Therefore, there are certain simple methods of combating it:

Use your lungs—get your share of fresh air. Athletes spend long hours building muscles but give little time to the development of their lungs.

Take several strong, deep breaths. The abdomen expands and contracts with proper breathing. Correct breathing is not just a matter of raising and lowering the chest. With an adequate oxygen supply, the body will function like a well-oiled machine and will reduce its own nervousness.

Most champions agree that stage fright disappears once the contest is under way. Until the momentum of competition is established, the muscles should be gradually introduced to the strenuous activity. An airplane warms up before its takeoff, one walks before running and couples become engaged before they get married. Cold muscles, too, must warm up before doing their best. Cold muscles are prone to strain, so give your body a fair shake. Wear a warmup sweater; maybe the shakes can be shook.

Performing before a big crowd may bring on self-consciousness. Single out one individual, making him your own particular audience and directing all your play toward him, and you thereby play down the immensity and importance of the crowd.

Preparedness, self-confidence, knowing that what you are doing is being done in the best way possible, will also decrease whatever fright hysteria may arise.

Call it stage fright, jitters, nerves or what you like. It isn't a five-alarm fire. Stage fright is only the initial glow.

It can be put out.

sent along to drive the car and sign the checks. His name was Dumpy Hagler, line coach on the football staff and a pro at Roaring Gap, N. C., in the summertime. Dumpy was a teacher. He made me practice all the time I could get. He first taught me the value of practice."

Mike reached Duke through a circuitous routing. In the first place, he found it necessary to play football to go to school due to the family budget. He felt it necessary to go to college to acquire the basic foundation for a business career in case golf didn't work out. And because Frank, now an oil distributor in Pittsburgh, insisted on it.

After high school, Mike went straight into the Navy for two years, spent mostly as a seaman second class on the aircraft carrier Antietam. After the Navy, Frank had arranged for a year for him at Montclair Academy in New Jersey, on a scholarship.

Duke, which carries on a heavy football traffic inside Pennsylvania, had shown some interest in Mike when he was graduated from high school. In plotting the next move after Montclair, Frank called athletic director Eddie Cameron at Duke and told him Mike was ready to come to Duke if Duke wanted him. Frank had been tremendously impressed by the campus when he traveled with the Pitt team to play Duke in Durham in 1937. He didn't call his old school, for at the time Pitt was in a state of football de-emphasis.

Mike arrived in Durham in 1947 and made three letters as an end. His weight then, as now, was 210, and on a five-foot, eleven-inch frame this was not outstanding construction for pass receiving. Yet, Wallace Wade recalls Mike's greatest football play as a receiver.

"It was in the Tennessee game of 1949," said Wade, now commissioner of the Southern Conference. "He caught a pass, knocked over three tacklers and fought his way 15 yards for our first touchdown. It was the reason we won the game, 21-7."

Souchak was also a hero in a now legendary comeback that marked Wade's final season of coaching in 1950. Georgia Tech had run up a 21-0 lead in the first nine minutes, but Duke fought back fiercely and eventually won, 30-21. Mike kicked all the extra points and caught a long pass that set up the last Duke touchdown. In his varsity career Mike kicked 77 out of 88 extra points, caught 43 passes and scored five touchdowns on a team whose passing was largely for diversification.

Pro football held the door open for him. The Chicago Cards drafted him and offered him a contract after his senior season, but Mike went back to finish work on his history degree and to get in that last golf lick. "He was a real golf fiend at Duke," Art Wall said. "He'd play any time he could get out to the course. Pinehurst is about 80 miles from Durham. On Sundays, even during the football season, Mike and another football player named Fletcher Wall, a good golfer, and two other boys on the golf team, Jim McNair and Bailey Glenn, and I would ride down to play the No. 2 course. The manager of the club at Pinehurst had a son at Duke and he let us play without paying greens fees. We didn't just play 18 holes, we played until it was dark. We never went home on a vacation. We

always headed for Pinehurst to play golf. Mike went down once with his arm strapped up after a football game. He tried to hit the ball and the club went in one direction and the ball in another, but he played that day."

Harvie Ward, presently the national amateur champion, was the ace of the University of North Carolina golf team in those days. The two schools, Duke and UNC, are 12 miles apart and bitter rivals. Arnold Palmer was the No. 1 man at Wake Forest, 20 miles away. There's no comparison between the Souchak who's playing now and the guy that was in school at Duke, both Ward and Palmer have said.

His college days over in 1952, Mike dived head first into professionalism. He packed his trunk and his new diploma and headed for the Valley Forge Golf Club in Pennsylvania for a job as assistant pro for the summer. The connection was made through a school tie. A member of the Duke golf team that Mike captained was Elwood Poore, Jr., whose father was head pro at Valley Forge. There wasn't much pay involved, but it was golf, and it was a start. Through the influence of the MacGregor people, he later managed an introduction to the "Winged Foot Finishing School" at Mamaroneck, N. Y., so-called because of the number of top playing pros weaned off the staff of Claude Harmon.

INVEST IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS NOW EVEN BETTER

"That was one of the best decisions I ever made," Mike said. "That's where I really began to learn something about golf. I got my first real knowledge of golf as a science, how to finesse the ball, how to make decisions out on the course. Tommy Armour was a member there, and just playing with him was worth everything. He took a lot of interest in me, always told me things, but never forced his ideas on me."

While he spent the summer at Winged Foot, Mike was overshadowed somewhat by another young pro whose career appeared to be tied to a rocket. Such great predictions came out of New York for Al Mengert, runnerup to Jack Westland for the National Amateur title in 1952, that Souchak was lost in the confetti and ticker tape. Such situations, however, only appear to refuel Souchak's determination, and he pole-vaulted out of Winged Foot into fifth place in the Columbia (S.C.) Open in the next fall. This paid \$650, the first big tournament check he ever cashed.

That winter Souchak ran into another overshadowing situation on the circuit, came off second best and showed an eventual profit by it. Claude Harmon had tried to teach him to control his power, but Souchak inwardly liked to consider himself the longest hitter in the game. Then he met George Bayer, another former football player, a tackle at the University of Washington, who weighed 240 pounds. To be plumb corny about

it, Bayer hit aspirin tablets off the tee. He is known to have struck a spectator by the green with his tee shot on a 476-yard hole at Las Vegas. He consistently outdrove Souchak on the circuit. "It was one of the best things that ever happened to me, having George around," Mike said. "I began to concentrate on hitting the ball straight and quit trying to win driving contests."

He is still a most effective man off the tee, however. After he shot a 74 in the fierce winds of the third day of the Masters last April, Byron Nelson called it "as nearly perfect a round off the tee as I've ever seen."

Now in the \$48,000-a-year bracket, a consistent money winner and a man of connections—Grossinger's, the Catskill resort in New York, pays him a \$2,500 retainer and \$500 for every tournament he wins, merely to use their name—Souchak is aiming his game at immortality. There will be only one Walter Hagen and only one Ben Hogan, but he would like them to say there was only one Mike Souchak.

Standing by him in full support is his wife, the former Nancy Tilley of Durham. She is a slender blonde with a soft southern manner, so devoted to her husband that she was converted to Catholicism. "She's a better Catholic now than I am," Mike has said.

The Souchaks never miss a Sunday or a holy day in church, no matter what the pressures of the circuit. They are rearing their only child, two-year-old Michael John (not a junior), in the same spirit. Nancy is not a golfing devotee and spends most of her time at their duplex home in Durham. They believe in the family way of doing things, and prefer to settle eventually into a club teaching-pro life after Mike's circuit-riding days are through.

No great golfer's game is based merely on the foundation of putting. One of the essentials of the game, however, is getting the ball down after getting it to the green, and probably the soundest part of Souchak's game is his putting. He has a most delicate touch for one with such meaty hands. He maintains his composure at all times and is not inclined toward running the emotional scale, a trait he feels can be attributed to his football experience.

"Football probably slowed my golfing progress," he said, "because I didn't get time to practice. But I had to play to get to go to college, for one thing, and it helped me another way too. It got me accustomed to big crowds and the noise and confusion that go with tournament play. I enjoyed football, but I love golf."

With putter and desire seemingly natural assets, Souchak next harnessed the power of his long game. This phase of his play has come so fast the last couple of years that his short game—from 125 yards on in—hasn't kept pace. This is the area inside which the scoring is done, it is said, and when Mike puts the finish on the short game he will have written his ticket to greatness.

Sometimes he drives himself too hard. His desire to win gets out of line with his capabilities. His demands on himself get ahead of schedule. Toney Penna probably brought it into sharpest focus with one light admonition. "He's got to give his game time to catch up with his heart," said the old pro.

Sport Goes To A Target Shoot

(Continued from page 43)
accurate and inaccurate.

Unless you are a shooter yourself, the chances are that you have acquired very little knowledge of the rifle sport. It lacks the fanfare of spectator games. But it has the dead-eyes. Rifle target shooting is a specialty for specialists. The Connecticut shoot is typical of the rifle tournaments, and *SPORT* went along to find out what it is all about.

It was 6 p.m. and the shooters of the first team were on their stomachs ready to fire five shots from the prone position. They had 25 minutes to get off these five shots plus five sitting, five kneeling and five standing. It seems like a long time to squeeze off 20 shots, but after waiting all year for the chance, the marksmen feel that from starting buzzer to cease-fire is no more than an instant. Concentration, so vital on the firing line, eats up the time.

Soon the first team was finished, and other teams moved in. All were there because their competitive averages were the best in their local clubs. To keep pace with the competition, they would have to hold the average, or beat it.

Before long, 13-year-old sub-junior boys were coming off the firing line, some near tears because a few shots had strayed from the small target. (Juniors, 14-17, and sub-juniors, under 14, must use iron sights only; seniors may use metallic or optical sights.) The sub-juniors fire all their 20 shots from the prone position at two ten-bull targets. Juniors fire ten

shots prone and ten standing. Only seniors use all four positions. Some of the men, as they shoot, seem relaxed, even jovial. But it is a guise employed in an attempt to take the tightness off their nerves. Tension is a critical enemy of the marksman; he must hold his gun gently, yet firmly, with a soft steadiness. The distance to the target is 50 feet, and the shooter aims at a bull's-eye barely a quarter of an inch in diameter.

The shooting competition lasted until 10 p.m. on Friday night. Then, early Saturday morning, four crack shots from the Bridgeport, Conn., rifle club moved onto the line. Among them was Sam Burkhalter, who holds the any-sight record for the state. This is the team to watch, everyone was saying. They've held the championship twice before, and besides, Burkhalter is known as a clutch shooter.

One after the other, they fired their five shots prone. All were bull's-eyes. From the sitting position, the four again got all bulls. Kneeling, his teammates missed perfect scores, but Burkhalter continued his perfect shooting. As the team went to the standing position, all eyes went to Burkhalter. The 38-year-old engineer was using a 25-power Lyman target scope, a great magnification, but one which Burkhalter has the eyesight to harness. Great magnification seems to cause the bull's-eye to leap above the cross-hairs. The shooter using the powerful sights must be able to perceive any slight errors in position.

Leisurely, Burkhalter clipped a new

target into its holder and cranked it down the pulley line to the pit where the light of brilliant lamps picked it up. Burkhalter slipped his first long-rifle cartridge home, closed the bolt, raised the rifle, came on target and fired. "That was a bull," a spotter called. Sam fired again. "Another bull." Then he sent one into the 9-ring, just off the 10-ring bull.

He had missed his perfect score. Now the question was whether or not he could regain his self-control. There was quiet on the range as Burkhalter fired his last two shots. Both were bull's-eyes. His final score was 199x 200, a new senior any-sight record. His team's score was 774 out of a possible 800, one point below the team record set in 1952 by the Manhasset, N. Y., Musketeers. The Musketeers, competing again this year, went on the line late Sunday, with the Bridgeport total and Burkhalter's record still intact.

The first Musketeer turned in a very respectable 197, the second 198, the third 190, the fourth 190. Manhasset's total was 775, one point better than Bridgeport's and equal to their own 1952 record. It was good enough to take the 1956 tournament.

The close battle between these two teams is a good example of the sort of competition that builds up at these meets. When it was over, the losing Bridgeport crew shrugged good-naturedly and promised to do better next year. Probably the man most perturbed by the loss was Bob McMahon, long-time Winchester press representative. Bob had a wireless operator working at the meet, flashing results to newspapers in the Northeast. By Sunday afternoon, worried

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about newspaper deadlines for the Monday morning editions, Bob had the final results filed at 3 p.m. to the New York Times. Bridgeport wins, he wrote. Manhasset's triumph required a rapid rewrite of the story.

McMahon's active presence at the meet was natural enough, since the Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven is host at these matches, at the range owned and operated by and for its employees. Winchester has more than a passing interest in target shooting, anyhow, since more regional and national target titles are won by users of the company's model 52 than by users of all other target rifles combined.

In the face of such odds, Remington shooting-promotion veteran Bob Carroll, an enthusiastic spectator at the matches, took great pleasure in walking over to McMahon and mentioning that a new sub-junior world's record had been set that Sunday by a lad using a Remington. The Remington people are placing great faith in their new Model 40X target rifle, and the Winchester boys are asking to be shown. Time will tell.

Still the teaser is this: "Is it the gun or the man?" Certainly the quality of rifle and sight is important—up to a point. Except in the prone position, few marksmen can shoot to within even a rough approximation of the built-in accuracy of their armament. With today's match ammunition, a mechanically mounted .22 will fire into the 10-ring almost continuously, as long as the barrel is not allowed to overheat. After a good rifle has been zeroed in by experimental aiming and sight adjustment, however, the rest is up to the shooter's ability and calmness under pressure.

I inspected dozens of average targets at New Haven, and was not sur-

prised to find that successive shots strayed farther and farther off center as the shooter tired and lost confidence. As the man scopes his score shot by shot, he knows how well he has done, and he is apt to tighten up, lose composure and control. As with Sam Burkhalter, it is self-confidence, poise, ice-water nerves and will power that bring the shooter through in good shape.

The sports most easily compared with shooting are golf and bowling. In each the player works against a rigid system of scoring, and against himself, rather than directly against

GUIDE TO TODAY'S INDOOR TARGET RIFLES

Winchester Model 52

Remington 40X

Marlin 80DL

Savage 4S

Mossberg 144 LS

Harrington & Richardson 422

other competitors. He must resist feuding with individual competitors or run the risk of blowing up in tight places. Golfers may say that the apparently boring repetitiveness of shooting makes it unworthy of mention alongside their colorful and variable game. And bowlers, while they must admit the robot-like sameness of their own delivery, are likely to argue that the variability of shooting at spares more than makes up for any monotony.

Shooting fans are hard put to answer their critics in other fields, except to comment that they are crazy about gunning, and that they wouldn't put aside their rifles for love or

money. Of course, the vital requirement of many sports, when you think about it, is the equipment used. In golf, hockey, baseball, basketball, football and others, the game is dependent on the singular physical properties of the ball, such as its bounce or shape. The equipment of rifle and pistol shooting is at the highest technical level in sport and the brute strength and endurance involved are at the lowest.

Target shooting remains the most precise of games requiring pin-point accuracy, and it is undoubtedly popular for this reason, and also because of the intricacy and latent deadliness of the equipment used.

After it was all over in New Haven, a dusty silence hung to the halls, corridors and ranges of the Winchester Club. The last of the scores had been posted and kibitzed over. The last of the locker-room champs had been hustled off to a waiting car or bus. Those who remained, the workers of the Connecticut State Rifle & Revolver Association, were able to relax. Maintenance employees swept up the more than 30,000 long-rifle cartridges which would be disposed of as old brass. One by one, various personal items left behind in the confusion were picked up and taken to lost-and-found. A pair of red ear-muffs, a rubber scope cap, a leather glove.

One by one, the blazing target lights blinked out and behind the targets, in the bullet-trapping pits, more than a ton of spent lead lay cold and harmless. Eventually, the splattered bullet metal would be dug out, re-cast, and shot again. Then the slugs which had scored dismaying 6's and 5's a little while ago will have a chance to be redirected into the 10-ring at some other target shoot.

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They Don't Know How To Promote Any More

(Continued from page 15)

Paris, was warming up as he waited to rehearse with the band. Over at the scorer's table our announcer was flicking through a thick pile of script sheets he would use to introduce the team, the acts and other parts of the Globetrotter show when things got started later on.

Walter Kennedy, our publicity director, was sitting with me on the other side of the darkened arena. Together, we went over the whole program—the jugglers, the acrobats, the tap dancer, the introduction of players. And we were trying to figure out some last-minute changes for the show.

There was nothing unusual about any of this—just another routine working day for us. But a basketball guy I hadn't seen in a while strolled into the place, looked around and then came over to say hello. "Abe," the guy said, "what did you do, cancel out the game and put in a vaudeville show instead? The last time I saw you, basketball was your business. Looks like you're an entertainer now."

The guy was half right. I am an entertainment man today. But he never saw the day when Abe Saperstein was anything else. You see, I'm a professional basketball promoter. In my book, that makes me both a basketball man and an entertainment man. There is absolutely no difference between the two. I learned that early

—back in 1927 when my club, now welcome in every corner of the world, got tossed out of a Chicago hotel ballroom to make room for some roller skating.

I learned it because in my time as a promoter I made it my business to find out why people came out for a sports event and what they wanted when they showed up. A guy, I found out, doesn't use a general admission seat as a place to set and mull over his troubles. He comes to ditch his worries for a few hours. Maybe the bills are stacked up like pancakes at home. Or he could have had a fight with the boss yesterday and the less he thinks about it, the better. Or he works too hard and he wants to forget about business. Whatever the reason, he doesn't want to think about it when he puts his cash through the ticket window at some sporting event. He's come to watch a game—and to be entertained.

Which is exactly what the Globetrotters have been doing since we left that hotel in Chicago. Our people were at Madison Square Garden this morning because we found out, along the way, that people like entertainment when the players are not on the court. So we give it to them—a band, a singer, acrobats, anything we feel they'll enjoy.

The success my Globetrotters have had in the past 29 years comes directly from this fact of sports life. We draw

close to 3,000,000 people a year and we've been doing it for a long time now. There's no luck of the dice involved here and no gimmick that everybody else couldn't use. All we do is work at the business of entertaining people. We make sure the on-the-court basketball is sound. We get the best players we can find and we make sure they stand up. But the public wants a little more than this today. So we give them the laugh-provokers—the fancy dribblers, the clowning and warmup routine. And we give them a show when the game isn't on. Any hold—and we think we've got a good one—the Harlem Globetrotters have on sports fans is a result of this combination. It's the only way professional sports should be run—and it can be done with any game and in any spot you pick.

The people who promote sports, being businessmen essentially, have the merchant's native ability to moan. A fellow could be sold out five days running and he'd still sit with you and explain convincingly that he is losing his shirt here, and if it weren't for his love of the game he would have folded three weeks ago, and that there must be some way for him to cut down expenses.

In this era of television and lower attendances, I'd be inclined to listen to these people a little more. But I wouldn't be listening for the bad news. I'd be waiting for the guy to

tell me what he is doing to fight back—to bring the people out again. Most of the time, you never hear it. He says television is killing me, period, and what can I do about it?

The answer, for anybody who talks like this, is right out in the open. You go back to what a professional in sport really is—an entertainer—and you start bringing the people out.

I'm saying this because I feel the way we promote the Harlem Globetrotters would work just as successfully in any sport and under nearly any circumstances. To say television has ruined people's taste for in-the-flesh events is just so much bunk. But to say that sports events haven't kept pace with what people want—well, that's the story in any sport you name.

Take baseball. From the fan's standpoint—and he's the important guy—the game hasn't changed in his lifetime. From the moment he walks through the gate until the final out, he gets the same thing for his money that he has always received. The ball clubs do it the same way, too. The general manager and the scouts hustle the talent. They train them in Florida, open the gates in mid-April, hope the pitching holds up—and then pray for a lot of victories or a hot race to bring the people out.

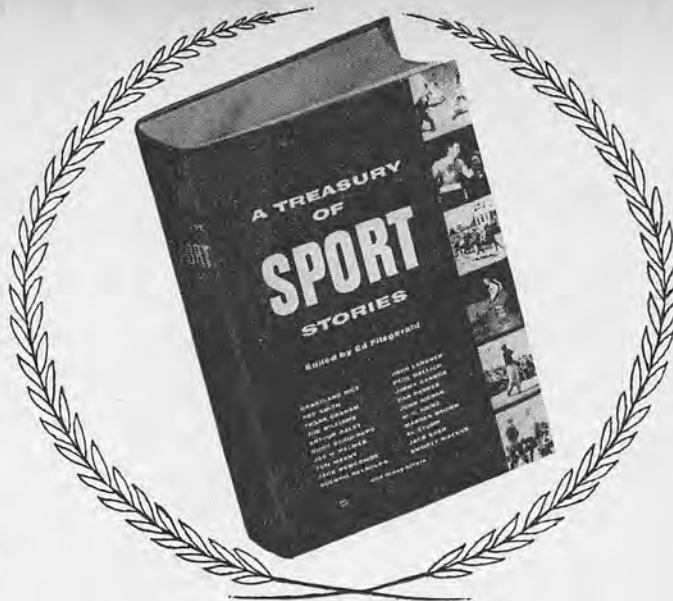
I say this is the kind of promoting that, in this era, keeps accountants working overtime to figure out how much money you just lost. Baseball today has a hard job on its hands—because it seems to want it that way. There are a lot of moves the big leagues could make which would bring their product up to 1956 standards. And that would mean old-fashioned crowds.

Earlier this season, Hank Greenberg, the Cleveland general manager, proposed a system of bonuses if teams got the game over with quickly. To me, that was the first indication that the people running the sport were beginning to realize something was wrong. They play baseball today as if this were 1933 and the people in the stands were unemployed and had nothing better to do and no place to go. But people have plenty of things to do. If they give you some of their time, don't waste it.

The players do their jobs in a mechanical fashion. The most important thing to them is to hit .300 or get those 15 victories, so next season's contract will be a good one—which, I admit, isn't unimportant. But that isn't their only job. Few of them take chances. They are afraid of getting hurt or looking bad on a play where they have only a slim chance of catching the ball close to the wall or grabbing that extra base with an all-out slide. They just go about their chores, pocket their pay and go home—very businesslike and very dull.

Take a fellow like Jackie Robinson of Brooklyn, however. With him, it's a different business. Turn your head and he tries to steal home. Hit a ground ball wide of third and he is on his stomach trying to get it. When he's on base, people perk up. They get a kick out of watching him. This is an entertainer, mister. And if I had a ball club I'd try for nine guys with the Robinson dash or that Gas House business Pepper Martin used to give them.

I'd do it because 1956 is a fast-moving era; people are living better than ever before and have become picky when it comes to spending money for



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an attraction. At the same time, the average guy is at home more than he ever was. Television helps see to that. But he still likes to get out of the house. So when a good, appealing show comes around, he'll go for it quicker than ever before. But to put on that show, you've got to go back to the one big word—entertainment.

How can baseball entertain anybody with a long, dragged-out game? The pitcher, for example, strolls out of the dugout to start an inning as if he were an imperial potentate. Everybody else is ready, but he keeps them waiting while he towels himself in the dugout, adjusts his cap, unzippers his windbreaker, finds his glove—and then starts strolling. Once on the mound, he goes through his warmup tosses, watches while they toss the ball down to second—and then he stoops down to grab the resin bag, scuff up the dirt and you-name-it.

In the meantime, some guy in the upper left-field stands has had time to figure out how much he owes the bank, how mad his wife is at him, how much work he's got tomorrow, how much the gas station is going to charge for his banged-up fender, and then he wonders why the action hasn't started.

This is the way it has always been done and nobody seems to want to do anything to change it. When, on a rare day, an idea like Greenberg's is introduced, it is conveniently disposed of as "too radical." Change is rejected as if baseball were some inviolable idol.

But baseball is changing—in the wrong direction. The game is becoming less and less accessible to the fans. The good seats at the big stadiums are all tied up by major corporations. The people who support baseball over a long season are the ones who have the most trouble getting into the park for Opening Day or a World Series. And if one day a fellow wants to treat himself to a really good seat because it's his birthday or he happens to be loaded at the moment, he can't. There are no good seats for him to buy.

Then the ball clubs permit the tab on concessions to be raised, but don't consider the possibility of changing the price on the attraction. To charge 15 cents for a cup of coffee, which some parks are doing now, seems excessive and silly. Such prices can't possibly please the customers. Why doesn't baseball run cut-rate days, instead? It wouldn't be a bad idea, for example, to reduce the prices when the Yankees are playing the Orioles on some Wednesday afternoon. Such a game can't compete as an attraction with a big Yankee-Indian battle—so why not run it as a "special" instead of giving up on it as a bad day?

There are even simple things that baseball could do for its customers—things that don't cost money. Baseball crowds are told less about what is going on than in any other sport. The fellow who stays at home and listens to the radio or watches television knows exactly what's happening in a game, but the customer in the stands is kept in complete ignorance, and the only reason for this is that it has always been this way, so why change? There may be an argument over the rules, a player may be hurt, an umpire changes his decision, a pitcher leaves the game suddenly and unexpectedly—a hundred things can happen at a ball game. But the cash customer has

to bring along a portable radio if he wants to know about it. The ball club just doesn't tell him, as if it were an ordeal to announce over the public address system that so-and-so just hurt his arm, or whatever it was.

And how about the ladies? It's fine to have Ladies Days, but the girls don't want to sit on a dirty seat or knee deep in peanut shells or with beer cans flying over their heads because the ball park is so poorly policed the drunks get out of control.

My ideas on how a 1956 baseball game should be played, as you must have guessed, are very different from what is going on. I'd put the game in tempo with the times. People want speed—and from me they would get it. The game would be played more quickly—and there would be no lull between innings or when a new pitcher is coming in. I'd have something going on all the time for the people to watch and enjoy.

I think the normal baseball game needs embellishments and I'd put them on. Book a big-name singer into the park and let him do his job between innings—a Sammy Davis, Jr. or somebody like that. Have an orchestra on the job every day. And make sure your players do it the 1956 way—Gas House, not Gaslight.

the sport quiz

ANSWERS FROM PAGES 30-31

1 True. Bob Feller and Early Wynn already have won over 200 games. 2 1947. Notre Dame won, 27-7. 3 Sou-chak, because he hasn't been a pro for five years yet; and Robbins and Ward, because they're amateurs. 4 The St. Louis Cardinals and Cincinnati Reds. 5 The Preakness (three years old); Belmont Futurity (two years old); Arlington Handicap (three years old and up). 6 Twice, against Jack Dempsey and Tom Heeney. 7 Was the first to win the Women's Open (in 1946). 8 Paddy Driscoll. 9 14th; three; Leo Durocher.

You can't sit down and say we are going to have this act or that act and then be certain it will bring people out. You have to experiment and change until you hit the right formula. Bill Veeck, when he was at Cleveland, had the right idea. Something different was going on every day—whether it was orchids for the women or babysitters for the kids or new ties for the men. Sure, he had a winning club in 1948. But others have had winning clubs, too. And who got two and a half million people into the ball park? Veeck did. If his business methods had been a little sounder, he would have forced the whole game to follow his lead.

Now all this, you might think, sounds as if I feel there is something wrong with the basic business of baseball. There isn't—if you have a hot pennant race going on or a Herb Score pitching or a Ted Kluszewski trying for a home-run mark. A four- and five-team pennant race, such as the American League had most of last season, obliterates most of the need for anything but ticket sellers at the park. But the way owners operate today, they have to get the hot race or the big hitter—or they're in trouble. They are gambling the whole operation on it. But what happens if

Brooklyn and the Yankees run away with it one year? What do you do then?

Take a club like Washington. Potentially, I feel it is an excellent franchise. You get plenty of transients into the town—the kind of people who like to go to a game. But you come to mid-August and the Senators are out of the race. And say another trailing team is in town for a series. Well, you can't expect a situation like this to bring people out. You've got to put some action into the thing. If it's a real bad club, maybe have a guy jump off the roof into a barrel of water. Or maybe the entertainment—the trapeze artists or jugglers—will keep the people hopped up and happy, and coming back for more. You don't know until you try. But sitting still is asking for a beating. Which is what baseball does (and gets) too often.

It is certainly doing that in the case of the Pacific Coast. You mention a club moving to Los Angeles or San Francisco, and old-liners shiver. The game, they say, was made to be what it is and where it is. They are wrong here, too. The West Coast today is prime big-league territory. Los Angeles and San Francisco have the people and the money to make a major-league team click. I'm speaking from experience on this. The Globetrotters have been through the business of establishing this place or that place as big league from a promotional standpoint. If I had a baseball club that could use a change of scenery—and a fresh bankroll—I'd be in Los Angeles or that rich Bay area tomorrow. Take it from me, they are big-league towns and if you give them a big-league show they will prove it.

When you speak of big-league towns, you are dealing with another phase of the sports world which could use some better thinking, too. That would be the National Basketball Association. Pro basketball could easily become one of the biggest games in town, if it operated in big-league fashion. But pro basketball is faced with two big problems which it must solve or else it will fail to become as big as it should.

One is the territorial problem. To the average sport fan, big-league means Chicago or New York or Detroit or any of the other huge cities around the nation. It does not mean Syracuse or Rochester or Fort Wayne. The National Football League found that out a long time ago, when it deserted Decatur, Ill. and similar towns where the league had its start, and moved to the big cities.

If I had any say about one of the NBA teams now located in a smaller city, the club would be in Los Angeles or Chicago or Cleveland. In fact, it would have been there last year. The basketball people have the same opportunity that baseball does—moving to the lucrative West Coast. This past season the University of San Francisco showed what basketball can do in the West. The Dons played most of their games before standing-room-only crowds at the Cow Palace. And the Globetrotters have found the Pacific Coast an excellent market nearly every time we've played there.

Yet the NBA seems only mildly interested in West Coast franchises—as if it were too big a step to take. That's the mark of inexperience. President Maurice Podoloff and most of the owners are fairly new at the big business involved. It's nobody's fault,

but they are losing cash customers by not doing the big things a big game must do.

Pro basketball's other serious problem is its playing methods. When you play a game professionally, you're playing, essentially, for only one person—the fan. Forget him and he forgets you. When the NBA started, it was decided that the games had to be longer than anybody else's. High schools play 32 minutes of basketball. Colleges play 40 minutes. So the pros, figuring the more the better, decided to play 48-minute games. The trouble is, that's too long for a basketball game. Particularly when it is the type of shoot-shoot business we have today.

Pro basketball has cheapened the score. The beauty of basketball, from a spectator's standpoint, is the climax you build with slick movements, play patterns and passes on the court. You move the ball around, you try to get around a hands-up defender—and then you shoot. The pros merely heave the ball at the basket. If they miss, they heave again. Basketball defense should be strengthened any way possible. Give defenders more allowable body contact if needed, have the teams stress defense in their training. Make any change that would help—but stop making a basket an almost boring thing. You don't have to tell me how well the pros shoot today. The Globetrotters have shots which still leave me wondering. But look at the NBA's all-star games for examples of how basketball really should be played. In each of them, the players watch each other like prison guards. Blocked shots are commonplace, no one gets room or time, and the clock often goes for a minute and a half without a score. Why? Because the pros are working at defense, hands high, forcing poor shots.

The value of this good basketball was made clear to me on two nights last winter. On the first of these nights I was at a hockey game between the New York Rangers and the Detroit Red Wings. The Rangers won, 2-1, and when the winning shot—the only goal of the third period—went in, the crowd shook the place with cheering. They had been waiting and watching anxiously for the break. The suspense had been built up perfectly. When the score finally came, the place erupted.

That's where basketball could take a lesson from hockey. While I'm not completely in favor of hockey's blue line—it can stop action too often—I certainly think they do a good job when it comes to making a score a big thing. If you had a 12-11 hockey game, no matter how well played it was, you would take much of the spectators' thrill out of it. The end result of sustained action should be a startling score—or a startling save—and not just some commonplace thing which is greeted casually by the customers.

On the following night, I saw the New York Knickerbockers in one of those three-figure scoring games with the Syracuse Nationals. Nobody yelled when a basket was made. It was taken for granted.

Hockey has made some promotional mistakes, too. The National Hockey League fell into a serious trap this past season, and broke a major rule of sports promoting while doing it. The rule is: Never let yourself open for anything which can make you look

bad. But the Boston Bruins, like almost everybody else in the league, carried one goalie during the season. When he got hurt, the Bruins had to hold up the game while he was patched up. One night, however, he couldn't play—and Boston was without a goalie. So they borrowed a man from the Montreal Canadiens—the Canadiens carried a spare. The papers, naturally enough, made the whole thing look bush league.

Take the tour the Globetrotters have each year with the College All-Stars, for example. I figured it was time to change things a little this year, so instead of having one or two coaches with the college team, I went out and got four. Ray Meyer of De Paul, Harry Litwack of Temple, Duddy Moore of Duquesne and Nat Holman of City College were on the college bench. It was a little extra for the fans—being able to see four top coaches working together.

The least a professional hockey team could do is to have an extra goalie ready in case of an emergency.

In this business of making fans and keeping them entertained, football, both college and pro, does a good job. The colleges, in particular, go in for the extras that make the show. Card tricks, 150-piece bands and organized cheering have become part and parcel of a college game. The baton twirler is a talented juggler, the drum majorettes are pretty marchers—and packed stadiums sit still during half-time.

The professional football people agree with me about the West Coast angle. Ask Bert Bell, the National Football League president, how he would like to do without either of his Coast cities, 'Frisco and L.A.

And for the value of fast-pacing in any sport, you only have to ask a fellow like Jimmy Demaret, the golfer, what it means to his business. He has been claiming for a long time now that professional golfers move too slowly. The pros even fined one star, Doug Ford, for trying to hustle things too quickly. Yet Demaret, one of the old-line pros, always has complained that "Bob Hope and Bing Crosby together couldn't hold an audience for five hours. So how can two golfers expect to?"

Some golfers are like baseball pitchers. They stand around and go through dull ceremonies. You can play 18 holes much faster than present-day pros are doing it. As it is, a lot of them have to tee off early in the morning, during a big tournament, in order to be certain everybody will get to play in one day. If they made the starting times a little later, and the play a lot faster, the people could see a lot more golf.

The one sport where I don't feel any of my Globetrotter rules would apply is boxing. With the Trotters, you see, publicity is important. I doubt any of us would quite know how to operate in the face of the bad press the boxing business in general has been getting.

But I feel we run our own business well. The paid admissions over a year show that. This doesn't mean, however, that we are feeling so good about things that it is time to go fishing and let things run themselves. Not a chance. That calendar on the wall flips a page a day. And with it, times change. Our business is to change with them. A new day, a new stunt—and, we hope, a couple of hours of entertainment for a lot of people. Entertainment, you see, is our business.



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Boxing's Doleful Deacon

(Continued from page 39)

taught right now who's supposed to have all the money in this world."

Hurley had a pact with his last fighter, one Dixon Hoxsey, which presumably was signed in blood under the light of a full moon. Hoxsey had agreed to avoid girls for three years. Such an austere, sexless program was not brought about in a day. To condition Hoxsey against females, the Deacon had to arrive in the gym with selected clippings from Dorothy Dix and other counselors of the lovelorn. "Read this," he would demand. "See what this sucker got himself into when he signed that paper? Look what she's after—his house, his car, his furniture. Everything! What chance has he got?"

Hoxsey once attended a movie (alone) and was surprised later when the Deacon showed an unusual interest in the plot, which involved some cowboys, innumerable Indians and the inevitable belle of the prairie.

"The girl in this picture," asked the Deacon, "did the girl get killed?"

"No."

"Any guys get killed?"

"Three or four, maybe."

"That's it!" shrieked Mr. Hurley in triumph. "There's the whole story right there. Nothin' ever happens to the little creatures, but guys get killed fightin' over them every day."

He sighed heavily. "It's the strongest force on earth, what those little creatures got. Builds bridges, constructs dams, moves mountains and starts wars. It's a turruble thing."

Paradoxically, the Deacon plays bridge frequently with a ladies' group, which meets on the mezzanine of the Olympic Hotel. The ladies appear to adore him—although Hurley suspects a subtle feminine plot to make him stop exposing their legal and social advantages. Sooner or later, he predicts, some waitress is going to slip ground glass in his shredded wheat.

Hoxsey, who broke his jaw last winter and retired, somewhat permanently, from the ring, remained a battling bachelor under the stewardship of the Deacon, mainly because the Deacon moved craftily to break up his only serious romance. "Tell her you're broke," Hurley advised. "Tell her boxing don't pay so good. Give her a little rope."

Hurley's fighters are nothing if not obedient. Hoxsey dropped several hints that led the girl to believe he got his roadwork by staying one jump ahead of the finance company. In a matter of days, the course of true love wavered, as the girl began accepting other, more prosperous dates.

"You see?" said the Deacon, "it all worked out for the best. She's happy, you're happy"—Mr. Hurley notched another victory on behalf of oppressed males—"and I'm happy."

But happiness is strictly a temporary state with the Deacon. The mere mention of television can send him to unexplored heights of apoplexy. He considers the 21-inch screen the prime example of mankind's ability to inflict disaster upon itself. "At least, the way it's run now," he argues. "The managers give away their fights for nothin', and the sponsor and the promoter clean up. Television eats up boxing talent like some oversized monster, and it's killed more small promoters than drink."

"Free customers," he concludes

grandly, "are the ruination of civilization. An honest promoter can't make a livin' any more with free customers stayin' home to watch somebody else win 64 grand."

The Deacon manages and promotes by one credo—no free tickets. "Take my money, take anything I got," he will say, "but you can't have my tickets." If this paints the picture of a mean, parsimonious old miser, consider the case of the Seattle ticket agency which handled Hurley's two shows in Seattle featuring Harry Matthews and Don Cockell. The first fight drew \$96,000 and the Deacon walked in to settle the bill.

"How much for handling the tickets?" he asked.

The fellow presented his bill.

Hurley looked at the figures for a moment.

"Double it," he said.

A regard for this magazine's mailing privileges precludes setting down Hurley's unexpurgated opinion of amateur boxing. The word "amateur" has several meanings to the Deacon. It can mean an incompetent second, a balky boxing commission, a referee who doesn't add up the score in favor of a

FREE ADVICE FROM THE DEACON

On boxing—"Don't lead with your chin and keep your pants off the floor. Don't sign with the IBC and don't watch television. They both pick your pocket."

On home life—"Keep your habits simple. Eat plenty of meat, bread, potatoes and gravy and forget the fancy stuff like vee-she-swa. If your mother can't cook, run away from home."

On character—"Never trust a guy who smokes a pipe. They sit around and look thoughtful but all the time they're figuring how they can steal a hot stove."

On leisure time—"Every young man should learn a hobby. A hobby will keep him relaxed and easy to live with. The best hobby I know is learning how to handle money."

Hurley fighter, a novice professional, or just what the dictionary says it means—a fellow who doesn't get paid. "That amateur %\$*&%!!\$" is his favorite epithet. "The best thing any amateur athlete can do," he says, "is take a check and get caught. That makes a pro and an honest man out of him."

The Deacon is a man who walks into the lion's den and says he doesn't like lions. Seattle's most powerful athletic figure is Royal Brougham, sports editor of the *Post Intelligencer*, who takes a tolerant view of amateur sports. In addition, he promotes the annual Golden Gloves tournament in Seattle. "I couldn't have that on my conscience," Hurley has said in Brougham's office. "Those amateurs have ruined more good fighters than anything else. Kids with five fights up against kids with 90 fights. It's turruble."

It also is a tribute to Brougham's tolerance that he goes right on publicizing the Deacon's professional ma-

neuvers, which are almost constant. Hurley has a comfortable way around sportswriters and newspapers. This attitude may date back to 1920, when he was first promoting fights in Fargo, and ran into a wall of silence from the town's only paper. The editor of the paper refused to give boxing any space, although the sports editor wanted to cooperate.

Hurley got mad and started his own paper. He enlisted a printer, set up shop, and began selling ads. To a man who lives on salesmanship, peddling advertisements was no great trick, and his paper soon became a competitive menace to the anti-boxing journal. "The first day I sold \$300 worth of ads," recalls the Deacon, who may have been the first to utter that popular phrase: "How long has this been going on?" Soon after a truce was arranged. "The editor called it off," Hurley says. "He promised me all the space I wanted if I'd fold my paper. Pretty soon he was giving me so much publicity it was embarrassing. I had to ask him to slow down."

Is there a sequel?

"There is," says the Deacon fondly. "I even made him give the sports editor a raise."

The Deacon's exploits in garnering free publicity have carried him to dizzy heights, if you consider the U. S. Senate high and dizzy. Only a few years ago, three senators, Welker of Idaho, and Magnuson and Cain of Washington, made ringing pleas in the upper house on behalf of Harry (Kid) Matthews, a Hurley "athlete." They screamed for an investigation of the International Boxing Club, claiming the Deacon's fighter was being "frozen out" of big-money fights.

More recently, Hurley took on a governor. In his efforts to land the Rocky Marciano-Don Cockell promotion for Seattle, Hurley tried to rent the University of Washington's football stadium. The UW board of regents refused to consider the matter. Up to that moment, Hurley thought a regent was a cigarette, but he soon learned, among other things, that regents are all-powerful. This didn't shock him half so much as learning that regents do not get paid. "Can you imagine that?" he moaned. "They don't make no money themselves and they don't even want the university to get any. I'll go down and see the governor."

Washington's governor, Arthur Langlie, was conveniently out to lunch when Hurley arrived. Most taxpayers feel this was a good thing, since Hurley might have talked him out of a toll bridge or two. But the Deacon learned one thing, which he states in shocked sorrow. "The governor appoints 'em, they don't get paid, and he can't overrule 'em. Besides that, the governor's got laryngitis."

"He has?"

"Well, he sure dummied up on me," Hurley concluded.

Such talk does not go unsolicited. Hurley is in constant demand as an after-dinner attraction. He speaks at many large banquets and countless small ones. He has lectured at a UW law fraternity and is much in demand as a guest television artist—where he criticizes television. The Deacon's delivery is a droll, off-the-cuff monologue, suggesting George Gobel, yet more in the style of the late Bob Burns.

"My Uncle Dan told my mother I'd never amount to nothin' being a fight

promoter," he rambles. "She believed Uncle Dan, too, until one day I brought home five \$100 bills from my first show. My mother counted those bills, she felt 'em, and she laid 'em all out together. That convinced her. Next show, she says Uncle Dan wants a ticket to see the fights. I says, 'Tell Uncle Dan to buy a ticket if he wants to see the fights.' My uncle Dan made a big name for himself in a respectable business. He was a clerk for the Railway Express."

Hurley's language is a blend of folksiness, precise English, deliberate mispronunciations and street terms like "basket case" (heart attack), "lard can" (bank account), "stiffed" (failed to tip), "dead bodies" (set-up fighters), "healer" (doctor), and "dead fish" (limp handshake). He also spices his talk with careful, well-timed profanity—except when he is angry.

The Deacon in a rage can be gloriously profane. The wistful drollness, the gentle complaining, the earnest indignation—all disappear. Hurley in anger spits out devastating phrases, and his cold contempt could wither a dock-walloper. At a recent dinner, a northwest promoter, a man Hurley considers detrimental to boxing, was holding forth on some past success.

"Success!" exploded the Deacon. "You're nothin' but a ——— accident."

He has a very live ego, this last of the old-time fight privateers. There were times—during Matthews' prominence—when the Deacon appeared to be actually jealous of the attention accorded Matthews. When Matthews announced his retirement (without telling his manager in advance), Hurley was deeply hurt, then furious. He has refused to speak to the fighter since.

"Jack has a way of seeing people as all-black or all-white," says one of his friends. "People he disagrees with are always jerks and amateurs. People he likes are great."

Such a for-me-or-against-me philosophy makes the Deacon a highly controversial figure wherever he goes—but it's the answer to his fabulous success as a boxing man. Consider his record. In 38 years of managing fighters, Hurley has had only one real good one—the old Fargo express, Billy Petrolle. His others were people like Lem Franklin, Harry Thomas, Vince Foster and Harry Matthews—most of them owing what prominence (and money) they had to Hurley. He has promoted successfully in Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and Seattle, and today his "lard can" is well-stocked.

Hurley, as one writer has said, "cloaks himself in a furious honesty," but the Deacon is genuinely embarrassed by the term "Honest John."

"I don't want to parade myself as an Honest John, or a savior of boxing when I fight the IBC. I'll do business with anybody if I can get a fair shake for my fighter. But I don't like to be told how to run my business by a bunch of amateur ———, either."

"Look at boxing today. Plumbers for managers, dentists on commissions, Sunday school teachers handling fighters, contractors for promoters. I don't marvel that boxing is bad. I marvel that it can survive at all the way it's being run by non-boxing people. Everybody's a part-time boxing man these days."

It has truthfully been said that Hurley needs 50 per cent of his

fighters and 35 per cent of the gate to feed 33¼ per cent of his stomach. The other two-thirds was removed some years ago by an operation for ulcers. This is Deacon's excuse (nobody believes him) for eating five meals a day. His "main" meal comes at midnight, after which the waitress brings him a quart of milk and a banana. These are taken up to his hotel room for a "bedtime snack to keep my stren'th up" at 4 a.m.

His room is so small that he hardly takes a step without passing through a door. Newspapers, writing material, a typewriter, stamps, pictures, envelopes, cardboard placards and a postage scale are littered about. In his desk drawer is "the little black book" which contains the names of some 2,500 sportswriters, editors, broadcasters and boxing people.

When anything is written about the Deacon or his fighters, he buys 400 to 500 copies of the "obliging" paper, clips each one, and mails them across the country. During the Matthews era, Hurley spent more than \$5,000 a year on stamps, postage, envelopes and papers. He once made a statement unique in the history of press-agentry. "Please, please," he asked a Seattle writer, "don't write anything about me on Sunday. It costs too much for 500 copies of that 15-cent paper."

The Deacon's political convictions are simple: "When the Democrats are in, maybe we don't make any money, but we handle a lot and maybe some of it rubs off. When the Republicans are in, we don't even get to handle any. It's a turruble thing." The Deacon complains relentlessly about Seattle's damp climate which (he says) aggravates his sinus.

This cantankerous, complex person has become—climate notwithstanding—a permanent fixture among Seattle's 500,000 citizens, many of whom list him among the city's historical curiosities. One person, who seems to represent a group, insists that Hurley is just "a fraudulent old con artist" who uses the town's papers for free publicity and a platform to abuse people he doesn't like. But a prominent businessman, reflecting a much wider range of opinion, makes this statement about the Deacon: "He talked about a world championship fight for Seattle and we laughed at him. But he kept talking and he kept working, and he almost got it. It wasn't his fault the regents turned him down. With a little help, he might have brought \$5,000,000 worth of tourist business in here."

"But the main thing is, the man talks big and thinks big, which is more than you can say for some of us. I tell you, I see the old guy coming and my conscience hurts just a bit."

This is Deacon Jack Hurley, who walks the streets at night, carrying his milk and his banana and a head full of sharp, intriguing ideas. He is a little of everything they say—a scolder, a dreamer, a schemer and a con man; an individualist, an actor, a neurotic and a hater of women. It's all in the way you meet him.

"Is this the Mr. Hurley I've read so much about?" gushed an attractive young lady, in a restaurant one evening.

The Deacon stared down this advance as any deacon might do.

"Perhaps . . ." she faltered, "perhaps I've got the wrong table."

"You got the right table," Hurley sighed, "but you're 30 years too late."

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THE LEADERS IN THE FIELD

Fielding averages always touch off arguments. What do they show? That a man has sure hands, or just that he plays on a dime? Here's the record

By ALLAN ROTH

NO SET of baseball statistics touches off more controversy than the fielding records which are released at the end of each season. Often the figures are a true measure of a man's skill at his position, while at other times they only indicate that he stopped everything that was hit right at him, but give no suggestion of the ground he covered. Many great defensive players have never led their league in fielding, while lesser players have run off with the titles.

George Kell has finished first in fielding more often than any other active player, having led the American League's third-basemen six times. He has won the championship with four different teams, the Athletics in 1945, the Tigers in 1946-50-51, the Red Sox in 1953 and the White Sox in 1955.

The only active players who hold league records for fielding percentage for one season are Jackie Robin-

son, Wes Westrum and Hoot Evers. Robinson's .992 figure in 1951 is a National League mark for second-basemen. Westrum made only one error in 1950 for a .999 average and a league record. Evers' .997 average in 1950 stands as the American League record for outfielders. Another active record-holder is Ted Kluszewski, NL leader among first-basemen for five straight years, a major-league record.

Grady Hatton has a unique distinction as a fielding leader. In 1949, he led the NL's third-basemen in fielding and in 1952 he led the second-basemen, establishing Cincinnati club records both years. Then in 1954, Hatton led the AL's third-basemen for Boston and in 1955, though not the league leader, set a new Red Sox club record for third-basemen. Stan Musial has twice led NL outfielders and can establish a new mark by topping them again in 1956.

NATIONAL LEAGUE	FIRST-BASEMEN	SECOND-BASEMEN	THIRD-BASEMEN	SHORTSTOPS	OUTFIELDERS	CATCHERS
Percentage Leaders						
1951	Kluszewski .997*	Robinson .992**	W. Johnson .976	Stallcup .969	Marshall 1.000**	Westrum .987
1952	Kluszewski .993	Hatton .990*	Cox .970	Logan .972	Gordon .996	Campanella .994
1953	Kluszewski .995	Schoendienst .983	Jones .975	Logan .975	Slaughter .996	Campanella .989
1954	Kluszewski .996	Williams .982*	Jones .968	Logan .969	Musial .990	Sarni .996*
1955	Kluszewski .995	Schoendienst .985	Jones .960	Banks .972	Miksis .989	Campanella .992
No. of times active players have led league	Kluszewski 5 Hodges 2	Schoendienst 4 Robinson 3 Hatton 1	Jones 3 Hatton 1	Logan 3 Banks 1 Reese 1	Musial 2 Miksis 1 Pafko 1 Slaughter 1 Westlake 1	Campanella 4 Westrum 2 Sarni 1
ALL-TIME RECORDS (MODERN)						
MOST TIMES LED LEAGUE	Charles Grimm 9	Claude Ritchey 6	Henry Groh 6	Eddie Miller } Joe Tinker }	Nine outfielders 2	Gabby Harnett 7
HIGHEST PCT. ONE SEASON	F. McCormick, 1946 .999	J. Robinson, 1951 .992	H. Groh, 1924 .983	E. Miller, 1942 .983	D. Litwhiler, 1942 } W. Marshall, 1951 }	W. Westrum, 1950 .999
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Percentage Leaders						
1951	Vernon .994	Suder .987	Kell .960	Carrasquel .975	Groth .993	Hegan .991
1952	Vernon .993	Fox .985	Hatfield .971	Lipon .981	Woodling .996	Courtney .996*
1953	Glynn .993	Avila .986*	Kell .972	Carrasquel .976*	Woodling .996	Lollar .994
1954	Vernon .992	Fox .989*	Hatton .969	Carrasquel .975	Delsing .996	Hegan .994
1955	Zauchin .995	McDougald .985	Kell .976	Strickland .976	Woodling .995	Hegan .997*
No. of times active players have led league	Vernon 4 Goodman } E. Robinson } Zauchin }	Fox 2 Avila } Coleman } McDougald }	Kell 6 Hatfield 1 Hatton 1	Carrasquel 3 Rizzuto 2 Strickland 1	Woodling 3 Mitchell 2 Delsing 1 Evers, Groth 1	Hegan 3 Courtney 1 Lollar 1
ALL-TIME RECORDS						
MOST TIMES LED LEAGUE	Joe Judge 7	Eddie Collins 9	Willie Kamm 8	Lou Boudreau } Everett Scott }	Amos Strunk 5	Ray Schalk 8
HIGHEST PCT. ONE SEASON	J. McInnis, 1921 .999	G. Stirnweiss, 1948 .993	H. Majeski, 1947 .988	L. Boudreau, 1947 .982	W. Evers, 1950 .997	W. Rosar, 1946 1.000

* Indicates Club Record.

** Indicates League Record.

Power Proves His Case

(Continued from page 47)

most of the players took part. Their show was not unlike that of the Harlem Globetrotters. A little boy who had never seen stolid major-leaguers grind out victories at Yankee Stadium was apt to be impressed with the zest and razzle-dazzle of the Negro league players who came to Puerto Rico. Traces of that early influence remain with Power today.

That is a resume of the charges against Power, and his side of the debate. He will be a controversial man as long as he remains an outstanding ballplayer, and as he is now only 25 years old, that would seem to be for a long time. But there is one charge which clung to him when he first came to the major leagues that has long since been forgotten. "He can hit all right, but he's not much on defense," it was said by the experts (whoever they are). In reply to a question about Power's absence from the Yankee roster in 1953, Dan Topping, the club's president, said that he had heard Vic was "a poor fielder." When Power first joined the A's in Philadelphia, manager Joost reported that he had become a much better outfielder during spring training, but that he was no DiMaggio as yet. But then Boudreau, taking over as manager of the A's when the franchise was moved to Kansas City in 1955, decided to station Power at first base, and the result has been a revelation.

"He's the best fielding first-baseman in the American League," says Boudreau today, his eyes gleaming.

"Maybe the best in baseball," says Professor Casey Stengel of the Yankees.

He is amazingly quick and has a wonderful pair of hands. If he has any weakness as a first-baseman, it is his impulse to blanket the entire right side of the infield. A Kansas City pitcher must be ready to cover first base on any ball hit to the right of the shortstop, for he might look up to see Power leaving first uncovered in his eagerness to run the ball down. You can't tell those pitchers he doesn't hustle!

Despite the handicaps, whether imposed on him by others or of his own making, Power's climb to the majors was almost inevitable. He was born

Victor Pellot, the second youngest of six children, on November 1, 1931. As a high school kid of 15 back in his native town of Arecibo, he was a baseball prodigy and was discovered by a man named Quincy Troupe, who later became a Cardinal scout. Troupe signed him to a contract with the team in Caguas for \$100 a week, and so the high school boy went off to seek his fortune.

In 1949, an independent team in the Canadian town of Drummondville was looking for talented young players and imported several Puerto Ricans, including Power, for the summer. When Vic announced that his name was Pellot, the owner of the Drummondville club told him he had better change it. It seems that in the patois spoken by the French-Canadian population of the town the word "pellot" has an obscene connotation. Vic hastily chose his mother's maiden name, Power, and has never dropped it.

The next year, Drummondville joined organized baseball by entering its club in the class C Provincial League, and Power was asked to return. Nobody bothered to tell him that, because the team had not been in organized ball the preceding year, there was no reserve clause in its contracts. Vic was really a free agent and, with the reputation he was acquiring, probably could have demanded a bonus for signing, but he didn't know any better and wrote his name as he was told on the dotted line. Tom Greenwade, the scout who signed Mickey Mantle for the Yankees, had seen Power in Puerto Rico and advised the front office that somebody should be sent to Drummondville to look him over. Johnny Neun was dispatched and liked what he saw. When Power finished the season with a .334 batting average, the Yankees bought his contract.

And so began three years as a Yankee farmhand, the first, 1951, at Syracuse and the others at Kansas City. When it became obvious that Power was one of the better prospects in the organization, there were questions from newspapermen. When will Power be added to the Yankee roster? When will he get a tryout with them? During the 1953 season, "pressure



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groups" picketed the Yankee Stadium, demanding that Power be brought up. General manager George Weiss finally took notice of the questions by issuing a statement: "The Yankees have never been averse to having a Negro player. Our attitude has been that when a Negro comes along who is good enough to win a place on the Yankees, we will be glad to have him. But not just for exploitation. The first Negro to appear in a Yankee uniform must be worth waiting for."

Meaning, apparently, that they would bring up a mediocre white player, but a Negro would have to be a star to get the call. Another Yankee spokesman, in explaining the absence of Power from their roster, said he was a bad actor, a showboat, that he didn't hustle and he wasn't a very good defensive player, anyway.

Somebody asked Power recently whether the Yankees had made any attempt to correct his "glaring" defensive flaws. "I got the silent treatment from every manager and coach in the organization," he said. "None of them taught me anything or even said much to me. The only time I heard from the front office was when I asked permission to play winter ball in Puerto Rico after the 1953 season, and they told me no. They said I was tired and needed a rest. I said I needed the money, so they finally let me do it. But outside of that, they didn't pay much attention to me. Maybe they figured I was hitting pretty good and so they should leave me alone."

Power, who played first, third and the outfield, had batted .331 with the Kansas City Blues in 1952, and came back to lead the league with .349 in 1953. On October 12 of that year, just after the Blues had lost the Little World Series to Walter Alston's Montreal Royals, the Yankees said in New York that they were adding the first two Negroes to their roster, Power and Howard. Weiss and Topping had left

town on vacations, and the announcement was made by the club's publicity man, Arthur Patterson.

"I was on my way back to Puerto Rico," says Power, "and didn't know about it until I bought a paper at the airport in New Orleans. I saw the headlines and I felt something run up and down my spine. I felt like celebrating, but I was all alone."

He was on the Yankee roster, but he was still a long way from Yankee Stadium. There were reports that several other big-league clubs, then still holding the color line, were anxious to deal for Power and make him their first Negro player. Occasionally reports of that kind are started by one club to get an offending team out of an uncomfortable situation. For instance, there was a club several years ago that was getting a bad reputation for its color line, and newspapermen were asking some embarrassing questions. The general manager of the club went to an official of another team and got him to "leak" a phony story that he had turned down a huge offer for one of his young Negro stars from the club that was under attack. That took off some of the pressure. The Yankees, however, were getting some genuine offers, but Weiss insisted that Power would get a thorough trial with the club at its training camp in St. Petersburg. Some cynics said he still wouldn't make it to St. Pete.

They were right. On December 16, Power was sent to Philadelphia as part of the 11-man trade in which the Yanks got Ed Robinson and Harry Byrd. "The A's insisted there would be no deal if Power wasn't included," said Weiss. Vic said he was glad to be traded because "the Yankees never really gave me a chance to make their club. I'll have a better chance here." But he has never forgiven the New York team, and he does everything he can to make life miserable for them when they meet.

"He murders us," wailed Stengel recently.

"They say I go great against the Yanks," says Power, "but I don't think so. Maybe it's because I want so much to bat a thousand against them that I remember the times I made out. I want to do better."

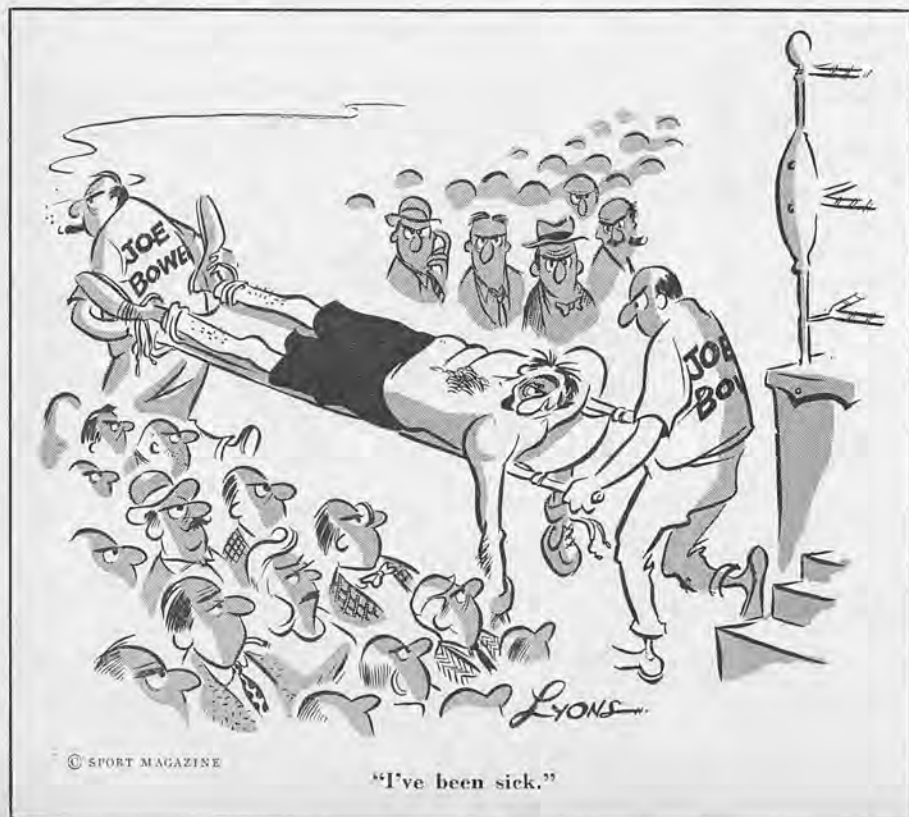
His rookie year was not a whopping success. He was on a dying ball club and the American League pitching was better than he ever had imagined it would be. Because he was a versatile player, he was moved about to plug the weak spots that kept appearing in the A's slap-dash lineup with the frequency of holes in an old suit. He played first, third, short and the outfield, but was at none of them long enough to distinguish himself. Just as he was getting accustomed to the better pitching in the league, he was struck down by a beanball thrown by Tom Qualters in an exhibition game with the Phillies on June 28. He spent three days in a hospital, finally got back in the lineup and finished the year with a .255 average. He still hadn't proved that he was a big-leaguer defensively and now there were doubts that he was a big-league hitter.

The A's were through in Philadelphia and during the winter Connie Mack and his family sold the franchise and it was moved to Kansas City. The prospects were far from bright. The team had finished a bad last in 1954 and it was predicted that if it were possible for any club to do worse than that, this nondescript collection of players had all the qualifications. Boudreau, the new manager, took one look at Power and decided he was a first-baseman. That was where Vic wanted to play, and now that he was settled somewhere, his spirits went up. He took the next big step himself. He had always been a bad-ball hitter ("He's a wild man with that bat in his hands," one of his teammates said) and when he was in Philadelphia he kept trying to hit everything over the fence.

"I was swinging under the ball," he says, "and I was hitting a lot of long fly balls. They got out there all right but they were always high enough for somebody to get under them. I finally started holding my bat lower and now I meet the ball level and hit line drives. I like to find the holes. When I hit line drives, I usually find them."

His stance now is a peculiar one. A righthanded hitter, he cocks the bat low and swishes it softly like a golfer lining up a shot off the tee. When the pitcher delivers the ball, Vic suddenly whips the bat up into position and follows through in a strong, level swing. As he says, he finds a lot of holes in enemy defenses now.

When the season started, the A's were just hoping for the best. It was no secret in baseball that the Kansas City management was also hoping that Power would have a good year so that he could be traded away with some measure of profit at the end of the season. The stories about Power were familiar ones in KC and he was considered a distinct liability. But Vic fooled everybody. Moved into the leadoff position by Boudreau, he got off to a brilliant start, faltered slightly after a couple of weeks, and then quickly established himself as the best first-baseman in the league. More than that, his ready smile and bright sense of humor made him immensely



"I've been sick."

popular with the other players on the club and he became their sparkplug. He was the live wire whose spirits never flagged and who kept the other players alert. He was also a gadfly who prodded those who momentarily let down. There was the day in Boston when a Red Sox runner slammed hard into Hector Lopez in a play at third base. The A's had a good chance to win the game and Boudreau, looking down at the prone figure of his fine young third-baseman, was hoping there was some way to keep him in there. It seemed very doubtful that he would get up. Then Power came over.

"Get up, Lopez," he yelled. "Quit jakin'."

Lopez leaped to his feet. "What you mean? I'm not jakin'. You say that again and you get a punch in the nose!"

He had forgotten his bruises, he stayed in the game and the A's eventually won it.

Perhaps most important of all, Power gave the victory-starved Kansas City fans a genuine hero. He was a colorful player, a marvel around first and a deadly hitter with men on bases. Had it not been for his early-season slump, he would have given Kaline a tussle for the batting title. He led the team to a surprisingly strong sixth-place finish and at the end of the year anyone in the Athletics' front office would have been horrified by a suggestion that Power might be for sale at any price. He had saved his job and, possibly, the franchise.

Recently, Boudreau was talking about his star first-baseman. "He's been a life-saver for us. Take, for instance, the job he's done when I've put him in the leadoff spot. He's not a 'take' hitter, but he gets on base. He's like Yogi Berra, always up there swinging, and so he gets a good piece of the ball. Last year he struck out only 27 times, which is damn good for a guy who swings as much as he does. And he's one of the best two-strike hitters I've ever seen. It's tough to get that third one past him. Anybody who hits .319 is a good leadoff man as far as I'm concerned, because you know he's got to be on base a lot."

They still snipe at him, but Vic is happy now. When you ask him about marriage, he flashes his infectious grin and says, "Not now. I'm having a good time." He is looking forward to the day when his salary with the A's, now a little over \$10,000, will be boosted to the point where it alone will support him in the manner to which he has become accustomed, and he can give up playing in Puerto Rico. "Then I can start a baseball school down there and rest up during the winter."

Right now, he doesn't mind the year-round grind. He is a hero in Kansas City all summer and a tremendous favorite on his native island. As he drives through the streets of Caguas in his baby-blue Cadillac, the natives point to him and say, "That's Vic Power. He's a big man in the States, too."

"It's only a '54 Cadillac," Vic says with an embarrassed grin. "Maybe they'll have a 'day' for me down there next winter and give me a new one." If he keeps hitting and fielding and playing colorful baseball up here, Kansas City will probably give him one first.

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Immortal Hanger-On

(Continued from page 23)
years ago that it would end with Bob Feller wasting his fast ball?

Bob Feller, circa 1956, left Steve O'Neill in the locker room and went out to pitch the half-hour batting practice to the regulars. He may not have a regular place in the pitching rotation but he takes his regular turn pitching batting practice. Lemon and Score had pitched the first two games in Chicago. Early Wynn was opening it up in Cleveland. Bob Feller, who had once been the automatic opening-day pitcher, Bob Feller, who owns the only opening-day no-hitter, spent the afternoon rattling around in the bullpen. In the last of the seventh, he got up and threw for a while, but when the Tigers came to bat in the eighth he sat down to let Narleski and Mossi go about the serious business of getting themselves ready for a call.

Garcia went the following day, but Feller had heard over the radio that he and Lemon were going to work Sunday's doubleheader. "I guess I'll pitch the first game," he said. "They'll save those shadows for somebody who can throw a fast ball."

Bob has only pitched the second game a half-dozen times in his life. When he was good, the theory was that you went all out for the first game in order to put the pressure on the other team in the second. The current theory is that doubleheaders tend to split, so you save your best for the second game. If you win the opener, you've got your best to send against the percentages; if you lose, you've got everything going for you to get a split. Now that Feller is just another

pitcher out of the grab-bag, he works the first.

After the first two innings of Saturday's game, Feller went back into the locker room to get out of the cold. Lemon, his leg heavily bandaged, was at the common table reading his mail. There was some talk about the upcoming doubleheader, and Lemon said: "I guess they don't know which of us old guys to save for the shadows."

It is not unusual for Feller to get his pitching schedule from the morning paper or evening sports broadcast. Conversation between him and Lopez seems to be at a minimum. He has never gone to Lopez to request more work; Lopez had never come to Feller to let him know where he fits into the club's overall plans.

Feller's only sign of bitterness—or even regret—comes when he's asked whether he still thinks he can win the 34 games he needs to get his total up to 300. "My chances," he says, with a decisiveness that seems to show he has considered the possibilities carefully, "are nil!"

At the beginning of the season, Lopez was saying: "I'm counting on Feller to be a strong number five pitcher. And you need strong five and six pitchers to win in this league today. Feller looked very good during training; there are clubs where he would quite probably be the number two or three man." He would have no hesitation, Lopez insisted, about starting Feller against the Yankees if the rotation happened to fall that way. (It can be assumed, however, that unless his staff is decimated by a sud-

den upturn in the Bubonic plague, the rotation will not fall that way. Lopez would not be as good a manager as he is if he did not have his aces ready for the Yanks.)

There is no readily apparent reason, then, to assume that Bob Feller will work more often this season than last. And last year, he had a 4-4 record and a scant 11 starts. His first two starts, during the first month of the race, were against the White Sox and the Red Sox. Although he beat the Red Sox with the 12th one-hitter of his career, he never saw a first-division club again. He started against Baltimore four times, Kansas City three times and Washington twice. His only other complete game was a four-hitter against Baltimore in late June. The extent of Lopez's confidence in him can best be judged from his other three starts against the Orioles. On May 31, he held the Orioles to four hits over seven innings, but went out trailing 1-0. On July 24 (his first start in 25 days), he was taken out in the seventh, despite a 4-1 lead, after the first batter got on base. A week later, he had a 3-0 lead and a two-hitter after seven innings. With one out in the eighth, Hal Smith walked, Cal Abrams singled, and in came Don Mossi. Mossi blew it, thereby bringing great scorn upon the head of Lopez, who had committed the unforgivable sin of guessing wrong—a fate second-guessers somehow seem to avoid.

Feller did not get another start for 37 days. He then allowed Kansas City four runs in four and $\frac{2}{3}$ innings, left with the score tied, and did not pitch again through the remaining 20 days of the season.

If Lopez showed little confidence in Feller as a starting pitcher, he showed none at all in him as a relief pitcher. Of course, Al had Narleski and Mossi for the late innings, and Houtteman for "second pitcher" (early-inning relief). And yet, even in this age of specialization, Feller was an inordinately specialized relief man. Before he was called in from the bullpen, the following conditions had to obtain:

- 1) The Indians had to be losing.
- 2) It had to be the middle innings.
- 3) And the previous pitcher had to have been taken out for a pinch-hitter.

In other words, Feller was never brought in with men on bases. He was brought in only to hold off the opposition until a pinch-hitter could be used in his spot in the next swing around.

The status of Bob Feller is not a subject to make Hank Greenberg quite so happy as, let us say, a double victory over the Yankees. "Do I have to go through this again?" Hank moans. "All right, I've said it a hundred times before and I'll say it once more. There are no circumstances under which this club would sell or trade Bob Feller!"

There is a feeling around that the club holds on to Feller—at an estimated \$30,000 salary—because it feels it owes him something for past services, even though those services were performed for previous owners. But Greenberg says: "Why should we feel that way? Feller has earned over \$700,000 in salaries with this club over the years. He deserved it and he got it. But he doesn't owe us anything and we don't owe him anything. The end has to come for all players sometime, and when the time comes when the manager doesn't feel Feller is doing the job, he'll be released just as any-



"Oh, come on, Botting . . . give'm your lousy autograph!"

one else would be released."

There have been stories around, too, that Feller is something of an embarrassment to Greenberg when the other pitchers come around to talk salary. One of the stories goes that Lemon, after his third successive 20-game season, was still making much less than a relatively unsuccessful Feller. "Nonsense," Greenberg says. "Whatever Feller makes he earns. There is no pitcher on this club—or in this league—who would care to compare salaries with Feller, because none of them was ever the pitcher Feller was. Remember that."

Greenberg remembers. On the last day of the season in 1938, 27,000 fans turned out for a Tiger-Indian double-header to see Greenberg, who had 58 home runs, take his last crack at Ruth's record. In the first game, Feller struck him out twice. Hank hardly felt disgraced, though, for Feller also struck out 16 other Tigers, to set a strikeout record that still stands.

No matter how many times Hank denies it, though, there is a feeling among Cleveland sportswriters—which finds expression on rainy days and such other times as legitimate news is in short supply—that the Cleveland management gets together for a community sweat every time it contemplates what the reaction would be if Feller were handed his release before he wished to retire. Bob is still the symbol of baseball in Cleveland and public sentiment is that he has earned the right to wear the Indians' uniform as long as he wants to.

But what you hear again and again is: "What do they care what we think about it? They run that club up there to please themselves. Look at the trades they make." (It is not easy to convince them that although Greenberg is not the greatest trader since David Harum, he does not deliberately set out to sabotage the team.)

The funny part of it is that Greenberg is actually more public-relations conscious than most general managers. If he can't get his message across to the consumer, it is because he labors under the impossible handicap of having succeeded Wonderful Willie Veeck, and Cleveland is still carrying a torch for Veeck and those heady days when every fan was a king and every game a civic event. (Feller is among the torch-bearers, hardly surprising since in consecutive years under Veeck he cleared \$82,000 and \$84,000.)

There is another miscalculation in the streets of the city, which proves at any rate that errors are not restricted to the Indians' infield and the executive suite. "Feller doesn't have to stay in baseball," the fans say. "That's understood. He's got plenty of money and a lot of businesses he could devote his time to any time he wants to."

It isn't so. Last fall, Feller invested heavily in George H. Olmsted & Co., the oldest insurance company in the state. It's the only business in which he has any connection, and he still hasn't decided whether he would care to involve himself in the company's affairs in an active capacity.

What he really wants to do is stay in baseball after he retires. Not as a manager or a coach, but in some non-uniformed capacity. He is not ready to retire yet, though; Bob Feller plans on at least three more years of pitching.

Every year, it gets a little harder.

Before he went out to warm up for the first game of the Sunday double-header against Detroit this year, he got on trainer Wally Bock's table and lay under an infra-red lamp for 15 minutes to warm up the blood and lubricate the muscles. At the end, Wally gave him a brisk rubdown, with special attention to the kneading and stretching of the good right arm.

"Better pump up the legs," Feller said, as he swung around on the table. He lay face downward, one leg on the ground, the other stretched out on the table, looking like a hurdler poised in full flight. After one leg had been pumped, he turned completely around, so that the other leg could be stretched across the table and pumped.

As Feller prepared to leave, Wally said, "Go get 'em, Bob." Feller let out a short laugh. "After all this, I'll probably throw six pitches and be right back."

While he was getting dressed, he asked coach Red Kress, "Who's going against me? Some cute little left-hander I can mash?"

It wasn't a mashable little left-hander; it was big Frank Lary.

Considering that the weather was hardly ideal for an aging pitcher, Feller did not do too badly. At the end of five innings, he had a 4-0 lead. He had thrown only 53 pitches, had walked nobody and stayed ahead of most of the batters. Although he had been hit fairly hard, he had given up only two hits; one a high, drifting fly that had been allowed to drop among three Cleveland fielders.

The end came in the sixth. With a 1-2 count on pinch-hitter Wayne Belardi, Feller tried to waste one into the dirt. Instead, the pitch came in around the knees, exactly where you don't try to put it for Belardi. Wayne golfed it into the right-field stands. Tuttle singled, and when the count went to 3-1 on Torgeson, Narleski started to warm up in the bullpen. Feller got Torgy on a fly to center, but Kaline and Kuenn followed with home runs. In came Narleski.

Another season had started for Bob Feller.

Back in the locker room, Lemon was sitting in front of his locker, his bad leg encased in tape from ankle to knee. Without any discernible emotion, Feller said, "Didn't have a thing out there today." Then, in the tones of an announcer, he said, "Three home runs and all into the teeth of the gale." (That wasn't precisely true. It was a cold, heavy day, but the flags had been hanging dead from the poles.)

Lemon asked Feller whether he had stiffened up during the bottom of the fifth, when the Indians had scored three runs. "A little," Feller told him. "I was getting belted all day, though. Everything I threw was a line drive at somebody."

Lemon's attitude seemed to be that as long as the three outfielders were in their accustomed alignment, they were entitled to catch whatever came their way.

While Feller was in the whirlpool bath, relaxing the muscles again, Herb Score came back, huddled in his jacket. Score likes to go over a game with Feller, but there is a sort of unspoken acknowledgment that Score has to open the conversation. Feller feels that if he were to start volunteering information to the young pitchers, he would be encroaching upon Mel Harder's domain.

"What did you throw Kuenn," Score

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WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE STUNT CATCH?

ALONG with the five-cent scorecard, the two-hour ball game and the managerial strategy of playing for one run, the circus catch from some vast height seems to have vanished from the baseball picture. The last one of any ambition took place in Kansas City a year ago. It was a last-moment catch by Wilmer Shantz of a ball tossed by the mayor from the 23rd floor of a downtown building. The stunt was used to publicize the club's final home stand.

Only 23 floors and only 340 feet! Why, the old-timers would have used a finger glove on that one instead of a mitt. How about those throws from blimps, airplanes, the top of the Washington Monument, or Cleveland's Terminal Tower?

The most famous catch-for-height was, of course, the 500-foot job from a window at the top of the Washington Monument by Gaby Street in 1908. Funniest was the one Uncle Wilbert Robinson tried for, and missed, from an airplane drop, at Daytona Beach one day when Brooklyn was going through what passed for spring training just before World War I. The only hitch was that, unknown to Robbie a juicy grapefruit was substituted for the baseball. As Casey Stengel, who was there, and who probably was responsible for the switch, recalls it:

"It hits him in the chest, flattens him and meanwhile busts into a million pieces. Uncle Robbie lays there a couple of seconds. He feels wet all over and thinks it's blood. His own. He keeps his eyes closed and starts yelling, 'Get a doctor. They killed me.'"

Most serious injury, and this one was far from funny, came when a ball was tossed from a blimp above San Francisco more than 25 years ago. The intended receiver was Joe Sprinz of the San Francisco Seals who had been up for a short time in the majors with Cleveland. Five balls were dropped from the blimp cruising at 800 feet. Four were out of reach, but the fifth was catchable. He broke his jaw making the catch.

This type of circus catching was a big thing just before World War II. Hank Helf, a rookie catcher with the Indians, caught one tossed off the Terminal Tower in Cleveland, a 700-foot drop. Frank Pytlak duplicated the stunt later in the season.

Street's Washington Monument catch had a quasi-official aura. The Navy sent a representative from its Ordnance Department to gather scientific data. The ball was tossed from one of the eight windows cut into the inspiring white marble obelisk 50 feet from its tip. Street caught the 14th ball. Those that hit the concrete were slightly mashed after bounding 50 feet into the air. Those that landed on the hard turf dug a two-and-a-half-inch depression. It was estimated that the fall's force was that of an object weighing 117 pounds being dropped a foot. The extent of the damage to Street's catcher's mitt somehow has gone unrecorded.

—Harold Rosenthal



asked, "a slider? It looked like one."

"A slider. Him and Kaline both. Those sliders that don't break. Must have been the longest ball Kuenn hit in his life."

"I told them it was a slider," Score said, pleased. "They were all saying on the bench it was a fast ball. Inside, wasn't it?"

"Right over the plate with nothing on it. A batting practice pitch." He shook his head. "The ball Kaline hit was a good two inches inside. The way he hits, he shouldn't do a thing with an inside pitch, but anything I throw him inside, he wears it out."

"He's got those quick wrists," Score said, demonstrating. "Awful good wrists."

"I don't see how he kept that ball fair," Feller said. "Two inches inside. Of course, I've got no fast ball. He shouldn't be able to come around on your fast ball inside."

"No, he hits it pretty good," Score said. "I try to go outside on him."

Score is obviously—and admittedly—proud to be on the same ball club with Feller. He comes to him for advice, not only on pitching, but on outside commercial activities. For Herb Score is being besieged today much as Feller was when he was starting in. Feller's advice, put briefly, is that when a guy comes up and tells you he's going to make you a million dollars, he isn't out to make it for you, he's out to make it for himself.

Feller does not get that kind of respect from all his teammates. Although he is an exceptionally sharp dresser, he has a good-natured country-boy air about him that makes him a natural and willing butt. Anyone who has ever seen him on the field probably remembers him for the chest-forward, arm-swinging, heavy-footed plowboy's gait that is powerful yet somehow comical. He looks like a man who is going into a tavern to challenge anybody in the joint to a fight—and is going to get his block knocked off.

His humor, he admits with a wide grin, is "real corny." He used to go in for the joke-shop type of thing, the stuff fat little men with high-pitched laughs are always pulling off in class B movies. He was, God save him, an electric-buzzer, exploding-cigar, itching-powder man.

No one could possibly accuse him of hiding himself in a corner. This is a guy who used to fly his personal single-engine Beechcraft to the airport, half a mile from the park, then drive through traffic on his dandy little motor scooter. This is a guy who likes to sit in front of his locker with an Alpine hat perched on his head, while he flexes his muscles on his chest crusher.

When it comes to business, though, he is no clown. Sportswriters—who are, of course, notoriously anti-money themselves—used to blast him for a too ardent pursuit of the dollar. Most of the criticism came as a result of Feller's barnstorming tours, during which a lot of his players felt he was less than philanthropic. (Satchel Paige, who got \$6,700 for pitching three innings in Los Angeles, was not one of them.) Feller's difficulty was that he was without honest guile. Since the purpose of the barnstorming tours was to make himself some money, he did not think it necessary to pretend that he was trying to bring culture to the hinterlands or to provide a vacation paradise for his colleagues. (Guilelessness, in point of fact, is one

of Feller's most attractive qualities. Another is his refusal to alibi; he is quick to share the praise for his triumphs and to accept full blame for his failures.)

What griped the big-city sports-writers, we suspect, was that Feller's tours turned out to be such gold mines for him. There were echoes of Ring Lardner, after all, in a situation that found an Iowa farmboy—a "triumphant hick" as one New York columnist called him—believing that because he could throw a fast ball with astonishing speed, he could also promote that most hazardous of worldly affairs, a barnstorming tour. That he thought he could do it was uproariously funny; that he succeeded was outrageous. Inevitably it presented the intolerable possibility that the farmboy was smarter than the columnists. Once we start thinking along those lines, boys, nothing remains but the abyss.

It is because Feller has been around financially, and because he has never been afraid to speak his mind, that he was appointed player representative of the American League. He is not, at this point, completely happy with the ground rules. "We sit down with the owners," he says, "and every time we open our mouths, they shove food in it and tell us how nice it is to be talking to us. We have no leverage, and without leverage we might just as well be out playing golf."

His opinion of Commissioner Ford Frick does not glow in the darkness, or even in the light. "Chandler," he says, "was for the ballplayer, but the owners won't stand for that kind of a man any more. I'm not sure just what Frick's duties are supposed to be but they don't seem to be anything that can't be taken care of at Toots Shor's."

The Battle of the Reserve Clause, Feller thinks, has got to be fought out some day. "We're not going to say a word during the season," he says, "because the fans have a right to enjoy the pennant races without being bothered by a lot of bickering back and forth between owners and players. But," he says, sounding like a prosecuting attorney, "when this season ends we are going to launch an all-out assault against the inequities of the baseball contract."

The primary goal, according to Feller, will be to solidify the pension plan through the radio-TV, All-Star and World Series contracts. For the long haul, the players are going to demand an overhauling of the reserve clause, especially as it pertains to winter play. "The baseball contract wouldn't stand up in court for one minute and everybody knows it wouldn't. An idiot could draw up a better contract. In order to be legal, a contract has to have a termination date. We don't say that the players should be free to negotiate with new owners every year; we do say that some sort of a Board of Arbitration should be set up to provide some sort of latitude."

Feller is particularly incensed about the restrictions on off-season play in the lucrative Latin-American leagues. He does not hold with the theory that a player wears himself out by playing through the winter. "It's just the opposite. What hurts an athlete is the stopping and starting, stopping and starting. You never saw so many sore-arm pitchers in your life as we have today, and almost all of them were caused by a pitcher trying to get himself back into shape during spring

training after lazying all winter.

"The owners don't really object to the winter play; they just can't stand seeing their players making money without them being there to make their profit too. The result is that they've worked themselves into a silly situation where it's an economic disadvantage for a baseball player to be a United States citizen. Instead of being able to go out and earn \$10,000 over the winter, he has to stay home and work in a clothing store or something."

As proof that the owners really have no objection to year-around play, Feller cites the current flood of plans to tour Europe and Asia at the end of the season. "They're doing it for the State Department, my eye! They're doing it to make themselves some money. Well, they're all in for the same kind of a shock that Walter O'Malley got a couple of years ago after he'd set up a Brooklyn-Cleveland tour around the world. You know who killed that one? The players killed it. O'Malley was going to take three airplanes; one for the players, one for the press and one for the hangers-on. The players were supposed to give up their winter incomes and hire baby-sitters for their kids, and all so O'Malley could make some money and his friends could have a good time."

The role of player representative is important to Feller in these final years, perhaps, in that it gives him the duties and prestige that his pitching no longer provides. More important, it gives him a chance to make a statement of principle—as much to himself as to the world. What he is saying is that the game belongs not to the owners or the fans or the people who eat off the game. It belongs, he is saying, to the players. The players, he is saying, gave it its stature. Players, he may well be saying, like himself. And why shouldn't he say it. Isn't it true?

Since he has had all the glory, and since he doesn't need the money, why does he hang on? Baseball isn't an easy life at 37. For one thing, family life is all but surrendered. Bob is on the road during half the playing season, and even when the team is home, he's out making speeches before youth clubs or smokers or fraternity dinners. Feller believes that players should get theirs when they're being used for commercial enterprise, but he believes just as strongly that a player belongs to the public and must make himself available when it calls.

As a matter of fact, his wife, Mrs. Virginia Feller, has found that the only way to get to spend some time with him is to go along on an occasional road trip.

Bob has built a baseball diamond on his 29-acre estate so that he can work out with his three sons: Stephen, ten; Martin, eight; and Bruce, five, but he bemoans the lack of opportunity to establish a normal day-in-day-out relationship with them.

Still, baseball is his life. "He loves it," Mrs. Feller says. "He wouldn't be happy doing anything else, as long as he felt he was still able to play."

Many an onlooker, and ever more bystanders, feel that he is somehow tarnishing his record by remaining on past the days of his glory. There is an inclination these days to compare him with Joe DiMaggio, who quit, at the age of 37, when things began to get tough for him.

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But DiMaggio was an exception. Look at the others: Ty Cobb played 24 years in the majors. Of course, even when he quit at the age of 42, he was still a .323 hitter. Honus Wagner went 21 years, on into his 43rd year. He was below .300 in his last four seasons and ended with .265. Tris Speaker quit at 40, after 21 years. He ended with .267. Babe Ruth, finishing up with the Braves after 22 years, was a 40-year-old relic with a .181 average. Eddie Collins, who went 25 years, finished with Connie Mack's A's (as did Cobb and Speaker). Collins, however, hit .338 in his last full season. Charlie Gehringer quit at 39, after 19 years, with a final season of .267. Hank Greenberg himself hobbled around on sore legs for a couple of years. His last year's average, at 36, was .249.

What about the pitchers? Walter Johnson, after 21 years, had 15-16 and 5-6 years to comfort him in his old age. He was 40 when he retired. Lefty Grove hung on for 7-6 and 7-7 years, just managing to get in that 300th victory at the age of 41. Grover

Cleveland Alexander, at the age of 43, had an 0-3 record with the Phillies. Then he went down to Dallas and 1-2. Christy Mathewson, like DiMaggio, was an exception. He left at the age of 36 after a 4-4 season. But Hubbell hung on until he was 40; his last season was 4-4, too.

There was no great difference, then, between Ty Cobb, who became a millionaire stockholder in Coca-Cola, and Grover Cleveland Alexander, who became an alcoholic. They stayed on because they were ballplayers first and anything else second. We suspect that when Cobb daydreams today, at the age of 69, he is not seeing Coca-Cola stock going up another ten points on Wall Street; he is seeing Ty Cobb, of indeterminate age, sliding into second base, spikes bared.

We say, then, that it is a matter of identity. When Bob Feller takes the mound, the magic may be off his fast ball and the sap may be sluggish in his arm, but he is still the Bob Feller who has pitched three no-hit games (no one has pitched more) and 12

one-hitters (no one has pitched as many).

If he had quit last year, he would not have had that day against Boston when it was going good and he rang up that last one-hitter. And what do pitchers who have known greatness live for, if it is not for the days when it is going good again? For where are the good days away from it?

So he runs his laps, does his push-ups, lifts his weights, pitches his batting practice, gets his rubdowns—and waits for the radio to tell him that he is pitching tomorrow. He waits for the moments when he is on the mound going into that characteristic pumping windup, the glove swinging behind the ear, the front leg churning up and over, the knee snapping, and the arm coming over and down. Because then it's Bob Feller pitching. Bob Feller, 37, and down to a curve, a slider, and a knuckleball that doesn't do anything, but still it's Bob Feller, old No. 19, pitching. Bob Feller, the greatest of our time.

— ■ —

SPORTalk

(Continued from page 9)

that the papers had made a mistake and that the correct starting time was 8:30. We noticed that some of the fight mob had drifted over from Eighth Avenue, and one veteran ringsider was escorted down the aisle by a pretty usherette and shown to a front seat, his nose almost in the footlights. After a few moments of uneasy contemplation, he got up and moved back a couple of rows.

"He fell on me once," we heard him mutter, "and I'm damned if I'll let him do it again."

Finally a few more people came in and Nova appeared on the stage to begin the recital. His first selection was *Mary Had A Little Lamb*. "I just wanted to warm up with something I was sure I knew," he explained. He then went into his repertory, which included several soliloquies from Shakespeare's plays plus *Casey At The Bat* and *The Shooting Of Dan McGrew*. When he began the speech from *Hamlet* in which Polonius gives advice to Laertes, he admitted he wasn't sure of the pronunciation of "Laertes" and a lady in the audience obliged by correcting him. He has abandoned the "dynamic stance" which had been his trademark in the ring, and under the tutelage of Frank Fay, the veteran actor, he has acquired the knack of moving nonchalantly about the stage, sort of like Perry Como singing a song. He accompanies his poems with grand gestures and, occasionally, works himself into a fit of roaring and mugging. He concluded his program by reciting *The Highwayman* and shadow boxing at the same time. When he came to the lines:

"When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway . . ."

he counted "ten" over an imaginary figure and walked off the stage.

We stopped backstage to wish Lou luck in his new career and he thanked us for coming. "It's nice to be accepted as a performer now and not as an ex-fighter," he said. "Still, I always get

a kick out of it when somebody remembers me. I was at a fight one night and a man was coming up the aisle with his little boy. He was a perfect stranger but I saw that he had recognized me and told the little boy who I was. He brought the boy over to shake hands with me and so I decided to go out of my way to be nice. I pretended I knew who the man was and I asked him how things were and how his family was, figuring it might make him a big shot in front of his little boy. They shook hands with me and said goodbye and then, as they were going up the aisle again, I heard the man say to the kid, 'See, I told you he was punchy.'"

* * *

RIGHT after the final game of the World Series last year, Johnny Podres was picked by the editors of *SPORT* as the outstanding player in the classic and was given a cream-colored Chevrolet Corvette. Players like Duke Snider and Yogi Berra were in the running for the flashy sports car until Johnny shut the door in that memorable seventh game. We'll be on the job again this season, giving a newer and flashier Corvette to the most valuable player of the 1956 World Series.

Recently we were wondering what has happened to Podres' Corvette since the Dodger pitcher went off to the Navy, and so we put through a call to Johnny's mother in Witherbee, N. Y. It seems that Mary, his 18-year old sister, has appropriated the car and each afternoon she loads it up with her pals and cruises around the countryside. You can imagine who is the most popular girl in Witherbee these summer days. If any of the citizens of the town had any inclination to forget the dramatic happenings at Yankee Stadium last October, an unlikely supposition anyway, the sight of the cream-colored Corvette flashing around town would remind them in a hurry. Mary's probably hoping her brother decides to make a career out of the Navy.

* * *

BUD PALMER, the handsome young man whose name has been asso-

ciated with basketball for more than 15 years, first as a star at Princeton, then as captain of the New York Knickerbockers, and later as a television commentator, is making a name for himself in another sport these days—court tennis. Bud is regarded as one of the finest young players in this ancient game which first became popular among monks in the Middle Ages. The playing area is built along the lines of a monastery courtyard. Curious about this game which few Americans have ever seen played, and curious about Bud's participation in it, we paid a visit recently to the New York Racquet and Tennis Club on Park Avenue in New York City. "Court tennis is a fascinating game," Bud told us. "It puts lawn tennis and squash to shame. A couple of hundred years ago, a Frenchman wrote that it was the only game that can take rank in the list of arts and crafts. Now I see what he meant. The reason it's not played more widely is that the courts are so expensive. They're built of specially-treated concrete, and workers are sent over here from England to put on the finishing touches. The total cost comes to about \$100,000 and there are only about seven in the country now."

Bud showed us the racquet and ball used in playing the game. The racquet is about the length and weight of a tennis racquet, but its head is much smaller. It is strung with thicker and heavier gut and is tilted at an angle to aid in digging the ball out of corners. The ball is smaller and heavier than the one used in tennis, it's made of tightly wound cloth and it has a fuzzy cover.

"It's the most complicated of games," Bud went on. "When I meet people, they say they've read about me playing in these tournaments and what's the game all about. How can you explain it to them? So I say I don't have time to explain it all and they think I'm giving them the brushoff. I've been playing about three years now, and my earlier experience with tennis and squash has helped me to master some of the shots. Other shots, like the service, are completely new. People who are interested in the sport are trying to introduce it into the colleges so the young fellows will

keep it alive. Kids from Yale and Princeton come here to play, and those from Harvard go to the Racquets Club in Boston. This is the first year I've been good enough to get into any tournaments. I'm crazy about the game, and it's one I'll be able to play for a long time. When you develop more experience, you don't have to run as much because you place your shots more and let the ball come to you. Pierre Etchebaster was still world champion when he was 60 years old."

We went upstairs to watch Palmer play a match with Francis X. Shields, the great lawn tennis star of yesterday. The court is 110 feet long and 38 feet wide and bounded by four walls, each about 30 feet high. It is covered by a skylight. On three walls there is a sloping shed, onto which the ball is served. It rolls down the shed and back onto the court, often coming off at a difficult angle. The court is evenly divided by a net as in tennis, and there are "windows" or openings at each end and points are won if a ball is hit through one of them. The most complicated part is a series of parallel lines, about 30 of them altogether, called chase lines. If one player fails to return a shot, he gets a chance to save the point by changing sides and trying to better his opponent's shot behind one of the chase lines. We won't go into this any further at the moment. It's not that we're trying to give you the brushoff; it's just that we don't understand the game ourselves.

* * *

BASEBALL fans who follow only the major leagues generally miss some of the more curious happenings of the summer season. For instance, when Vancouver team in the Pacific Coast League dropped far into the cellar this spring, the baseball writer of the Vancouver Sun took one last blast at them in the paper and then resigned in disgust. A real critic! Also out that way, Don Jacobs, the third-baseman of the Olympic (Wash.) College team, stole four bases in an inning, though he only came to bat once. He stole second, but thought the batter had fouled the pitch off, so he strolled leisurely back to first while the pitcher held the ball in amazement. The batter hadn't even swung. Then Jacobs proceeded to swipe second again, then third and home.

What happened to the New Prep team of Cambridge, Mass., shouldn't be mentioned, but here goes. They were leading Rivers Day School, 15-1, going into the last inning. Then Rivers came up with 15 runs to win it, 16-15. Said the Rivers coach after the game: "I really felt sorry for them."

* * *

WE are always interested when we come across someone who is carrying on a trade or an art which flourished in another era but which seems to have been overwhelmed by the atomic age. We mean people like blacksmiths and lute players and honest half-milers, so we naturally perked up when we heard that Teddy Brenner had been appointed matchmaker of the boxing shows which are televised over the DuMont network each Monday night from New York's St. Nicholas Arena. In this age of TV fights, matchmaking usually means nothing more than bringing together two fighters who are certified to have two arms (for clinching) and two legs (for back-pedaling). But boxing men

say that Brenner is a throwback to the old-timers who made matchmaking an art, so we dropped into his West Side office one Monday afternoon recently to see if we could discover his magic formula.

"No, I don't use any magic or voodoo spells to come up with good fights," laughed Teddy, who is a tall, good-looking man in his late thirties. "I've always been a boxing fan and I try to make fights that I would like to see. One of the surest bets is matching a hungry young fighter with a veteran. I think that when a fighter takes a bout, he should make sure that a victory will mean some advancement for him. So if a veteran can knock off a highly-touted kid, it means something to him, just as it means a step up for the kid if he beats the veteran. If you match name fighters all the time, you don't develop the kids who keep boxing alive. And if you match two nobodies, then no matter who wins, everybody says, 'Who did he beat?' I've also found that the fighter who wants to pick his opponent generally ends up getting flattened.

"You've got to study fighters and see how they go against different types of opponents. Take Bobby Dykes, for example. He had a reputation for stinking out fight clubs all over the country. They said he just ran and held. Well, when I was at Eastern Parkway, I matched Dykes against fighters who weren't terrific punchers, guys he thought he could lick, and so he'd go in there and take chances and open up. I had him in five fights there and they were all good ones."

Brenner never boxed in competition himself, always preferring to take his boxing from the other side of the ropes. He began by seconding one of his pals in a Golden Gloves tournament and then he drifted into matchmaking. For a time he was assistant matchmaker at Madison Square Garden when Al Weill was top man there, and he made a name for himself at Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway Arena, where he helped develop fighters like Bobo Olson, Floyd Patterson, Hurricane Jackson, Bud Smith and Gene Fullmer.

While we were there, Teddy got a call from a manager, and we sat back to listen to a matchmaker in action. "Now, let's see," Teddy began. "For that date I can give you Jerry Luedee. Know him? . . . Well, he fights something like Billy McNece . . . He boxed Rory Calhoun here a few months ago . . . How did he do? Calhoun's still undefeated, isn't he? . . . Yeah, he went the limit . . . If you don't want him, the only other opponent I got for that date is Tony Anthony . . . Well, it'll be a knock-out, either Anthony or your guy, that's the way Anthony fights . . . Okay, call me back and let me know. I'll be here."

That evening, we went over to St. Nick's to see the end result of Brenner's wizardry. An unknown young New Yorker named Johnny Busso was boxing the veteran Orlando Zulueta. Because of his inexperience, Busso wasn't given much of a chance and was an 11-5 underdog. But once the bout started, he carried the fight to Zulueta, outpunched him through most of the ten rounds and won a decisive victory. It had been a good fight and Teddy had developed a new star. We still think there's some magic in it.

See you next month. —F.G.

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What They Think About Ford Frick

(Continued from page 12)

hands and beating of bosoms and looking under beds for evil characters. So, when the benefits were finally and officially granted, they savored more of appeasement and conciliation than a spontaneously honest move on the part of baseball to keep pace with labor's forward march. And because Chandler was baseball's contemporary Mr. Big, the players centered their gratitude upon him, and though a new generation has arrived, or is in the process of arriving, so effective was the impression Chandler made in the role of the ballplayer's guardian angel, that he has been all but canonized. The first thing the fuzzy-cheeked green pea from Des Moines does when he hits the big time is to face east, or rather south, 'way down yonder where the blue grass grows, uncover and bow reverentially.

It is also commonly believed among the players, and the statement is often made, that the owners got rid of Chandler because he didn't talk things over with them before closing a deal for the World Series TV-radio rights during his tenure.

"That's really what cooked his goose," confided a player-pool participant, and his comment is repeated here not so much in breathless admiration of its brightness but rather as still another comforting token that no matter how vital the issue, a ballplayer never allows the thought of food to wander too far from his mind.

For all that is known to the contrary, the owners may have resented the manner in which Chandler put through the deal, and it could very well have been influential in his dismissal. All that is known for sure is that they were openly critical of his business sagacity. The contract called for five years at a million per. TV then was in a state of wide and continuing expansion, with hundreds of thousands of new sets being purchased each year, and the owners sensibly contended it would have been wiser if their boy had insisted upon an escalator arrangement, with the fee increasing each year. At that time the owners themselves were whacking up the TV swag.

Whether Frick is an owners' commissioner with the subservient connotation his critics impute, or whether he simply happens to be an exceptionally able executive whose talents are appreciated—and it would seem that any man who has successively been a first-class metropolitan reporter, a successful major-league president, and finally a majority choice for the commissioner's portfolio, must have something on the ball... it is nevertheless interesting to note that not a single owner among the group reached by the poll had anything but high praise for him.

Let us listen to some of them, beginning with Phil K. Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, whose testimony ran as follows:

"Do you think Frick should be continued in office?"

"Yes."

"Has he done a good job for baseball?"

"Yes."

"What is your stand on unlimited power for the Commissioner?"

"I believe the unlimited power vested in Judge Landis was necessary

at the time. I don't believe unlimited power is necessary under present conditions."

"Your views on the TV-radio, minor-league problem, if you please."

"It is my notion that nothing has been done because nobody knows just where and how the matter stands. Baseball has been sued for broadcasting and sued for not broadcasting, and the Department of Justice is always in the background. Furthermore, I have not found any two people who can wholeheartedly agree on what really causes the distress in the minor leagues."

Next came Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, and one of the most respected men in baseball. "I feel the problems facing baseball today are more numerous, greater and more complex than they were 20 or more years ago. I thought Frick was a good man for the job and voted for him. I would vote for him again. Also, he has the authority to take action in any way he sees fit when it involves 'conduct detrimental to baseball.'"

Then came Walter O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn club, who in reply to the question, "Has Frick done a good job for baseball?" beamingly described the commissioner's work as "exemplary," a treasured adjective which O'Malley reserves almost exclusively for cooperative politicians who recognize the civic and cultural value of his beloved Bums to Flatbush, and for the soul-warming, eye-catching fiscal embellishments incident to a seven-game World Series, where the owners split all the money for the last three games. It is hardly necessary to say that as a measure of his esteem for Frick, elaboration would be superfluous.

Continuing, O'Malley said: "There is about as little difference in the authority of Landis and Frick as there is in that of Roosevelt and Eisenhower. An executive makes his own authority. You ask about 'restoring' the big stick. It might be more accurate to inquire if there has been any recent occasion to use it. As you know, it was rarely used in the past, and I'm sure it will be used fearlessly in the future if the occasion demands."

Perhaps it should be explained at this point that the poll conductor, remembering that an important revision had been made in the baseball constitution, found himself wondering how much, if at all, the revision curtailed the commissioner's authority, and accordingly solicited opinions on the need, or desirability of restoring the by-laws to their original form, and in what manner removing all doubt as to the extent of the incumbent's power.

Out of this request came the confusion and conflict referred to earlier. For example, Powell Crosley, owner of the Cincinnati Reds, holds that notwithstanding the revision, "Frick has just about as much authority as Landis did." Then, in what almost seems to have been an afterthought, and what might even be interpreted as a prodding nudge to a hesitant executive, the Reds' owner recalled that "The Judge assumed authority even when it wasn't actually written into the rules."

Let's do a fast playback on these statements. In frowning upon the use of uncurbed power, and seeing it as

not in keeping with today's conditions in baseball, isn't Wrigley tacitly admitting that such an exercise of force would be impossible anyhow, because the constitution forbids it? Does Yawkey's comment beg the question? In any situation involving "conduct detrimental," he says, Frick's power is limitless. Is the implication here that such conduct must first be defined, and if so, by whom? And if Crosley felt Frick had Landis' big stick, would he pointedly call the commissioner's attention to the fact that the old judge played his role by ear? And isn't O'Malley saying precisely the same thing when he points out that an executive makes his own authority? So what it seems to come down to is that (a) Frick has complete authority, (b) Frick has a degree of authority but nobody seems to know what it amounts to and how important it is, and (c) if Frick wants authority he should go out and buy a do-it-yourself kit.

The writer does not subscribe to the opinion that the mere act of buying a ball club inevitably and inescapably transforms a nice decent fellow into a shifty, evasive character who is liable to frisk you of your right eye if you are not on the alert; and yet he finds it most difficult to reconcile the insistence that Frick is the absolute boss of baseball with the emasculated remains of the original rule which treated with "conduct detrimental," and which now reads as follows:

"No major-league rule, or other joint action of the two leagues, and no act or procedure taken in compliance with any such major-league rule, or joint action of the two leagues, shall be considered or construed to be detrimental to baseball."

Regardless of what the legal or executive mind reads into this amendment, to the lay mind, at least to this lay mind, it constitutes a clear, unequivocal warning to any prospective commissioner that if he is at all apprehensive as to whether he will look attractive in handcuffs, he had best not apply for the job. Chandler was aware of the presence of the amendment when he signed. So was Frick. The conclusion then, is they did not regard the handcuffs with repugnance.

In its original form, the "conduct detrimental" clause was Landis' big stick; it was all-powerful, all-embracing. Shortly after he died, the owners disemboweled it. It would seem to me the effect is obvious and indisputably dangerous. Unless I can't understand basic English, the amendment automatically destroys the commissioner's power of veto on legislation and effectively removes from him the authority to assume jurisdiction in such broad present-day problems as radio, TV, player relations, etc., except as there may be a violation of established rules. To be sure, he can recommend, he can even suggest, but he has no power of positive action—and if this is the same difference that exists between Eisenhower and the days of FDR, Ike can't be having too much fun, either.

And yet Leslie O'Connor, who was Landis' private secretary all the time the judge was in office, and who is currently presiding as president of the Pacific Coast League, says that as far as he knows Frick's authority is identical with the authority Landis had, in-

cluding the "conduct detrimental" clause, amendment and all.

"As far as the amendment is concerned, considered per se, I would regard it as unobjectionable," says O'Connor. "Judge Landis never declared any major-league rule, or major-league joint action to be conduct detrimental to baseball. The only thing of that nature that I can recall was his notifying a minor league, which had before it a proposal to establish an individual player salary limit, that in his opinion such a rule would be illegal. As concerns conduct detrimental to baseball, then and now, the commissioner's authority is ample and not in the least detrimentally affected by the revision."

The minor leagues, by the way, are supposed to be dying so fast that baseball's casket makers don't even stop to count the victims. There is active concern as to how the majors can expect to replenish their stock with gleaming new models of Hubbell, Grove, Ott, Mize, Cochran, DiMaggio, Foxx, Boudreau and the like, if they persist in stifling the supply at the source. To the man in the street, Frick, as the commissioner, is Mr. Baseball, and what baffles him is that Frick, to all appearances, does nothing to check the growing menace to the game's future, not to mention the immediate peril to the smaller leagues where tomorrow's stars are developed. But what the man in the street and the minor-league leaders think of Frick are two different things. O'Connor agrees that the TV-radio, minor-league problem is more acute today than it was five years ago, but adds that any criticism of Frick in this connection is "entirely undeserved."

Frank "Shag" Shaughnessy, president of the International League, cannot always be sure from one spring to another just what the make-up of his organization is going to be. He has seen such great minor-league towns as Newark and Jersey City topple before an unending barrage of big-league TV and radio broadcasts as the Yankees and the Giants deliberately exterminated their top farm clubs in exchange for sponsor's gold. And a couple of years ago he had tradition-entwined Baltimore shot right out from under him when the majors needed a quick hiding spot for the dreadful St. Louis Browns. Now his once compact, prosperous league rambles all the way from Toronto to Havana, and Lower Slobbovia can't be far away.

Nevertheless, Shaughnessy is squarely behind Frick. "I know him better than anybody else in the minors" says the father of the playoff systems bearing his name. "I know he realizes only too well broadcasting and televising major-league games in minor-league territory is injurious to the box office. And I know, further, that he has worked harder than any other man in baseball, in his quiet, tenacious hard-to-discourage way, and I know that once the problem is resolved, as it is certain to be, he'll be the one most entitled to the credit."

Shaughnessy continues: "Naturally, I'm all for continuing Frick in office, but unless, and until, he is given power to act on his own, it is both senseless and unjust to charge his administration with shortcomings."

From the grass-root leagues, the obscure minors, such as the old Western and the fabled Three Eye, there is likewise no tendency to lay their

miseries at Frick's feet. On the contrary, O. M. Hobbs, president of the Western, tenders sympathy; he is convinced the majors make it difficult, if not impossible, for the reformed sportswriter to take his best holt. And Hal Totten, president of the Three Eye, who worked with Frick as a reporter and as a broadcaster—yes, our busy commissioner used to be a broadcaster, too—says it's all baseball's fault, presumably meaning the owners.

"Frick has made many efforts to get baseball to face up to this situation of bringing broadcasting and telecasting of major-league games in minor-league cities into a proper focus. But baseball as a whole has cowered at every word from the Justice Department. The present set-up is a monopoly, with major-league clubs pre-empting local stations with their broadcasts. In our own league, some of our cities can't broadcast even their own games because major-league clubs have tied up the local stations. In one of our cities, a certain major-league club took over all three of the local stations. Indefensible and outrageous, but blame baseball, don't blame Frick."

Okay, we won't blame Frick. But doesn't this bring us right back to the question of authority? Conceding that the Justice Department's position has not been conducive to a clear-cut, direct approach, but, on the contrary, has been maddening in its proneness to call black white on Monday, and white black on Tuesday, and both white and black gray on alternate Thursdays, it still is impossible to believe that such conditions as the president of the Three Eye League describes are forced upon the owners by the department under threat of prosecution for restraint of trade.

This has more the color of indifference and major-league greed than anything else, and if Frick hasn't the authority to step in and put an end to this shameless type of commercial gluttony, well, he should take Powell Crosley's hint and assume it.

As has been indicated, Frick grew up with the baseball writers. Most of them are personally fond of him, and genuinely pleased that he has done so well for himself. But not many of them feel that he has been a really good commissioner. They agree with the players that he is too sensitive to the owners' interests and his failure to demand the weapons necessary to move with boldness and firmness against the multiple problems facing baseball has disappointed and sorely distressed them, his best friends and severest critics.

Says Dan Daniel of the New York World Telegram and Sun, who is a highly respected baseball authority: "First, Frick's relations with the fans—For them, he does not exist. He is fighting nobody and nobody is fighting him. Hence for them, he is a negative story and a negative personality."

"His relations with the players—They feel they are no longer represented in the commissioner's office and they have a lot of data that tends to support this view."

"His relations with the club owners—He is an ideal man for the job. He is a rubber stamp commissioner."

"His relations with the writers—They ridicule him, but then, ridiculing commissioners has long been one of their favorite pastimes. They respected Landis, but they belted him on oc-



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casion, too, as if from habit.

"Still, I think that within the limitations which Frick insists his contract imposes, he has done a good job and should be continued in office. Where has he failed? He has not seized the chance to be a leader and it seems obvious he does not want to force an issue or do anything that might disturb the status quo.

"Conclusions: (a) Baseball is frightened. (b) Baseball is utterly without leadership. (c) Baseball is administratively gutless."

Says Franklin "Whitey" Lewis, of the influential *Cleveland Press*:

"I find I must cast a negative vote for Frick in the full picture of his commissionership. He has given me the impression of a man trying to protect a good thing, his well-paying job. In my estimation, he has been 100 per cent an owners' man. He has permitted practices and conditions that are pretty sorry, such as domination of the American League by the Yankees' Del Webb, and he has conveniently overlooked, it seems to me, the presence in baseball of some men of doubtful moral fiber. I am astonished that he does not crack down on the horse racing and racket elements in baseball. He has not made a single noteworthy decision that required extraordinary foresight, or that was in disregard of the owners. His handling, or failure to handle, the Arnold Johnson case, to bring the full details of this unique, if not incredible, financial operation into the open, must stand as a lasting reproach to his administration. And as a one-time sportswriter, and a man who has been close to the sport scene all his life, why the hell does he need an advertising outfit to tell him what is wrong with baseball?"

Says Earl Ruby of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*: "From the crumbling ruins of this once great baseball town, Ford Frick looks like this:

"Maybe he is in no way to blame, but since he took office baseball has gradually shrunk from an almost universal sport in America to a big business enterprise, conducted by 16 big businessmen in 16 big business cities.

"Kids are playing baseball only when pushed into it by big businesses, such as Coca-Cola, or by Sunday school teachers and other do-gooders trying to eliminate juvenile delinquency, whatever that is. High school games draw nothing and college baseball is growing only in the minds of men paid to instruct."

Says Bud Spencer of the *San Francisco News*: "The Pacific Coast League started dying several years ago because in its two key cities, Los Angeles and San Francisco, there were civic campaigns that held out the promise of early big-league baseball. At about the same time we began to get unrestricted radio, and then weekly telecasts of big-league games, and these features further discouraged interest in the home teams. Pretty soon our fans began to say: 'It is ridiculous to pay money to see these bushers when we can see the big fellows for free!'

"This was an instance where baseball flagrantly and cruelly failed because of lack of foresight, over-all awareness and direct-action leadership. Our fans were encouraged to live in this impossible dream world and to gorge themselves on the wildly colored heroics, via radio, of the big fellows, who almost any day, or so

they were tempted to believe, would be appearing in the flesh in our home parks. Now all along, Frick, the two league presidents, and even their office boys, simply had to know that the circumstance were such we wouldn't be able to get big-league ball for maybe three, four or five years.

"But no one representing baseball spoke out and the disastrous nonsense ran its course, finally collapsing from the sheer absurdity of its pretensions, and if this frustration did not leave Pacific Coast baseball dead, it surely left it sicker than it had ever been before in all the many years of its existence."

Says Pat Robinson of International News Service: "I used to room with Frick when we were making the baseball circuit. In those days he was a tough man with a buck, and from what I hear he still is. Just the same, I think he's done a better job than Chandler, or even Landis, who always struck me as something of a phony, anyway. I don't know whether Frick's got enough authority or not. If he hasn't, he should speak out, or get out. It is no mystery to me why no progress has been made in the TV-radio, minor-league shambles. The big-league owners want that quick dough right now. Tomorrow it might rain."

Another wire service editor who participated anonymously in the poll because of policy reasons, commends Frick for a "fine progressive job," applauds him for "surveying fan sentiment to determine what might improve the game," and feels that if he has failed anywhere, and this he is not ready to admit, it would be in the area of improving conditions for the

players, an area in which "Chandler did a superior job."

And from Denver, Chet "Red" Nelson of the *Rocky Mountain News* sees Frick as a practiced middle-of-the-roader.

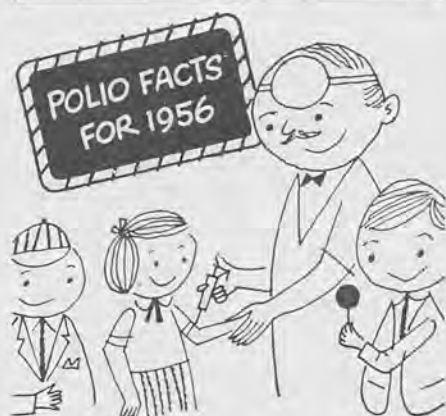
"I would have to doubt, though, that that kind of leadership can win and hold the confidence of the masses, or that it can make much headway against the road blocks baseball is facing today. At least some of the blame for the minor leagues' distress has got to be borne by Frick. After all, he is the head man and the situation has worsened, rather than improved, under his administration. Maybe his passive program is what the big-league owners want. Only they and Frick would know for sure. The able way in which he handles pension, union and judicial issues shows he has the touch. One wonders if he has the opportunity to be a real leader. Again, only he and the owners would know."

But Warren Brown of the *Chicago American* says: "I worked on the *Journal* in New York with Frick years ago. He was my friend then. He still is. I think he should be continued in office. I think he has done a good, if untheatrical, job for baseball. As a matter of fact, there is enough whoop-de-doo in baseball by space-loving magnates, etc., to make Frick's quiet conduct of the commissioner's office a welcome relief. I agree that the big-stick clause, or a reasonable facsimile, would be helpful to him. However, I've noticed no temerity on his part to get tough when the need arose.

"I do have some ideas on TV-radio, not so much as to what it is doing in the minors but as a medium of reporting. All the TV-radio guys I know who travel with the clubs are more attaches of the club than factual reporters. They sin either by too much 'everything's wonderful' or are gagged into making no adverse comments, as any baseball writer worthy of his salt refuses to do. I think Frick would do a fine thing for TV and radio reporting generally if he'd take steps to eliminate the pollyanna methods and let the men at the microphones say things are lousy when they are lousy."

It may strike the reader as strange that nowhere in all these comments is there any reference to a specific accomplishment by Frick, not even by the owners who were patiently trying to show that he stands aces high with them. It doesn't, of course, follow that his administration has been unproductive. As a matter of fact, he has at least two substantial accomplishments to his credit—opening the ancient log jam which resulted in bringing new blood into the majors in the form of franchises for Milwaukee, Baltimore and Kansas City, and putting the pension fund on the gold standard, thereby guaranteeing every eligible pensioner every dollar his agreement calls for, even if baseball should cease to exist tomorrow.

Important as these accomplishments are to the stability of the game, they were unspectacular in conception and execution. Probably not one fan in 5,000 knows, or even cares, that the pension fund is now as sound as the Bank of England, and that it was mainly through Frick's efforts—what Shaughnessy calls "his quiet, tenacious, hard-to-discourage way"—that this security was worked out. What do the fans remember most about Chandler? They remember that he



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kicked Leo Durocher out of baseball for a year. And about Landis? That he exiled a bunch of crooked players for life. Melodrama that dances in headlines and clings to memories.

Frick isn't cut out for spectacles. His first ambition was to teach school. He was born more than 60 years ago in Wawaka, Ind., a village celebrated for its onions; he attended De Pauw College, took up journalism in Nevada, eventually landed in New York. As a reporter he was old Gus H. Dependability himself. He never booted a story or missed a deadline. He never stayed up too late or drank too much or plunged headlong into violent debate or stormy controversy. He was frugal with his time, his ideas and, as Pat Robinson mischievously recalls, with his money. None of which is a crime. Nor is ambition. It wasn't necessary for Frick to go out of his way to try to impress the men who owned the big-league ball clubs; if they happened to be on the prowl for a man to put in charge of the shop, Frick was a natural—sober, industrious, responsible, solid. Real solid. First, he impressed the owners of the National League and became their president; then the owners in both leagues, and became the commissioner.

It probably doesn't offend Frick to be called a middle-of-the-roader. It may even please him as an acknowledgment that he is not a dangerous rebel, or a crackpot. By the same token, he may cringe at incitements from the press box that he strike out boldly, slashing, fearlessly, leaving in his wake a long line of stunned and speechless club owners. This sort of thing would not be at all in keeping with his character.

However, to mistake such an approach for submissiveness and reluctance to stand up for a principle, could lead to serious error. Frick has a capacity for indignation and decisive action, as he demonstrated when word reached him that certain members of the St. Louis Cardinals planned to strike rather than take the field against Brooklyn with Jackie Robinson in the line-up. This was Robinson's first year in the majors and Frick was still serving as president of the National League. He promptly issued a statement that left no doubt whatever as to his ideas of social justice, or to what limits he would go to see that they were respected under his stewardship of the league. He addressed the players as follows: "You will find that the friends you think you have in the press box will not support you. You will find, further, that you are outcasts. I do not care if half the league strikes, those who do strike will encounter quick retribution. All will be suspended, and I don't care if it wrecks the National League for five years. This is the United States of America and one citizen has as much right to play baseball in our league as another."

Frick seems to place a premium on organization and group sentiment as distinguished from independent or lone wolf action, and he tosses off such terms as policy patterns, package deals and streamlined operations as if he were an alumnus of J. Walter Thompson. In line with his "let's-all-of-us-take-a-good-look-at-this-baby-and-see-what-we-can-do-about-it" theory, the owners now meet jointly with him four times a year instead of once as in the past. An obvious gain is that the agenda, being less crowded,

gets a more penetrating study. Under the defunct once-a-year arrangement there was such a mass of material to go over that many proposals were tabled or rejected because the owners hadn't enough time to examine them.

They had one of those get-togethers late last spring in Cincinnati and Frick returned to his home base in New York all aglow over how well it had come off. No stop-press decisions were reached but there had been a "meeting of minds" on important subjects, one of them being the trying and intolerable problem of major-league broadcasts in minor-league territory. As a result it was possible to state that by next December a committee appointed for the purpose would submit a dynamic program which Frick was certain "will be acceptable to all interests."

"And once we've got this problem whipped, the minor leagues will be in for a long run of prosperity," he promised.

The temptation to say "provided there are any minor leagues left" was strong, as I was reminded by a nagging conscience that the slow, steady haul in the hands of a conservative, safety-minded driver has an appeal that is still appreciated by hordes of people. It may take a long time to get there but when you do you are in one piece.

Be that as it may, this was another typical vignette of Frick in action, the earnest, fact-stuffed man in the gray flannel suit, who subscribes to, and obviously has faith in, opinion surveys, the man who earlier had put the arm on the networks for nine hours of plugs for opening day ball games, a promotional coup without parallel in the entertainment world. "And while some of it may not have been as effective as we would have liked, it helped tell our opening day story to the entire nation, it cost us nothing, and, generally speaking, I think it did us a lot of good."

This was Frick in what I suspect is now his favorite role, as "Chairman of the Board," and here he was doing a selling job on his "directors," and instead of swinging a big stick, he was stabbing the air with a pencil to stress his point, after the manner of executives from Portland to Pasadena. Hours later, as he slid a neat sheaf of notes into his brief case, he told newsmen: "Boys, I think you can truthfully say that at long last baseball is off dead center. We've started to move and to think in terms of today, this minute, right now. We have modernized our executive machinery and I'm happy to say that we are beginning to get results."

This was Ford Christopher Frick, getting closer and closer to his goals, enthused over a procedural reform and a measure of progress in attitude. These small but promising advances were as unexciting and unspectacular in the telling as they must have been in the making. But apparently these are things that have to be done, and this was the man who was doing them, or getting them done, the man of whom it is said the club owners love him, the players suspect him and the sportswriters belt him, the man who is supposed to have the most important and most powerful job in baseball, though there are many who question this, and there are many others who wish they knew, just so they would have one less thing to worry about.

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Archie Calls The Shots

(Continued from page 29)

right to the title as anyone. Has anyone fought as much as Moore? He had eight fights in eight weeks last winter. What other fighter's done that? Patterson fought an Indian named Williams, who nobody ever heard of; and then a guy named Jimmy Walls, who had his license taken away from him after the fight. Who the hell's Patterson think he is? We don't want no Jimmy Walls or Alvin Williams. Give me the best. We already knocked out Baker and we beat Valdes twice. If anyone disputes Moore, he'll fight anyone. It's only a question of money as far as we're concerned."

It was clear by his confusing use of the first-person pronoun that Johnston had become highly wrought up over Floyd Patterson, so the subject was deftly switched back to Moore. Johnston seemed to relax a little.

"Archie knows how to fight, how to relax, how to punch. If he becomes champ, he'll meet all contenders as fast as he can. The reason Marciano didn't fight as much is he took too many lickings. Moore's got to have money and he's got to get it quick. He loves the profession. He's had business offers but he keeps on fighting. He must love it. Isn't that right?"

Hurricane Jackson's name popped up. Johnston sighed. "Jackson's all right. He at least fights. You got to give the guy credit. Isn't that right? Still, Moore could fight Jackson and Patterson and knock them both out in the same week."

As easily as Patterson and Jackson were sloughed off by Johnston, the spectre of Rocky Marciano, you could tell, was not so easily dispelled. In his farewell press conference Rocky had said, "If Joe Louis couldn't make a successful comeback, I don't think I would try it. I will definitely try to stay retired and profit by the mistakes others have made. Barring a complete and dire emergency, you will never see Rocky Marciano make a comeback."

Both Johnston and his fighter (and, it must be said, a good many people in boxing) are inclined to doubt Marciano's word. "I see a lot of champions retire for a year," Charley Johnston says. "Tunney's the only one who stayed out but he married a million dollars. If he hadn't, he'd of been back, too. Marciano will come back. Where else can he make a fast million dollars?"

As soon as Moore heard about the retirement—he was in Vancouver at the time, training for a fight—he had a quick answer. "Marciano won't quit because he loves the jingle of the American dollar too much. He'll soon hie himself to the north woods with an axe on his shoulder to get into con-dition to meet Archie Moore."

Since second-hand news sources are so unreliable, especially in places like Vancouver, we decided to try to see Archie personally and get the real lowdown from him. Catching Archie Moore, in or out of the ring, is a difficult matter. He isn't called a gypsy for nothing. We expected the worst when his manager informed us that Archie would be at the New York International Airport to catch a 5:10 p.m. plane to London for his light-heavy-weight title fight with Yolande Pompey.

Figuring we'd play it safe, we arrived at the airport at three. Archie was nowhere to be seen but Charley Johnston was there and so was Archie's trainer, a large pleasant-natured gentleman named Cheerful Norman. Johnston and Norman saw to it that Archie's luggage—including two goatskin bags, gifts of Argentinian admirers—were loaded onto the plane. Archie had flown in from Toledo at 2 p.m. He pleaded "urgent business" in New York and Johnston gave him permission to go to the city but ordered him to be back by 4:30. Moore duly promised.

To while away the time we sat around drinking coffee and talking about Archie. The conversation some-

how got around to his age. "He's 39," Johnston said. "Just like Jack Benny, only it's the truth."

"That's not what Nat Fleischer's record book says."

"You can't believe Fleischer all the time."

The question was raised. "What if Archie were frozen out of the title?"

"If they put on a championship fight with anyone and left Moore out," Johnston said, "I could get him in with anyone else and put it up as the championship fight. And we'd outdraw them. Isn't that right?"

At 4:45, no Archie Moore. Cheerful Norman sat on a bench soulfully, reading a comic book. He looked at his watch. "Say, I may have to get in shape to fight Pompey myself," he said.

At 5:20 the plane which was to take Moore and his party to London, left without Archie, or Johnston, or Cheerful. At 5:35, Moore, wearing a green alpine hat and a tweed sport jacket, and looking somewhat tired around the eyes, puffed into the airport with his sparring partner, Clint Bacon, and several unidentified friends. Johnston, wise in the ways of fighters, had already switched to a flight that was leaving the next day. He cautioned Norman to make sure that Archie made that one.

It was obvious that Archie wanted to be with his friends so we led him to a small corner in a busy corridor of the airport and conducted a hurried but comprehensive interview:

Q. Why do you think Marciano is bluffing about retiring?

A. Let me think a minute. Let me say something that's gonna be colorful. (Pause.) Put it this way. Rocky loves the smell of mint—*govern-mint*.

Q. Who do you think your chief contender is?

A. They're all tough, but I haven't been losing any sleep over any of them.

Q. Who would you prefer to fight for the title?

A. The one who has the most appeal at the gate, I'd like to fight.

Q. You mean the one who draws best?

A. I mean the one who has the most appeal.

Q. Have you gone up or down the scale since your fight with Marciano last September?

A. I'm hanging in there. (Accompanied by gesture of left hand.)

Q. Why do you figure you have more right to the title than anybody else?

A. I believe I have more right to the title than anyone else because my promotion is an Archie Moore promotion. I have to mention my name.

Q. Do you think Marciano made the right move in retiring when he did?

A. Rocky did what he wanted to do.

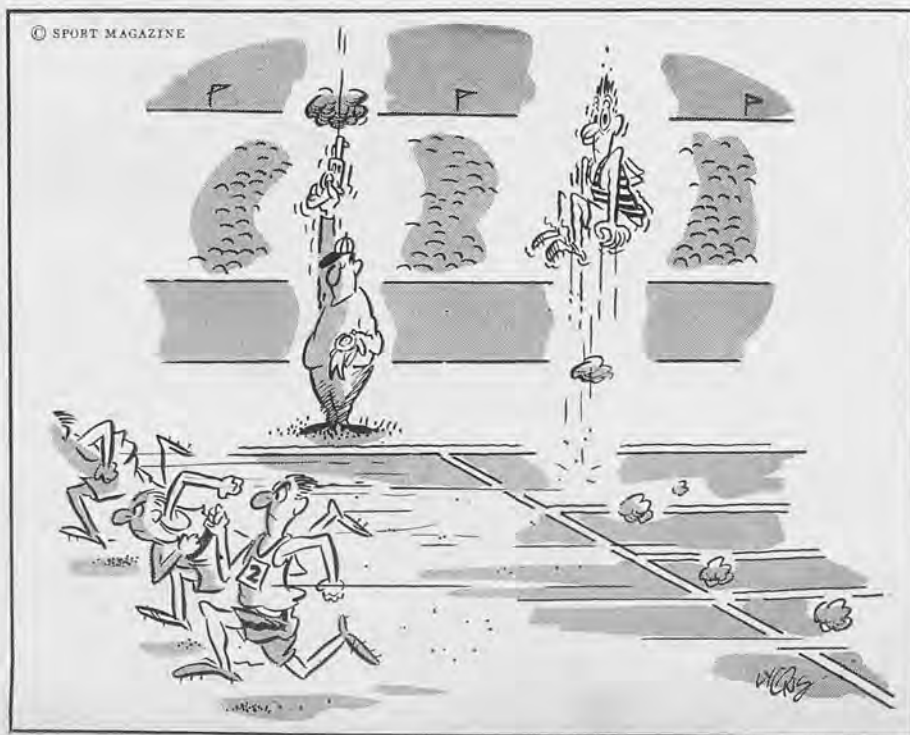
Q. Do you have any immediate plans to retire?

A. No.

Q. How come you missed your plane?

A. I was practicing snookum (snooker pool) in Harlem. I'm going to meet Peter Wilson (a British sportswriter) for the snookum title of Great Britain.

With that, Archie Moore, pretender extraordinary to the heavyweight title, pushed off with his friends, presumably to practice more snookum in Harlem until it would be time to catch the plane to London. Doubtless we will be hearing more of him.



Golliday Takes Dead Aim On The Olympics

(Continued from page 33)

The leg trouble returned to Golliday last year. Midway in the last leg of the sprint relay, first event in the 1955 Big Ten-PCC meet, he pulled up lame. But despite the pulled muscle, Jim jammed into stride again and finished just ahead of the fast-closing Bob Gary of Washington State. It was the left leg again that had given way, only this time the pull was to a muscle midway up the back of his thigh, an area that had given him trouble before, rather than just above the front of the knee, where he suffered the injury that kept him off the boat for Helsinki. The new injury was serious enough to keep Jim out of the National AAU meet later that week.

To rest and strengthen his legs, Golliday remained in his native Chicago last summer. He is working his way through school with the help of a grant-in-aid, but he needs extra money to support his family—his wife, Yvonne, their young son, Dario, and daughter, Velda Denise, born last November 15. Jim picked up the needed cash working at odd jobs. When school reopened in the fall, he got back into condition by running, three times a week, over Northwestern's cross-country course, and was in good shape by the time the indoor meets came up last winter.

But he damaged a leg again. Last March 3, in the Big Ten indoor meet at East Lansing, Mich., he pulled a muscle in his left leg. Just the week before, on February 25, he had run 60 yards on the indoor dirt track at Madison, Wis., in six seconds flat, a time no other runner has ever reached officially. It was not a world record because only outdoor sprint marks receive international recognition. At the time, however, the way Golliday was running he seemed a cinch for the Olympics. But the pulled muscle sidelined him for two months. He was back working out by May, and both he and his coach were confident that he would be back in peak form well before the Olympics.

His assault on the 1956 Olympics began back in '52 when he missed out on the trip to Helsinki. "Back home in Chicago that summer," Jim says, "I felt pretty low. So I treated myself to something even better than the Olympics. I married Yvonne. We had been sweethearts since our first year at Wendell Phillips High School. We didn't plan to marry until after I graduated from college and went to work. But, you know, misery loves company, so we got married earlier."

Jim Golliday first established himself as a sprinter in 1951 when he barnstormed Europe with a team of American stars, and won 25 of 26 races. In the fall of 1952 he went into the Army and did a bit of running at Camp Gordon, Ga. But, following his assignment to the Army occupational forces in Germany, Jim turned to his first athletic love—football.

And he was thoroughly enjoying the gridiron combat of service ball when, midway through the season, he was called up before two colonels, who reported that the commanding general didn't like to see Jim playing football and risking injury that might shatter his track talent. And would he

kindly quit.

The colonels explained to Jim how important they thought it was for the U. S. to "win" the 1956 Olympics, and that every great athlete, like himself, should get in the best possible shape for that one great effort.

After the colonels finished, Jim spoke up. "May I express my feelings in the matter?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I've played a lot of football," he said, "and I love the game. There's more than two years before the Olympics. I'd have plenty of time to recover from any football injury. I'm not fragile. And I feel lucky. I just know nothing will happen to me. When the Olympics get closer, I intend to give up football. In fact, this is probably my last chance to play the game."

The colonels were not impressed. "Do you realize," one of them said, "that we could give you a direct order to quit football?"

"Sir," Jim answered, "that's what you're going to have to do."

"You think it over tonight, Private Golliday," the colonel said, "and, if you decide to give up football of your own volition, come around and see me tomorrow."

But Jim didn't come around. He went right on playing, and no direct order to desist ever reached him.

Ironically, Jim did get hurt—in the last game of the season, two weeks before his scheduled discharge. He suffered a dislocated shoulder but, as he had predicted, the injury wasn't serious enough to stop him from getting into condition for track.

He re-entered Northwestern in March, 1955, ready to run. He weighed 160, six pounds lighter than he had been when he left, and in his first outing won his second Drakes Relay 100-yard dash title, in 9.7. The next week he equaled his Northwestern record of 9.5 in a triangular meet with Purdue and Minnesota. Then on May 14, at the Big Ten relays in Northwestern's Dyche Stadium, he did the 9.3 world record time.

One reason for Golliday's condition—then and now—is his strict diet. Although a light eater, Jim does admit to a sweet tooth. However, he humors it only to the extent of one malted milk every two weeks. His only regular indulgence is hot tea, which he finds gives him quick energy. When in competition, Jim often drinks five cups at a time. In fact, he enjoys the brew so thoroughly that he drinks it even on hot summer days in preference to cold drinks.

When it comes to solid food, Jim goes for steak. One of the finer things about track travel, he says, is the steak he can have every night. At Northwestern, he has only two meals a day—at 11:30 a.m. and 6 p.m. There is no time for breakfast because he likes to sleep as late as possible before going to classes, and anyway, he says, he's never hungry in the morning. "Breakfast just isn't worth getting up for," he says.

Even his major—speech; he wants a career in public relations—works toward helping Jim's track efforts. "Speech teachers teach you to be relaxed before an audience," he ex-

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plains, "and I need to be the same way waiting for the starter's gun."

His teammates, though, say Jim doesn't need any instruction in relaxation. That's his permanent state, they say. Pleasant and talkative, he makes friends quickly and easily.

He grew a short-clipped mustache when he first entered Northwestern because, he admits, "I think it gives me a touch of dignity. And it helps my looks." The Army made him shave it off, but Jim grew another one as soon as he returned from service.

The reputation and publicity he's received at Northwestern hasn't affected him, not visibly, at least. Occasionally, he carries home a batch of photographs of himself from the publicity office and mails them out, along with a note, to young fans who have asked for his autograph. He is frequently asked to make radio and television appearances, which he does happily because of the experience it affords in his post-graduate career.

The Olympics are important to Golliday. The Games help bring countries together, he feels. They should be held every year, he says. "I wish U. S. appreciation for track measured up to Europe's," Jim said once. "At Northwestern, we never get a crowd at a track meet that can compare to the way we draw in Europe." (He's been on several AAU tours.) "We should do more to build interest in track. It's the one sport all nations compete in."

Around the campus, people frequently ask Jim when he is going to run 100 yards in nine seconds flat, and his answer is always the same: "Never." He isn't being falsely modest, either. "I don't think we'll see a nine-second hundred in our generation," he says. "Man wasn't built to travel so fast. I might hit 9.2 under perfect conditions, but I don't think I can go any faster. When I did 9.3 I had a perfect race. To do 9.2 it would have to be better. An allowable helping wind, and hot. Hotter the better. I run best when it is the hottest."

Would jumping the gun help? Other sprinters do it. "I don't run that way," Jim says. "When I run I want to know exactly how fast. If I jumped the gun, it wouldn't be a true time. It's like forgetting a stroke in golf. Suppose I jumped the gun and hit nine flat. What would it mean? I couldn't prove it by doing it again. Any time I make something, I want to be able to do it again."

Golliday's determination to earn what he gets showed up last winter when the AAU tried to credit his 9.3 as a world record 9.2. They had misread the report on the meet. Two official clockers had timed Jim in 9.3, the third in 9.2. An alternate timer also had 9.2, but his time was unofficial. The AAU thought two of the official timers had clocked 9.2.

Both Golliday and his coach protested the attempt to enter a 9.2 record. "Naturally, I'd like to be the fastest in the books," Jim said, "but I'd rather be a definite holder of a tie record than a maybe holder of the record by myself." A final check certified his official time at 9.3.

Golliday probably never would have been exposed to track if his football coach at Phillips High, Henry Springs, hadn't been the track mentor, too. Ever since his freshman year at Phillips, Springs tried to interest Jim in track. But every time Henry broached the subject, Golliday

would beg off.

"Aw, go on, Coach," he'd say. Track's for racehorses. I just want to play football."

Jim was playing football without the knowledge of his mother, who had good reasons for her objection to the game. After playing freshman back at Phillips, Jim had become seriously ill during his sophomore year. The family doctor traced his trouble to high blood pressure and advised that the boy should never again play football. Golliday remained on the sidelines throughout his junior year, but then secretly went out for the squad when he was a senior. With his great speed, he quickly became a break-away sensation in Chicago, but his parents, who never read the sports pages, didn't hear about it until the end of the season.

Springs went to work in earnest on Golliday after his final football season. Finally he convinced him that he could become an even better football player by increasing the speed of his takeoff. One afternoon late in winter, Springs cornered Golliday in the hallway at Phillips.

"Jim," Springs said, "the boys here say that you can't run 60 yards in less than seven seconds. I say you can. Let's see."

So Golliday slipped on a track suit and sneakers. He lined up beside two of Phillips' best sprinters. At the whistle starting the race, both runners beat him to the jump, but Jim zoomed past them near the finish and was clocked in 6.2 seconds.

"I sure was surprised," Golliday recalled. "I knew I was fast, but not that fast."

That spring the reluctant speedster won the 100-yard dash in the State High School Championships in Champaign in 9.6, a record that still stands. And Jim was only an inch behind the 220 winner, who ran it in 21.1.

Jim says that he didn't really feel he was a great sprinter until the National AAU meet of 1950, just after

his graduation from high school. There he won the junior 100. Art Bragg took the senior 100 with Golliday back in fourth place after a poor start. But Jim came away from the meet convinced that he was faster than Bragg, for he had whipped him three times in the heats. He returned to the AAU meet the following summer and proved it by winning the 100-meter dash in 10.3, which equaled the meet record held jointly by Hal Davis, Barney Ewell and Andy Stanfield.

In his first race as a Wildcat, Jim merely scooted the 60-yard dash in the Central AAU meet in 6.1 seconds, equaling the American record. Concentrating on the 100 in the outdoor season, he took the Big Ten title in 9.5 and also won the event in the Drake Relays and NCAA meet. Then came the pulled leg muscle in the AAU Championships.

So promising was Golliday's track career by the time he entered Northwestern that he decided to give up football. Following the leg injury that kept him out of the Olympics, he gave football another try in the fall of 1952, but the two-year layoff had been too much for him, and he abandoned the effort after two weeks. Aside from his Army experience, he has not played football since. But even now, Jim likes to look back to a day in the fall of 1948 when he and some of his pals were playing football on a Chicago sandlot. During a rest period, someone mentioned the surprise victory of Harrison Dillard in the 100-meter dash at London, where the Olympics were then in progress. Suddenly one of the youngsters said, half seriously:

"I bet Golliday could win the Olympics, too, if they'd let him carry a football!"

Well, Jim will have his chance at Melbourne this November, and although he won't have a football in his hands, he looks like he'll be a winner just the same.

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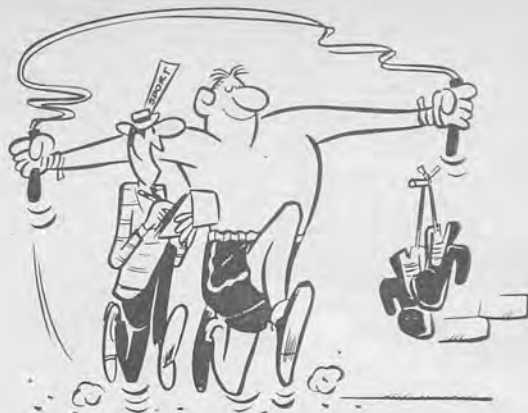
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WANTED: A FIGHTING HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP

SOME time in September, barring more than the usual amount of stalling to be expected in any high-level boxing negotiation, we ought to have a new heavyweight champion. It isn't too early to express a wistful hope that, whoever he is, he will be a believer in defending the championship often.

This is not intended as a knock against the retired champion. Rocky Marciano was an asset to boxing and he owes the sport nothing. He earned every dollar he made in the ring; nobody who ever bought a ticket to see him fight was cheated. But it is a melancholy fact that Rocky's manager, Al Weill, viewed with dark suspicion all attempts to coax his fighter into the ring on any but suitably rare occasions. It was Weill's theory that the heavyweight championship, like stock dividends, should be cashed in semi-annually. During the three years that he held the title, Marciano defended it six times—against Jersey Joe Walcott, from whom he had won it, Roland LaStarza, Ezzard Charles (twice), Don Cockell and Archie Moore. He fought once every spring and once every fall. It is only fair to add that Rocky did not arbitrarily ignore the claim of any dangerous challenger, but that doesn't change the fact that his long periods of inactivity sharply reduced interest in the division he headed, the championship he held, and in boxing itself.

The National Boxing Association has a rule that requires all champions to defend their titles at least every six months. If that is the bare minimum, it certainly follows that a man who wants to be recognized and respected as a fighting champion has got to do a little better than lay his title on the line twice a year. Four times a year would be more like it.

We disagree violently with Al Weill's theory that public interest in the heavyweight championship is kept at a high pitch if title fights are few and far between. To our way of thinking, that's like saying that baseball would be better off if there were more dull games and not so many exciting ones. The image the public has of the champion is one of a fearless, confident fighter who knows he is the top man and is



ready to prove it at a moment's notice. It is the image of John L. Sullivan and his famous challenge, "I can lick any man in the world." It is not the image of an income-tax expert in a business suit explaining why it is more profitable to avoid the confiscatory brackets by taking fewer matches.

You can joke about Joe Louis' "Bum of the Month" campaigns, but Joe lived up to the specifications of a fighting champion. He made the record number of 25 defenses of the title before he surrendered it voluntarily. Nobody with the slightest claim to a shot at the championship had to go begging for action while Louis was on top. And that's the way it should be.

Almost everybody—even Julius Helfand—will agree that you can't hope to make boxing matches according to any rigid procedure designed to imitate the organized schedules of other sports. There never will be a time when every match that ought to be made will be made, nor will there ever be a time when every deserving challenger is given his opportunity. Matches are made by promoters whose primary concern has got to be profit. If the fight looks like a cinch to make money, it has a good chance; if it looks like a box-office dud, the promoter isn't likely to care how important it is to the championship picture. And promoters have to deal with highly individualistic managers who care about nothing except their own interests, and the interests of their fighters. Hardly anybody in boxing is on a regular payroll; everybody's income depends upon his own abilities and his own shrewdness. Therefore it's perfectly understandable that it's a dog-eat-dog business. You may not always feel free to worry about what is best for boxing. So it's essential, if the division is to be healthy and lively, for the champion to be willing to fight as often as worthy challengers are turned up for him. If a reluctant champion is added to all the other hazards standing in the way of ideal matchmaking, it's the last straw. Let's hope Rocky Marciano's successor, whoever he may be and whenever he emerges from the present scramble, wants to fight.

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Who Am I?

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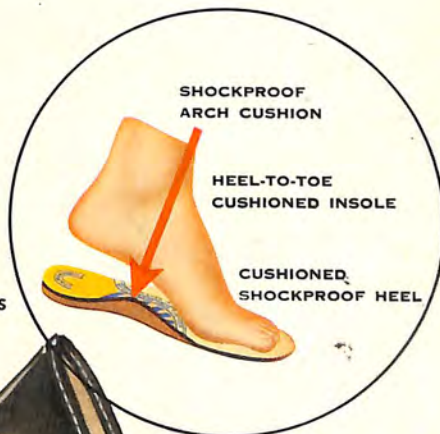


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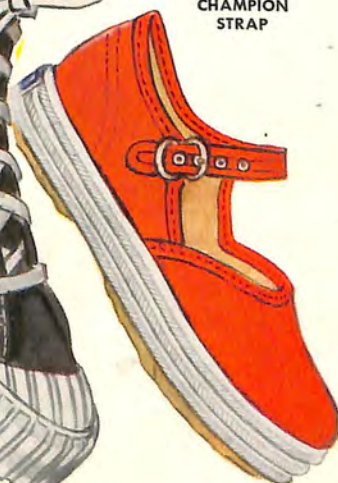
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